THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS APRIL 1965 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

CINCINNATI'S JOEY JAY BLASTS
"LITTLE LEAGUE MADNESS"

RICHARD BURTON CANDIDLY VIEWS HIMSELF AS
"THE MAN WHO HAS IT MADE"

GEORGE SCHALLER VIVIDLY RECOUNTS
"MY LIFE WITH WILD GORILLAS"

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BANZAI!

I found Richard Newcomb's *Iwo Jima* (March) annoying. He seems to go out of his way to paint the Japanese as "nice guys." As one who remembers that we used to think of them as sadistic, imperialistic bastards, I find our present lovey-dovey attitude toward them disgusting. It's heading us for a fall; we may have forgotten Pearl Harbor, but I bet they haven't forgotten Hiroshima.

—Ed Regensberg
New York, N.Y.

We had best remember both Pearl Harbor and Hiroshima. And to the end that future Pearl Harbors and Hiroshimas be prevented, it may help to keep in mind that all the world's countries are populated by human beings.

FEARFUL FEMALES

Max Gunther's article *The Female Fears That Bind a Man* (February) was like hearing an echo of one's own thoughts and feelings. It should have been printed in every one of the women's magazines throughout the country as well.

It is interesting to observe that the girls always go for the dashing, devil-may-care fellow, who will take a dare and gamble on a picnic in the country even though the sky is cloudy, not to mention spinning his girl away on the spur of the moment on some unplanned adventure. The girls find these men exciting and fun to be with, yet, five seconds after the "I do's" are said, the clamps are on, and she is running around making a security check that would put the F.B.I. to shame.

—Jac Land
Hemet, Calif.

I would like to set Mr. Max Gunther straight on a point or two. All women, or even the majority, cannot be judged as he has done. We are not stamped from a mold like plastic eggs. Maybe there are not many women known to Mr. Gunther who have independent minds and know how to use them. But the women in this part of the country must certainly be unusual according to his standards. Hunting, fishing and various sports are something we learn when knee-high to a grasshopper. If anyone takes Gunther seriously, I suggest they come to Idaho during hunting season, when most of our young men find time from their other activities to go deer and elk hunting with mother and dad, and are even allowed to carry their own guns.

—Mrs. Kenneth L. Rogers
Grandview, Ida.

In our part of the world, hunting is a means of getting *away* from the apron strings.

IMPOTENCE

Until I read Evan Hill's excellent article on impotence (*The Secret Fear That Haunts Men*—March) the only pieces I'd seen on the subject were sensational, scare-mongering jobs done in the girlie magazines. I want to thank you for having the courage to print such a story and the intelligence to treat the subject the way you did.

—Hamilton Brill
Toronto, Canada

PASSING OF THE PASSENGERS

MacKinlay Kantor's fine story *Slaughter of the Multitudes* (February) rings a bell [*Continued on page* 8]

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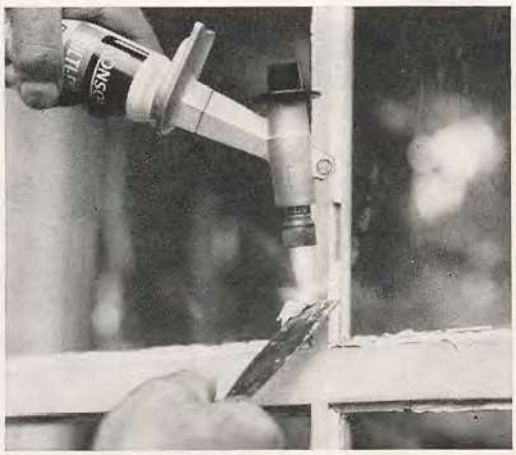

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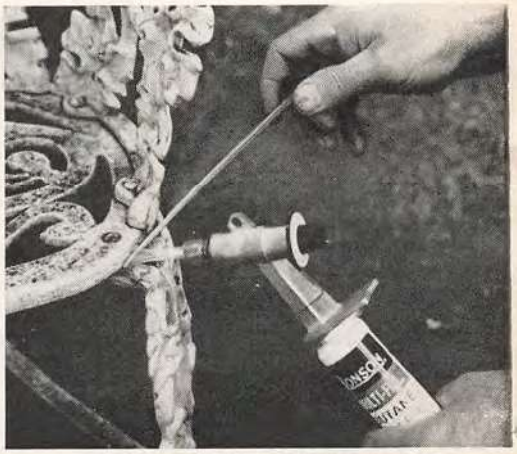

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Ever try to thaw a frozen water pipe with that hammer?

Or unstick a cracked floor tile with that screwdriver?

Or chip ice off the front steps with that chisel?

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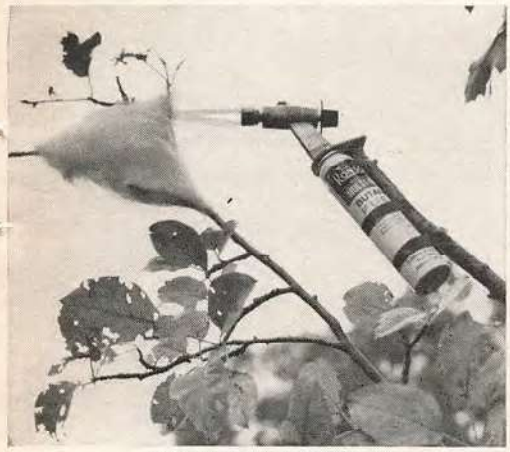

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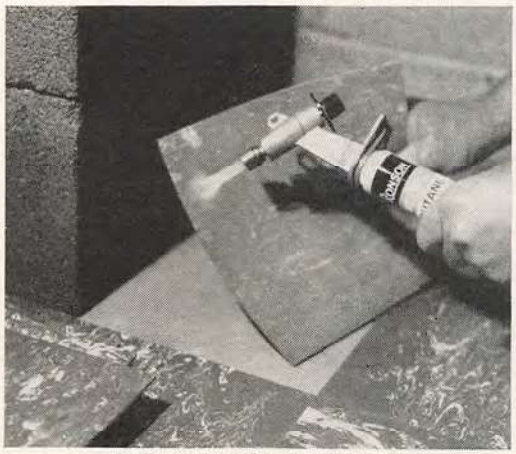

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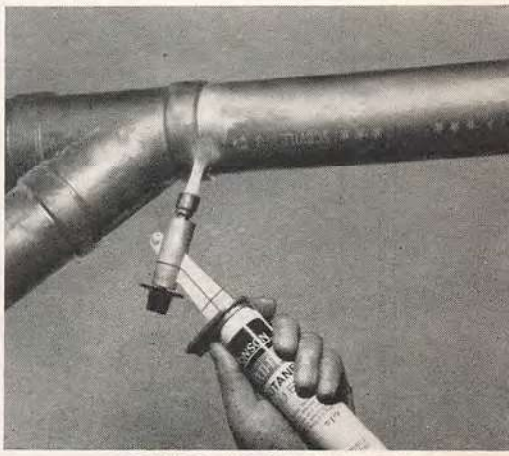

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

APRIL 1965

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VOL. 46 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 335

Love Letters to Rambler

Malcolm Anderson

Chief Engineer of the luxurious Barbizon Plaza Hotel in New York City, Malcolm Anderson gives the "car-pool" performance story on the rugged Rambler:

"We all feel secure in our Rambler!"

We six Rambler car-pool commuters live together (comfortably) for between 15 and 16 thousand miles a year. Our jointly owned Rambler "reliable" goes in ice, rain, snow, subfreezing temperatures ...kicks over and warms up fast when others' cars are frozen--or when other commuters won't even attempt the trip... so economical that in the last six months alone our "treasurer" has accumulated a surplus of $580.00 in the kitty after paying all expenses --gas, oil, maintenance, parking, bridge tolls. With 48,000 miles on the car, we toyed with the idea of trading but decided to stay with what we have--but unanimously voted that if we were to buy, it would have to be a Rambler. Incidentally, among the six of us, we own a total of five Ramblers!

Meet the bright 1965 version of Mr. Anderson's car-pool "reliable" at your Rambler dealer today. It's the Classic 770 4-Door Sedan—Spectacular in looks and ride—Sensible in economy of operation. One of the Sensible Spectaculars for '65.

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[*Continued from page 2*]

with me. As a child in Iowa I was told by my grandfather of the passenger pigeons' flight in the spring and how the neighbors would call out when they saw the huge flocks coming. The pigeons would blot out the sun when they passed over. I have the muzzle loading shotgun my grandfather used to kill hundreds of them with, back in the middle 1870's. Of all the accounts of the passenger pigeons that I have read, Mr. Kantor's story is the best.

—C. R. Wynegar
Orange, Calif.

FRESH AIR FROM OUTDOORS

I want to thank you for giving us *Secret World of the Hunter* by Vance Bourjaily (February). After all the anti-gun and anti-hunting mouthings by uninformed urbanites, the story was like a breath of fresh air. It is proof of a sometimes forgotten fact—that a hunter doesn't have to be a bloody-handed poacher who loves to kill things, but can be as high-minded, as sensitive, and as much of a gentleman as anyone else—and often very much more so. Mr. Bourjaily's story must have convinced many a scoffer that he, too, could derive much pleasure and spiritual uplift from the great outdoors, and at the same time find himself in the finest of company. His writing is worthy of his subject. As I read the story I could smell the frosty weeds, the dying cornstalks, and realized that here was a man who, while enjoying the excitement of the hunt, was sensitive to the esthetic values of the sport and, above all, a sportsman.

—Francis H. Ransford
Pittsfield, Mass.

NO HORSE MANURE

Congratulations, TRUE and W. C. Heinz, for the authentic account of the *Rough and Tumble Life of a Top Bronc Buster* (February). As a former North Dakota resident and lifelong acquaintance of Jim Tescher, I know there's no horse manure mingled with the facts—it's all TRUE.

—C. H. Stecker
Billings, Mont.

PRESERVATION OF POISONOUS PETS

I wonder why Dan Mannix goes to the trouble of expressing concern over the complete eradication of poisonous snakes in his article *How to Housebreak a Rattlesnake* (February) when the very way he has written it can only help to bring this about. Making rattlesnake clubs sound fashionable is bad enough, but calling the very people who are eradicating the snakes "expert outdoorsmen" and dwelling at length on the courage and skill it takes to do this can only encourage others to do the same.

—Wayne J. Drda
St. Louis, Mo.

Mannix replies: "The three men mentioned in the article live most of their time outdoors. They are all hunters, and two of them also act as guides. It would be difficult to say that they were not 'expert outdoorsmen,' although you object to the term. I would certainly say that picking up live rattlesnakes with the bare hands calls for 'courage and skill.' You say I stress the danger but also encourage people to try it. I cannot imagine it will encourage many people to start hiking the hills to handle poisonous snakes; I state that it is too dangerous . . . and it certainly is."

BLACK MAN'S BURDEN

Read Dick Gregory's *Nigger* (January) and must compliment both you and him. You for your courage to print it . . . and, oh, will you get the bloody-minded letters on that . . . but don't let it put you back. You've got history on your side, and that's a big feller these days. Gregory's story itself is superbly honest and has a funny way of getting under a white man's skin.

—Eugene Burdick
Berkeley, Calif.

Dick Gregory's points are well-taken, but he should have left his drums at school. I certainly don't mind a good conscience-piece or an occasional morality play, but for my mild tastes I would rather have my nasty white heart warmed than beaten into submission. I think I'm telling it to you like it is.

—Douglas B. Fabens
Ohio University
Athens, Ohio

But, apparently, you don't like to read about it like it is.

Ed Burke's letter to February *TRUEly Yours* criticizing Dick Gregory left me thoroughly disgusted. Burke apparently considers himself some kind of white hero. I'm white myself, but I don't think much of a guy who writes a letter criticizing a fellow human being on a remarkably well-written story. Greg offered no apologies for himself, and he needs none.

Burke says, "Blaming bad behavior on social conditions is a widespread modern fallacy." Well, blaming racial prejudice on social conditions is a widespread modern fallacy, too.

—Dwight Burgess
Wamego, Kan.

UFOLOGY

I hate to explode a couple of Maj. Donald Keyhoe's pet stories (*U.S. Air Force Censorship of UFO Sightings*—January) but here goes. He relates first the "Gemini episode." I was working for the Air Force Eastern Test Range in RCA Data Reduction when this allegedly occurred. I was a mathematician in radar tracking and also telemetry, and as a result I saw any and all radar data on range launched missiles. Let me state emphatically that there was nothing unusual about any of the radar data obtained from the Gemini launch.

Re the alleged UFO which disturbed a Polaris launching in 1961. This must have been an A-2 Polaris, since the A-3 was not tested until 1962 and 1963. Thus it had a

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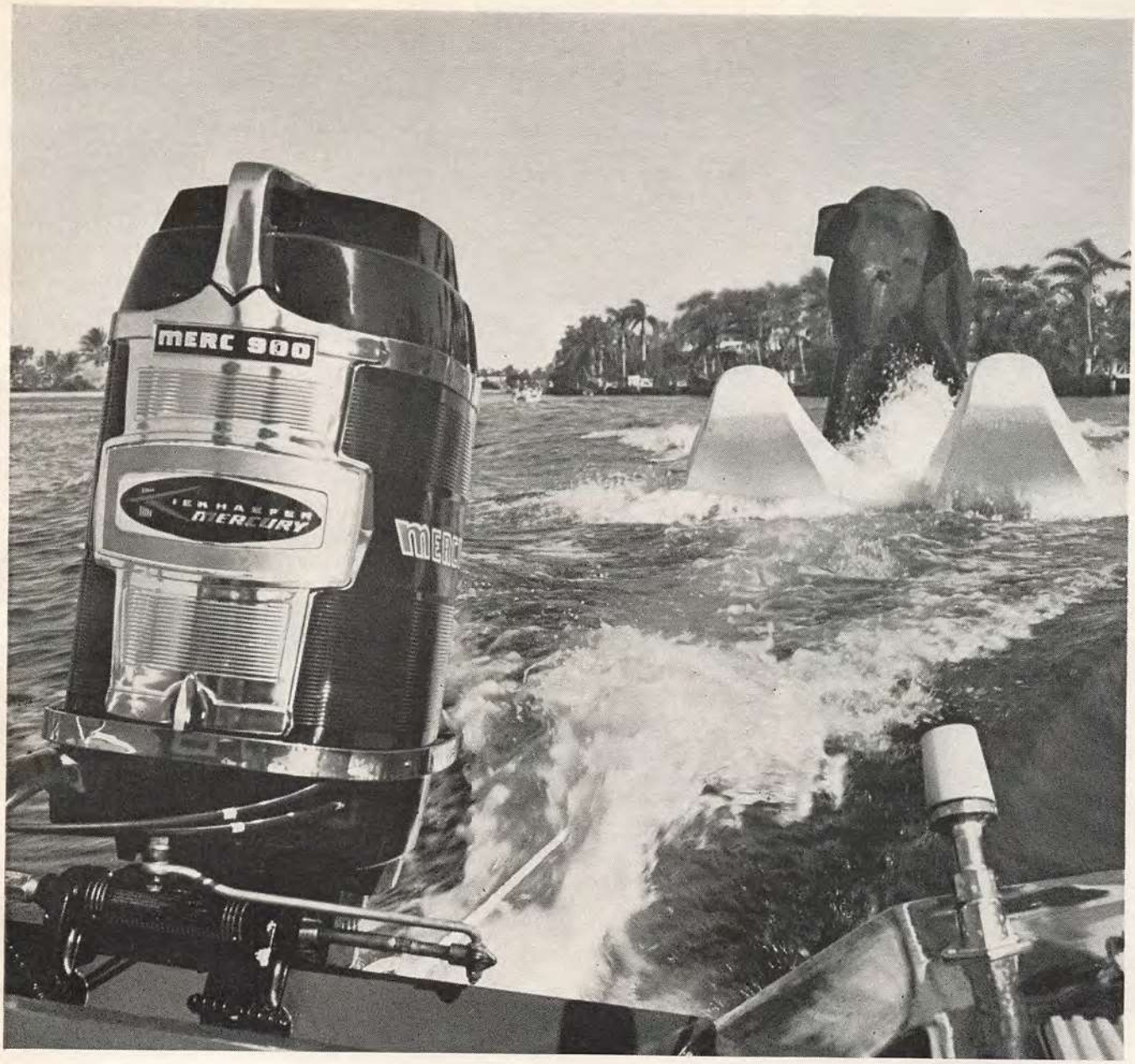

Pulls an elephant... runs on peanuts

The new 90 hp Merc 900 can pull an elephant yet it uses less fuel than 75 hp outboards. The elephant and skis weighed as much as 28 skiers and, although we doubt that you will ever want to pull an elephant (or 28 skiers), we know you want *real* performance plus fuel economy for your boat.

With a Merc 900 on your transom, you can outrun and outpull any other 90 hp outboard . . . and do it on far less fuel. Some of the reasons for this kind of performance are: Power-Dome combustion chambers that squeeze more energy from every ounce of fuel; new internal reed valves, and improved carburetion techniques. Mercury's propellers are more efficient . . . they are low rpm and large diameter for less slippage and cavitation drag. Mercury's new dry exhaust system reduces back-pressure, improves engine breathing, and boosts power at the prop.

50% Quieter. This new exhaust system also helps make the new Mercs 50% quieter. Silencing was accomplished by using new principles of sound engineering . . . not by adding fat, sound-and-gasoline absorbent padding.

Ask your dealer for a demonstration ride . . . you'll be able to see *and hear* why Mercury gives you more RUN for your money . . . 100, 90, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8, 6 and 3.9 horsepower.

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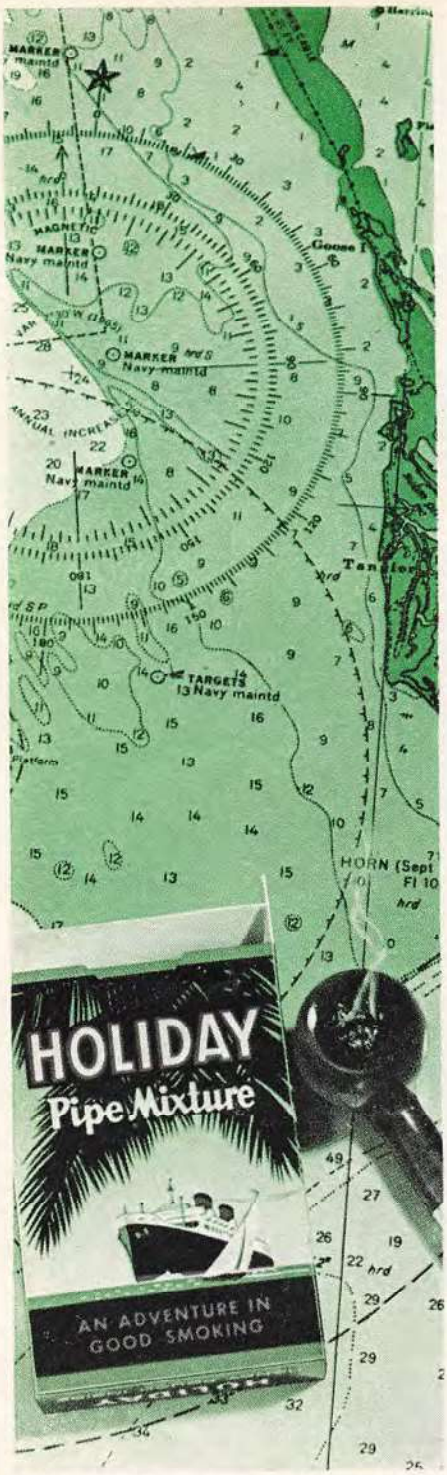

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[*Continued from page* 8]

range of about 1500 miles, which it covered in about 12 minutes. It seems highly unlikely, then, that the radars would track the Polaris for a few moments and then lose it for 14 minutes due to a UFO and then regain track again.

Major Keyhoe tends to be a little gung-ho (typical of Marines) on his pet subject. I suggest that he give some of the occurrences he has recorded in his article a little more thought before presenting them as fact.

—Wayne H. McCoy
Eau Gallie, Fla.

Major Keyhoe replies: "As an AF employee, Mr. McCoy is prohibited by AF Reg. 200-2 from revealing any UFO information. The men who gave NICAP this information are reputable scientists not under AF control; their sole interest is to establish the truth about UFO's.

"The official Cape Canaveral report on the Polaris-UFO tracking is on file, with many other documented UFO cases, at NICAP. Mr. McCoy is invited to inspect it any time he is in Washington.

"I am afraid Mr. McCoy has let his dislike of Marines affect his approach to the facts."

No doubt you will be interested to know that the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena has so far received about 5,000 letters as a result of Major Keyhoe's article on UFO's, with no sign of letup. Yesterday, for example, three of the resulting new members were a surgeon, a space systems engineer and a teacher. Major Keyhoe's article has touched off a whole series of radio, television and newspaper interviews; and the December 29 tracking of two UFO's on radar at Patuxent Naval Air Station, Maryland, has brought the interest to a new peak.

—Richard Hall, Acting Director
NICAP
Washington, D. C.

Six Feet Under

In regard to the story *Six Feet Under—Dead or Alive* (January) by Daniel Mannix, please ask Mr. Mannix to be more careful with his statements. He tells us, "Many states do not even require a death certificate to be signed by a physician; the signing—the attestation to death—can be done by a chiropractor or an osteopath."

A chiropractor cannot claim the title of physician, but an osteopath is an Osteopathic Physician and Surgeon. The medical schooling and training for a degree of D.O. is in all cases equal to schooling for a degree of M.D.

In many states it is possibly true that a D.O. cannot become a member of a hospital staff, Idaho being one such state, but the training and ability cannot be denied.

—Dale E. Hemenway
Boise, Ida.

On the face of it, Idaho hospitals seem to deny a D.O.'s training and ability. But, in many states osteopaths do receive the same training, with different stress, as M.D.'s. We'll tell Mannix to bone up on osteopaths.

Thumbs Up

In your January issue there is a picture on page 55 which I feel was incorrectly posed. I am referring to the GI firing the M79 grenade launcher. According to the manual, the thumb of the right hand should be held against the right side of the stock. The safety may injure the thumb when the launcher recoils if the thumb is placed over the top of the small of the stock, as in your picture. I suggest that you make a clarification of this, since this magazine in our Company is bought for the use of our young soldiers in this training center, and the issue of the "thumb held against the right side of the stock" is quite emphasized for safety reasons.

If the manual has changed, I might be one of the 5 percent who never get the word.

—2nd Lt. Angel A. Jiminez
Fort Ord, Calif.

You're right, of course, but since the U.S. Army gave us that picture it looks like someone else didn't get the word.

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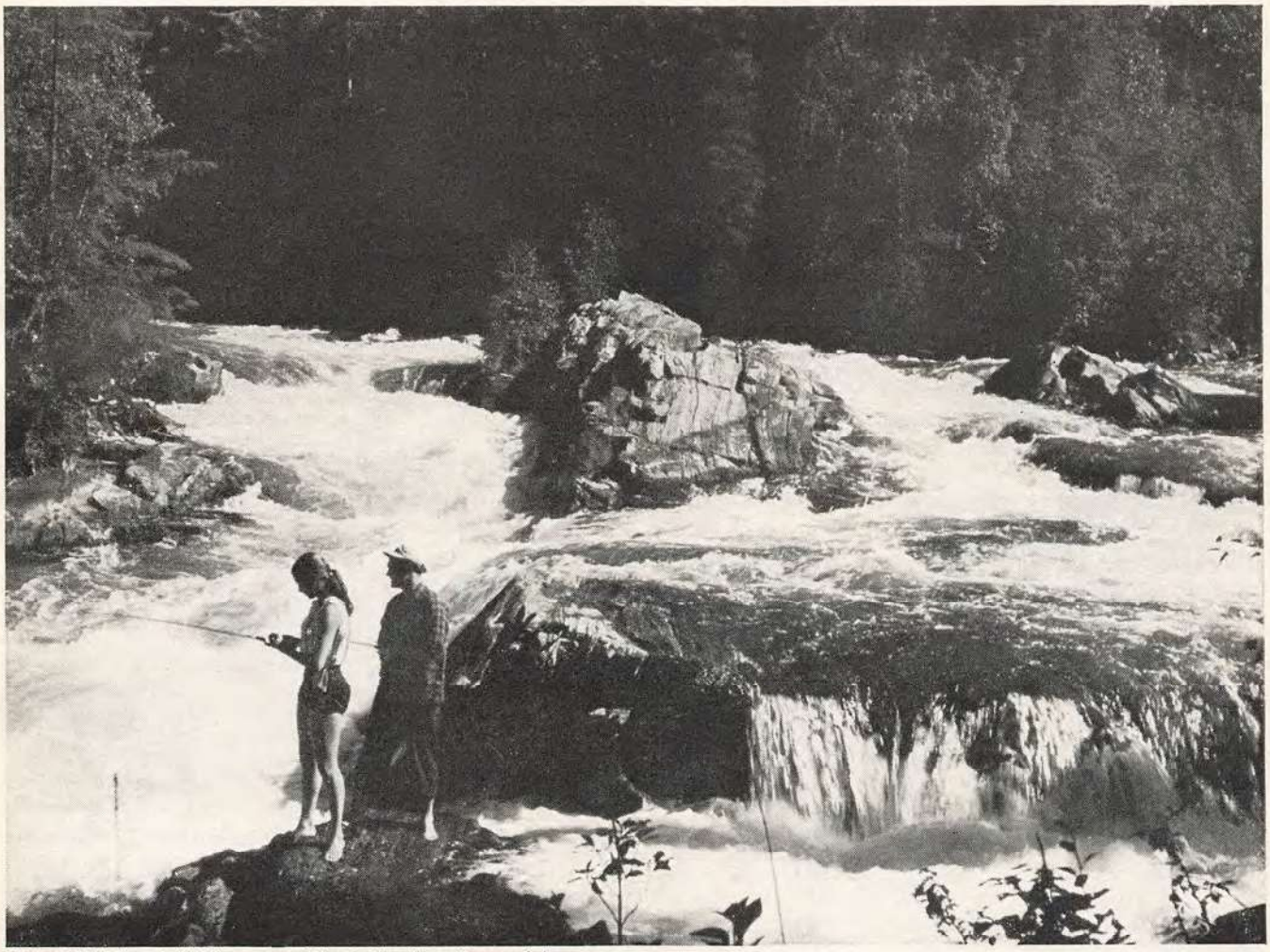

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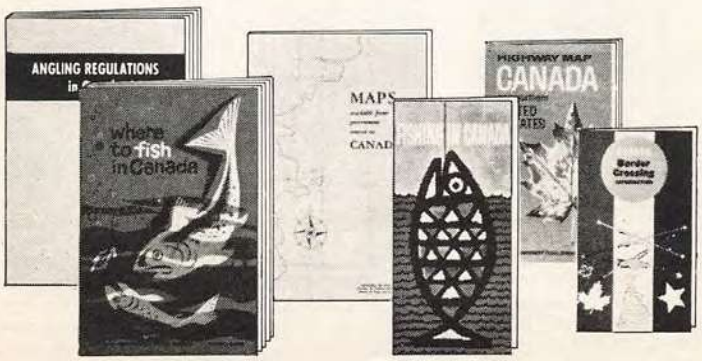

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TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.

PORK PIE HAT is a smart topper. Made of fine sanforized cotton gabardine with taped seams, lined crown to prevent stain, and stitched flexible brim. Water repellent. The "Pork Pie" is perfect for fishing, camping or everyday wear. In Light Tan with Red Tartan Band. Sizes 6¾ to 7¾. Price is $3.85. Order from L. L. Bean, Dept. T-4, Freeport, Maine.

HANDY SHINE KIT is a clever new accessory for the well polished man of the house. Here's a neat 6″ case which has a soft lambswool buffer for a quick shine. Along with the case is a handy shoe horn. Buffer gives real high shine. Excellent for traveling or home use. The kit is $1.75. Order from Lee Products, Box 133, Jerome Ave. Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10468

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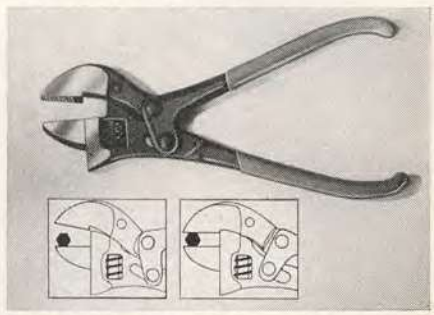

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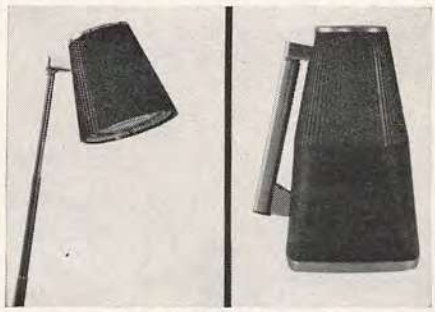

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For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 116

Mr. William H. Tilley uses his Honda Trail 90 to herd cattle on his 9000 acre Indian Valley Ranch in Lake County, California. "I really have to cover ground to get things done," Tilley told us. "My Trail 90 saves me time and money. In fact, I own a pair of 'em." Praise from the field carries weight. No wonder Honda is fast becoming the nation's most versatile farm vehicle. For further information write American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Department EL, 100 West Alondra, Gardena, California.

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

BARELY WED

A Coast Guardsman named Charles Narrow and a pretty girl named Sissie Dawson, whose pappy runs a nudist camp near Miami, were married last spring in a nudist wedding ceremony. They were divorced six months later. Either they were poor sports, or love is blinder than we thought.

CLIMBING UMBILICI

The way the entertainment industry plays fast and loose with the human navel is repugnant to all right-thinking men. We refer to a photo of Kim Novak, shapely star of a movie called *Kiss Me, Stupid,* which shows the humble umbilicus climbing unaccountably toward her shoulders. This is carrying uplift too far. What's more, the same photo in an ad in the genteel *New York Times* depicted no navel at all. It had either ascended into the bra or fallen below the belt. Serious fraud is perpertrated upon the public, for if a navel is anything, it is stationary. A migrating or vanishing navel is a phony navel, and the fact should be faced frankly. Perhaps the climbing navel is an effort by movie makers to elevate their little morality plays, and the absent navel an attempt to placate the censorious. Such flummery spreads confusion among beach watchers. How can the ordinary man, untrustful of his own eye, pounce upon deception? Is there a simple navel locator? Yes. We found a rule of thumb in Gray's Anatomy (his was the same as everyone else's). Draw an imaginary line across the abdomen between the iliac crests; some men prefer a dotted line, but it is slower. The crests are the tops of the hipbones where women rest baskets of clothes when they trudge to the creek to do the wash. A normal navel lies no more than one inch above the imaginary line. With this criterion, a man can case any swimming pool with serenity, confident that he can separate the genuine from the spurious.

SQUEEZE PLAY

Men know where to squeeze. Women haven't much squeeze savvy. So we are informed by Rudi Schenk, who has been in collapsible tubes since 1919 but looks fine nevertheless. Thanks to him, the controversy as to whether men or women mangle the toothpaste tube and leave the top off has been resolved. "It's a well-known fact," he says, "that most women squeeze tubes haphazardly while men usually squeeze from the bottom." Men are logical and efficient and know that a tube should be squeezed from the bottom and rolled up as you go along. Women squeeze without giving it a second thought. After many years of experience, Schenk has come up with only one solution to the mangled tube problem. Provide His and Her toothpaste tubes.

MISSED MRS.

A forlorn little show called "Lucy Stone Rides Again" has a short re-run in a few communities where enough females who crave to beat a dead horse can be flushed out of the bushes. The cast gathers at a luncheon to reaffirm the principles of the Lucy Stone League, an organization scarcely known to today's stalwart generation. Lucy fought for the right of women to retain their maiden name after marriage, and her husband, a forgotten fellow named Blackwell, concurred. This was daring stuff in the 1920's, but the organization died not with a bang but a whimper. Diehards do gather to whip up some artificial zeal, as they did recently at a luncheon at the Overseas Press Club in New York, but their tired defiance was like talking into a barrel, which gives gratifying reverberations inaudible a few feet away. Tolerant men were introduced as the "husband of Miss So-and-So." A Lucy Stoner without a husband has nothing to protest. So a basic requirement, whether or not it's in the by-laws, is that she get her man and display him, an old female custom. The League was not done in by men, who couldn't care less. It was done in by multitudes of sensible women who want nothing more than to wear a tag inscribed "Mrs.," and who regard Lucy Stoners, if they regard them at all, as oddballs like members of the Society for Restoration of Wood-Burning Locomotives.

FREE AND EASY FRENCH

According to Rene Lalou, a French publishing executive, Frenchmen are bored stiff with American sex. The literary kind, that is. Lalou says very earnestly: "Sex is not so important. In American books, sex is too technical, too Freudian. It becomes boring. We cut a lot of it out when we edit the novels and we beg our American authors not to base their plots on sex." If 40 million romantic Frenchmen can't be wrong, how are they right? Obviously they take sex for granted and keep it in its satisfying place. They also keep women in their place. L'amour is doing what comes naturally, without consulting an 800-page book of rules by some doctor, psychoanalyst or mechanical draftsman. Maybe the relaxed Frenchman has something to tell us about self-confidence. It's hard to imagine that our illiterate stone-carving ancestors did as well as they did unless love always finds a way.

FAREWELL, FRANK MERRIWELL

Our horse laugh of the month is awarded to Dave Nelson, football coach at the University of Delaware, who got up on his hind legs and remarked with a straight face that pro football players who seduce innocent college players with scads of dough were "breaking down a basic reason for having intercollegiate athletics as an aid to moral standards." The notion that all college players are Frank Merriwells, dripping with loyalty for alma mater and their buddies, is a nostalgic myth. Promising kids are lured into attending this or that school by under-the-table inducements that

(Continued on page 16)

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 14)
generate an odd sort of moral standards. Pro football and baseball are forms of show biz that have nothing whatever to do with ridiculous loyalty to fans, cities or players. Once in a while the suckered fan gets a chance to turn. The Milwaukee Braves, after milking the city dry, were all set to move to Atlanta until a court order and a rap on the knuckles from the National League sentenced them to another year in Beerville. As we hear it, very few season tickets have been sold for this season's games, and the Braves seem headed for a year of starvation as resentful fans boycott them right and left.

PROFESSIONAL PLOY

Professional men are often plagued at social gatherings by people who ask questions in hope of free advice. Lawyers, we suppose, give the advice and send a bill the next day. Physicians are forever being asked whether a twitch or a papule is ominous. Generally they advise the questioner to consult his (usually her) doctor. That doesn't always work. But one gynecologist we know has solved the problem pretty well. When everything else fails, he says, "Take off your clothes and lie down; let's see what's bothering you."

HOT PANTS

The hottest thing in washable pants is a permanent crease that abolishes a common incitement to marriage: the convenience of having a wife around to slave over an ironing board. Neither snow nor rain nor wading in the Pedernales River can remove the crease or inflict a wrinkle. Manufacturers are so ecstatic that one outfit, the Celanese Corporation, hired Joe Grimaldi to water-ski in a pair of their pants. Joe, a champion water skier, is a Manhattan architect in his private, non-aquatic life. He got his pants soaked, wrung them out, let them dry, donned them along with a sports jacket and posed as a model of what the well-creased yachtsman will wear (though King George V wore his sailor pants creased at the sides). Wash-and-wear garments aren't exactly new, but the permanent press process is. The process works on cellulose-based textiles—cotton, or combinations with synthetic fibers, like the Fortrel fabric of Grimaldi's pants. When the finished, pressed pair of pants is run through an oven, chemicals applied at the textile mill are baked in a way they'll never forget. After the hot pants cool off, the press has been baked in and the wrinkles baked out for good. Enthusiasts think that soon a man will be able to buy a new suit, have it fitted and pressed, and baked for 15 minutes in a small electric oven at the store. It will never need pressing again. Or a man—with or without a wife—could go around the world with one suit, shirt, necktie, hat, raincoat, handkerchief, socks and underwear, which could be soaked in a bathtub and come out clean and pressed like new.

HOORAY FOR PIGGY BANKS

The country's coin shortage is so severe that anybody who comes into a bank with a fistful of silver gets a "Bless you, sir!" from the teller. Little hoards in kiddies' piggy banks might tide the nation over until Uncle Sam gets more jingle in his pockets. Patriotic parents should organize a Children's Piggy Bank Crusade and explain that paper money is the stuff that rich men save. A dime, quarter and half-dollar could be held out to pass on to posterity as curiosities—funny old coins that were actually made of silver alloys for many years. The Treasury's silver supply will be exhausted in about three years at the present rate of coin production. So there's sure to be a law pretty soon authorizing the minting of coins from alloys containing very little silver or none at all. It won't do any good to hoard present coins with an eye to melting the silver out of them. As we assay it, the price of silver will be kept too low to show a profit. Anyhow, the buying power of coins has no more to do with their metallic value than the price of paper has to do with a $10 bill.

STRETCH THOSE HOLIDAYS

We need more holidays on Mondays to stretch the three-day weekend. Toil-tortured men should plump for the "Monday Holiday Plan" sponsored by the National Association of Travel Organizations. James E. Hawthorne of the Greyhound bus people recently urged the tourism subcommittee of the House Banking and Currency Committee to get on the bandwagon. Firms that sell transportation have a self-interest in long weekends, but so does the ordinary Joe. Labor Day, celebrated by not laboring—except in maternity wards—is a sensible example of holiday timing. It always falls on Monday. Christmas, New Year's and Fourth of July would be hard to shift, but why shouldn't Memorial Day come on the last Monday in May instead of the 30th? Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays could be combined into one February Monday when skiing conditions are good. The calendar was changed after Washington was born, anyway. Veterans' Day, which used to be Armistice Day, could fall on Monday since most living veterans weren't fighting on the 11th when it was over over there. Why can't Election Day come on Monday? As it is, we're under-holidayed compared to other countries. Spain has 18 national holidays, Italy 15, Finland 11, Norway, Denmark and Belgium 10. We have a bad name as a work-intoxicated people. Workless Mondays would improve our international image.

NO BUYER LIKE A MAN

Who says that men are lousy shoppers? Not the merchandisers who know men best. Like Max Hess, who runs an emporium in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Hess says that men shopping on their own grounds, for man stuff, are more meticulous than the most discerning female. "When men are interested in something they will research it in advance," Hess says, "and when they finally go to the store they are almost authorities on the article in question." True enough. When we bought a hi-fi we made certain that hum and noise was 70db below 10mV. Hess also feels that men are generally more confident shoppers than women and don't need the reassurance of friends or relatives. Naturally, since he wants to sell stuff, Hess also has a kindly word for women shoppers. No doubt he wants them to feel confident when they come into the store with a list of things the master has sent them out to buy for him.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A "nude" cosmetic has been devised for girls who go in for those deep-plunging necklines.

Women are sicker than men to the extent of having 18 percent more colds, 20 percent more influenza attacks, and twice as many headaches.

—THE EDITORS

Want an outboard that will breeze a runabout at top speed, skim 2 skiers with ease, uses a 50-to-1 gas-oil diet and sells at a cool, cool price?

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For the right engine to fit your needs, see your Johnson dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages. Johnson Motors, 1930 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. Div. Outboard Marine Corp. In Canada: Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ont.

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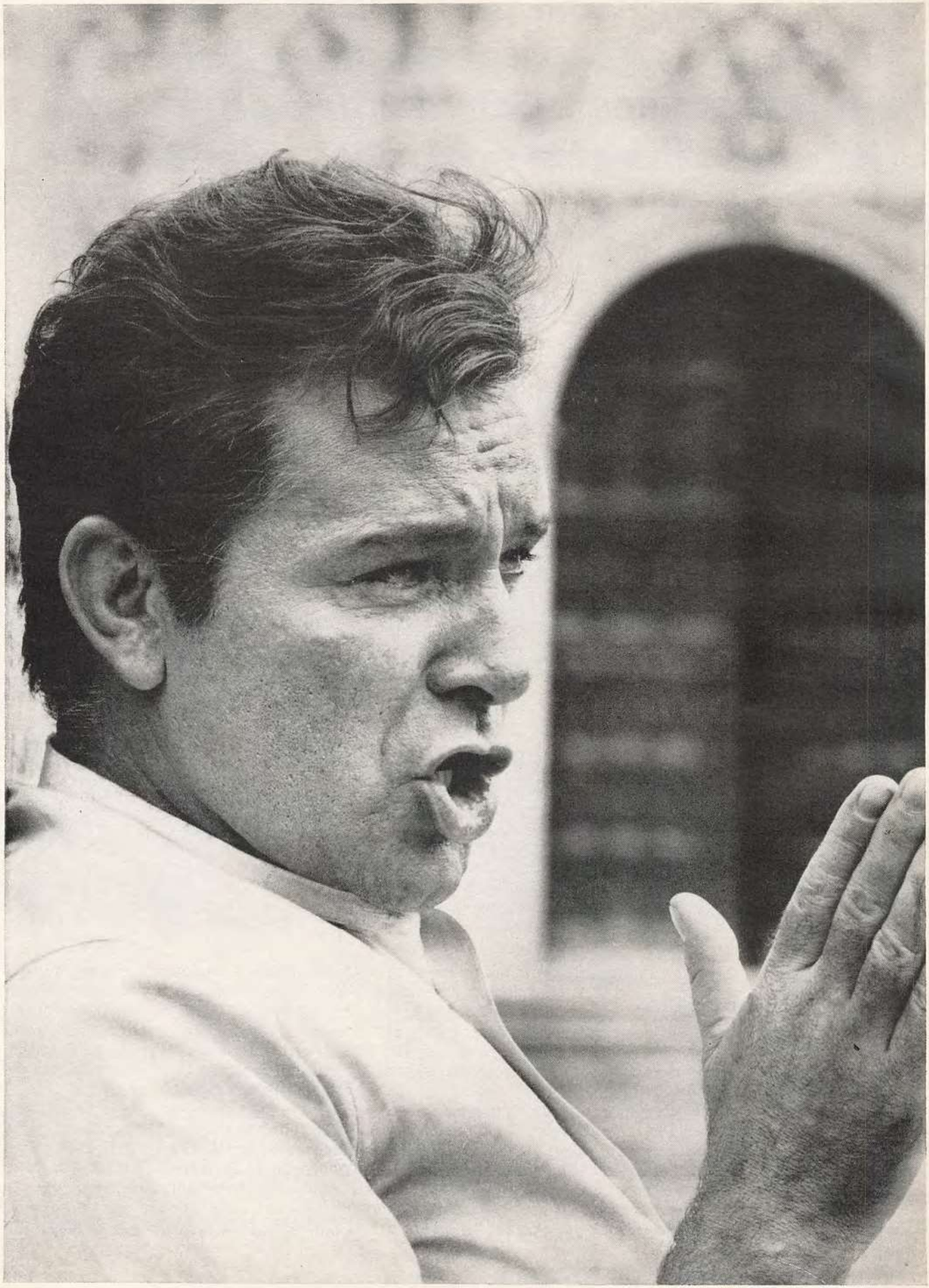
Photograph by Joshua Weiner



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BY JAMES L. COLLIER

the man who has it made

For a once-obscure Welsh actor named Richard Burton, the road to fame has been paved with talent, tippling, talk and a tempest named Taylor. Here's how this sudden skyrocket into the spotlight has affected the world's "most envied" man

■ Richard Burton filled a water glass with Mumm's Cordon Rouge champagne and dropped easily into a metal student's chair. Across the sparsely furnished dormitory room his wife stared at him in mild apprehension.

"Richard Burton, you *are* a lush." Her tone was bantering, but it was obvious that she was trying to cover with a joke her fear that I might think he drank too much.

"Yes, I am a lush," said Burton. "I admit it."

Outside the window a hot Southern California sun poured down on the campus of California State Polytechnic College, baking the lawns and roasting the 200 assorted cameramen, bit players, laborers and spectators who milled around in it. Director Vincente Minnelli, clad in a festival of salmons and pinks, was ordering a wedding party of sweating extras through its paces. It was still well before noon, but already the heat soaking through the heavy costumes was making the actors fussy and irritable.

"I like to drink," Burton continued, "and I don't object to the public image of myself as a great drinker, because it's true. Once when we were down in Mexico I was in a bar with some people and I drank twenty-one straight tequilas in a half an hour. At the beginning I did it quite properly—the lemon and salt bit—but by the end I was just tossing them back. About the time I began to lose count somebody looked out the window into the harbor and said, 'Isn't that a shark out there?'

" 'We'll bloody well find out,' I said, and swam out, fully clothed."

He stood up, carrying the glass with him. Burton moves with an easy expert grace that is a result of both his actor's training and his natural athletic coordination. He is restless, always rising and walking and sitting again, and then re-

"This char," says Burton of Liz, "is no great beauty."

In Cleopatra, *Burton fiddled while Eddie Fisher burned.*

peating the process once more. He exhibits an enormous amount of sheer male energy. (He told me that after he had finished his exhausting six months' stage run in *Hamlet* he figured he would need three months' rest. After 10 days of vacation in Mexico he was ready to go to work again.)

His voice, which has been called his most valuable attribute, is strongly masculine and resolute. At the same time, his conversation is astonishingly liquid. Story after story rolls easily from his lips as he drops from one role to another, now playing Winston Churchill, now impersonating a homosexual actor, now a Welsh coal miner. He has been quoted as saying, "The only thing in life is language—not love, not anything else." His respect for English is evident in that although his subject matter can be as bawdy as any man's, he rarely swears nor makes a grammatical lapse, but captures his effects by dexterous choice of words.

"This drinking reputation has its drawbacks, though," he said. "Every time I step into a bar somebody wants to take me on in a boozing contest. Once I was challenged by an entire fifteen-man rugby team. They were Welsh coal miners and they were in this pub celebrating something or other. 'Come on, we hear you're a great drinking man, have a go with us,' they said.

" 'Come off it, chaps,' I said, 'I'm always getting that.' But they talked me into it. They were drinking boiler-makers —in England that's a double scotch or rum with a pint of beer. I went nineteen of these." He smiled wryly. "I'm not sure who won."

Elizabeth Taylor was wearing a flamboyant orange dress. She kept fiddling with her hair as she listened to her husband talk, taking pins out and putting them back again. Finally she said, "Get me some champagne, Richard." Burton obliged. She said, "I wasn't such a lush before I married this vile—man. He ruined me."

Burton laughed. "One time when I was playing in *Camelot* with Julie Andrews, Bob Preston and some others bet me I couldn't drink a bottle of 100-proof vodka during the matinee, and a fifth of cognac during the evening performance. The idea was that I had to do it without Julie noticing anything peculiar. I managed the bottles, and then we went casually into Julie's dressing room and I asked her, 'Did you notice anything about me tonight, Julie?'

" 'I thought you milked the part a bit,' she said, 'but then, you have a way of doing that.' Preston paid up. To this day I don't think Julie knows about it."

I had driven out from Los Angeles to the Polytechnic College, an agricultural school set among cypress-covered hills about 30 miles east of the city, where Burton, Taylor, Eva Marie Saint and assorted lesser lights were shooting location scenes for *Flight of the Sandpiper*, a study of adultery and pagan mores versus Christian values. I wanted to satisfy my curiosity about Richard Burton, undoubtedly the most envied man in the western world, and one of the most famous. I was willing to bet that more people knew his name than that of the President of the United States, and possibly for good reason. He has an easier job than the President, makes a lot more money, and judging by the excitement which pulses around him, inspires only slightly less awe.

What interested me most was what went on inside

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Gran Sport

him. Here was a man who is married to a girl called "the most beautiful woman alive." Here was a man who will never have to do another lick of work as long as he lives, who can command a half a million dollars simply by picking up the phone, who makes more in a single working day than many men make in a year—about $5,000, depending on the length of time it takes to make the movie. Here was a man who can command the attention of virtually the entire non-Communist world, including kings, princes and presidents.

Yet here also was a man who has been accused by friends—or former friends—of selling out his talent for public acclaim.

He has, in any case, moved beyond the range of the ordinary movie star, to a level of prominence generally reached only by heads of state. I have had a chance in recent months to observe close-hand the ruckus which goes on around one governor, a couple of congressmen, a few literary geniuses and an assortment of name scientists, athletes and industrialists. Nothing touches the whirlpools of excitement Burton sets up as he passes. Putting it all together, Burton appears to have it better than any other man in the United States, and quite possibly, any other man alive. I went to see him to find out two things: what quality got him all this, and was it really all that good anyway?

I knew that Richard Burton was born Richard Walter Jenkins, Jr., the next to last of 13 children on November 10th, 1925 in Pontrhydfens, Wales, the son of a Welsh coal miner. Burton's father was a drinker, a horseplayer, and according to reputation at least, a wencher. He made a habit of disappearing for weeks at a time, and he found it difficult to get by a pub on Saturday with his pay intact. He apparently came by his bent naturally. Burton's grandfather had a similar character. Half paralyzed by a mine accident in middle life, he was more or less confined to a wheel chair. In 1899 he bet a shilling (then worth about fifty cents) on a horse named Black Sambo, which paid off 26 to one. He got some friends to push him up a hill to the nearest pub, where he proceeded to drink away his winnings. Thereupon he wheeled himself out into the moonlight, and turned the wheelchair loose on the hill, shouting "Come on, Black Sambo!" all the way down. At the bottom the improvised carriage crashed, killing him. Says Burton, "My family still thinks it was a splendid ending."

It may appear splendid in retrospect, but mine accidents and the kind of poverty which makes 26 shillings a cause for celebration are never so endearing close hand. Making matters worse was the fact that Burton's mother, a tall, blonde, strong-willed barmaid named Edith Thomas, who married his father at 16, died two years after Burton was born.

The foregoing suggests that Burton's youth resembled something straight out of Dickens, complete with beatings, hunger and total deprivation, and in fact that is the way he is generally written up in the movie columns and the news magazines.

The truth is somewhat different. Burton's mother died shortly after the birth of her last child, who was put out for adoption. The nearest of his brothers and sisters in age to Richard was seven years older; some of his brothers were 25 years beyond him. Thus, he stood alone as the pet of the family, looked after not only by a mob of brothers and sisters, but by a cluster of uncles and aunts as well.

Says Burton, "I was immensely spoiled. I was the apple of everybody's eye. I grew up like a prince. I always had the best bike in the valley, the best roller skates. An avuncular up-bringing is far and away the best. The uncles all compete to spoil you. They really brought me up—and my brothers. I didn't think of my father as a father. In fact, I called him Dick. His irresponsibility undoubtedly made things difficult for the family in the early days, but he was a man of diabolical charm and he got away with it. By the time I was born everybody was used to his ways: nobody expected anything different." (The elder Jenkins died in 1957.)

Burton has a curious quality of attracting people to look out for his welfare. One of these was his grown-up sister, Cecilia James and her husband, who took the boy into their home at Taibach, a little town near Burton's birthplace. Cecilia scrubbed him, fed him, and saw that he went to school until he was 13. A second person who took a fancy to the boy was a school teacher, Meredith Jones, who has been described as a "rotund, redheaded man filled with fire." Jones kept Burton's nose in his studies. A third —and most important substitute father —was Philip Henry Burton, a huge, ruddy-faced radio script-writer who was teaching school in the neighborhood.

Young Richard forced himself on the attention of the older man, who eventually came to realize that he had a jewel in the rough, which he immediately set about polishing. His tactic was to have the young student recite Shakespeare from memory hour after hour, week after week, month after month, and it seems likely that it was this training which produced the famous Burton voice. Burton in turn became the older man's legal ward, and adopted his last name. (Philip Burton, still friendly to both Richard and his ex-wife, now teaches acting in New York City.)

In 1940, the elder Burton got his pupil, aged 15, some radio jobs, and good parts in four George Bernard Shaw plays he was connected with in Port Talbot, a middle-sized town on the southern coast of Wales. Two years later, somewhat by chance, Burton got a part in a play that Emlyn Williams, the noted Welsh actor, was producing. The job lasted seven months, and gave Burton his first real taste of the theater.

In the meanwhile, he had won a difficult competitive entrance examination for Exeter College, Oxford. His brothers and sisters had vowed to support the first one of them to get into a university, and they clubbed together to get up the money for Burton's tuition.

He managed to squeeze in one year

ANDY CAPP
by Geoffrey
ANDY, 'OW ABOUT US GOIN' OUT TONIGHT?
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, LASS —
— IF YER GET 'OME BEFORE ME LEAVE THE LIGHTS ON
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before he was drafted into the RAF in 1944, and sent to Canada to train as a navigator. He spent his entire three year service there, seeing no more combat than a fist fight with a commando he got into over an argument about a tough steak. The commando broke Burton's nose, which is still a trifle off-center. Only one other incident marred the calm of his war career, but that one still makes the hair stand up on his head.

"We were on a routine training flight in a two-engine bomber. The thing was never right, an absolute death trap. We were about a half an hour out when the right engine quit. The plane could limp along on one engine, so that was all right. Then the second engine quit. We dropped like a stone straight down. I was sure I'd bought it, and I began singing a little Welsh hymn to myself. Down, down we went, and then suddenly one of the engines caught, and then the other. I suppose it was only seconds, but it seemed like forever. It took the full strength of both the pilot and myself to pull the plane out. When we turned through the bottom of the dive the wings were bent back like a bow. When we got back to the field, mechanics went over the plane with a small-toothed comb. They could find absolutely nothing wrong with the plane, it was in absolute working order. Right then was when I decided I didn't want to fly any more. I still dislike it today."

As it worked out, he had not much more flying to do. Discharged in 1947, he was shortly taken under yet another wing, that of John Gielgud, the finest actor in the English-speaking theater today, with the possible exception of Sir Laurence Olivier. With Gielgud backing Burton's talents, doors in London flew open. In the next few years Burton acted in some 500 radio roles, a number of bit parts in films, and more important, in several good plays in the London theater. His big break came in 1949, when he played with Gielgud in *The Lady's Not for Burning* in both New York and London. (His salary was 20 pounds—about $60—a week, a fairly laughable figure in view of his current value.) The reviewers were uniformly ecstatic at Burton's performance, and thereafter he was a made man.

In the same year he met and married Sybil Williams, an orphan, and like Burton both Welsh and in the theater. They were to remain married for 14 years, and produce two daughters, Kate, now 7, and Jessica, 4. Sybil Burton, who Burton's foster-father Philip Burton has called "one of the wisest and most amazingly mature women I've ever met," has said of Richard, "The most outstanding thing was, quite simply, that he never, *ever*, bored me." There is, however, a feeling—difficult to prove—that Sybil played a somewhat motherly role to Burton's erratic child. Prematurely gray, she is said to resemble Cecilia James, the sister who took care of Burton in his early years. She always looked after Burton, and her remark after the divorce—"Richard was a bit of a handful"—has a motherly sound to it. (Sybil Burton lives today in New York with her daughters, where she spends part of her time denying that she got a million dollar settlement, and part doing free-lance casting for plays, something she is reputed to have a genius for.)

In the next few years after his success with *The Lady's Not for Burning*, Burton's ascent was rapid. He played some Shakespearean roles for the celebrated Stratford-Upon-Avon Players and the Old Vic Theater, worked on Broadway in two or three plays of varying merit, and made a dozen or so movies, both in England and America—most of them eminently forgettable. By 1960, when he opened in *Camelot*, the Broadway musical based on T.H. White's retelling of the Arthurian legend, he was considered by theatrical insiders to be one of the finest actors in the world. Gielgud called him "an absolute natural"; Olivier said that after Burton, "nobody else can play Coriolanus." (This part, calling for much mouthing of heroic speeches, fits Burton's style to a T.)

Then he went to Rome to start shooting *Cleopatra* for producer Walter Wanger, and the balloon went up. Nobody but Burton and Taylor will know exactly what happened, but the celebrated love match has a certain rather stately inevitability to it. Taylor, who at that time had been married four times, had a reputation, justly or not, for shucking husbands when something better came along. She was, so the gossips said, a big game hunter who always went for the largest animal in the jungle. Burton, according to the gossips, usually had an affair with the leading lady—or somebody else—during the course of a movie or a play. The reputation is fairly ancient, having appeared in a magazine story as far back as 1953. Burton, when I brought it up one day, said that the great lover image is "ridiculous," Since this is precisely what you would expect him to say, the truth is anybody's guess.

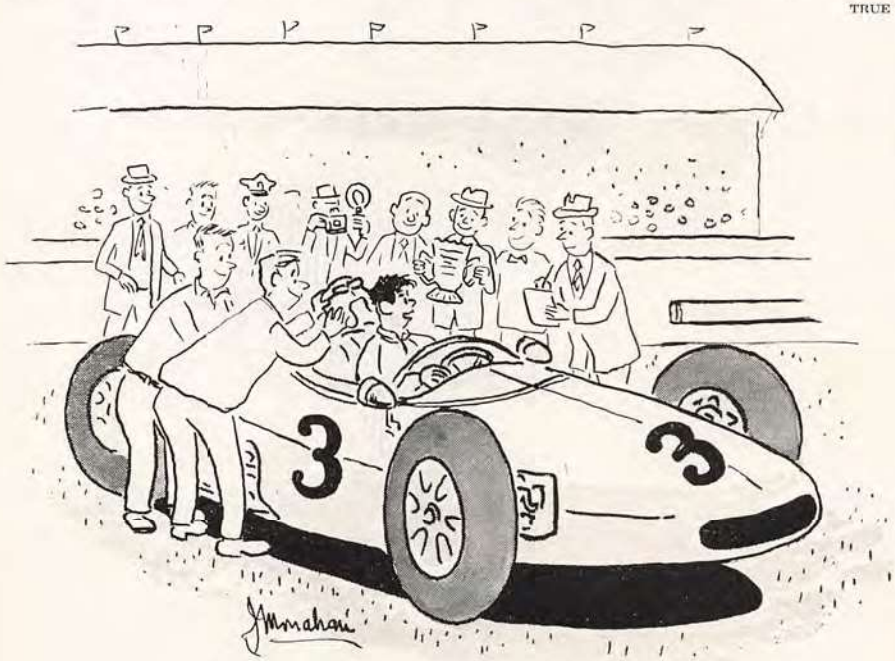
In any case, the principals in the celebrated affair had hardly got unpacked before the columnists were tisk-tisking over the explosive possibilities of putting so hot a flame in proximity with so short-fused a bomb; and they were uniformly delighted when rumors began to trickle out of Rome that the bomb was about to go off. For weeks thereafter, as the company jogged its way through the fairly chaotic shooting script Wanger had constructed, the rumors rose to flood proportions, until it was fairly clear to most of the people in the Western World what Mr. Burton and Miss Taylor were doing—in principle at least, if not in detail. Agents, publicity men, lawyers and assorted movie toadies scurried back and forth between Hollywood and Rome, like a train of ants removing their dead from the hill. The commotion was appalling; when it finally began to die down, Sybil Burton was in seclusion in New York. Eddie Fisher, Miss Taylor's husband, was making brave jokes from the forum of a Las Vegas gambling joint.

Then began a period of suspenseful waiting. The famous couple went first to London, and then to Mexico where Burton was to make *The Night of the Iguana;* and while Miss Taylor kept Fisher dangling, everybody watched Burton—whose divorce was in the works—to see if he would make an honest woman of the girl. A few months after *Iguana* was finished shooting, he did, in a quiet ceremony in Toronto, with his dresser, Bob Wilson, standing up as best man.

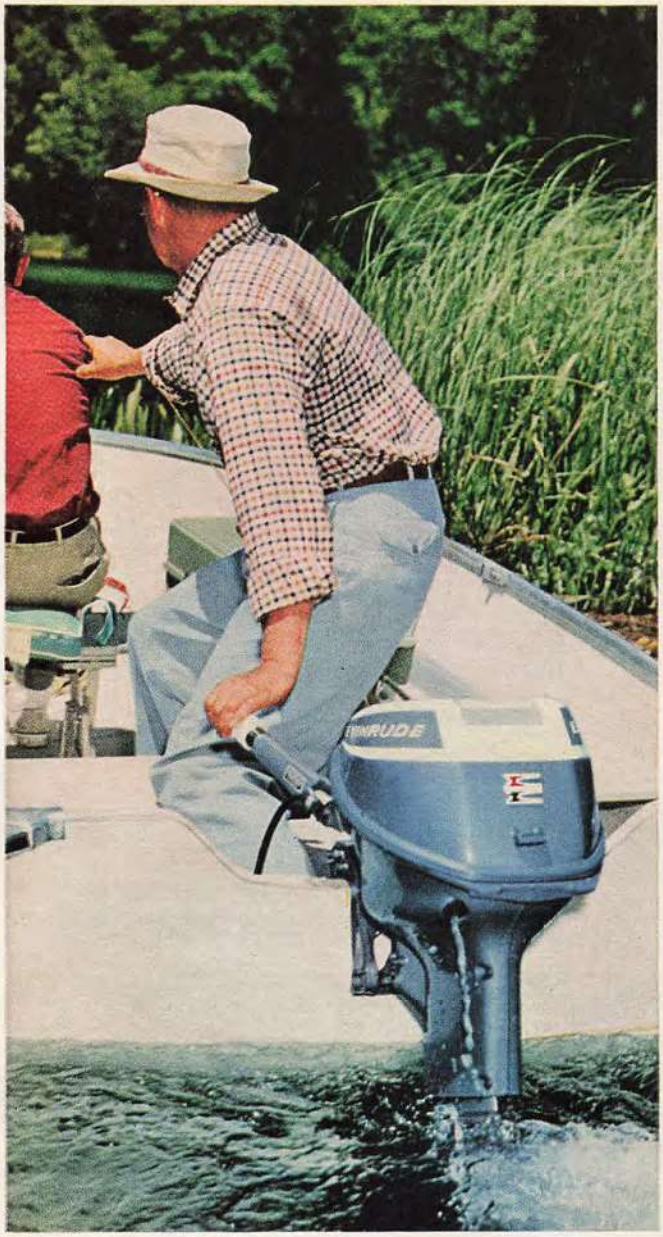
The most curious aspect of the whole thing, however, is the way the press and the public treated Burton. Most of the public opprobrium descended onto the head of Miss Taylor, while Burton got off lightly. In fact, there was surprisingly little sympathy for the man Burton replaced, singer Eddie Fisher, whose public image—whatever the truth of the matter—is of a lightweight. Unlike Frank Sinatra, whose reputation for fairly indiscriminate wenching is well established, nobody—especially men—seemed to resent Burton's part in the affair. There was a good deal of feeling that Burton was a pretty masculine sort, and what the hell else did you expect?

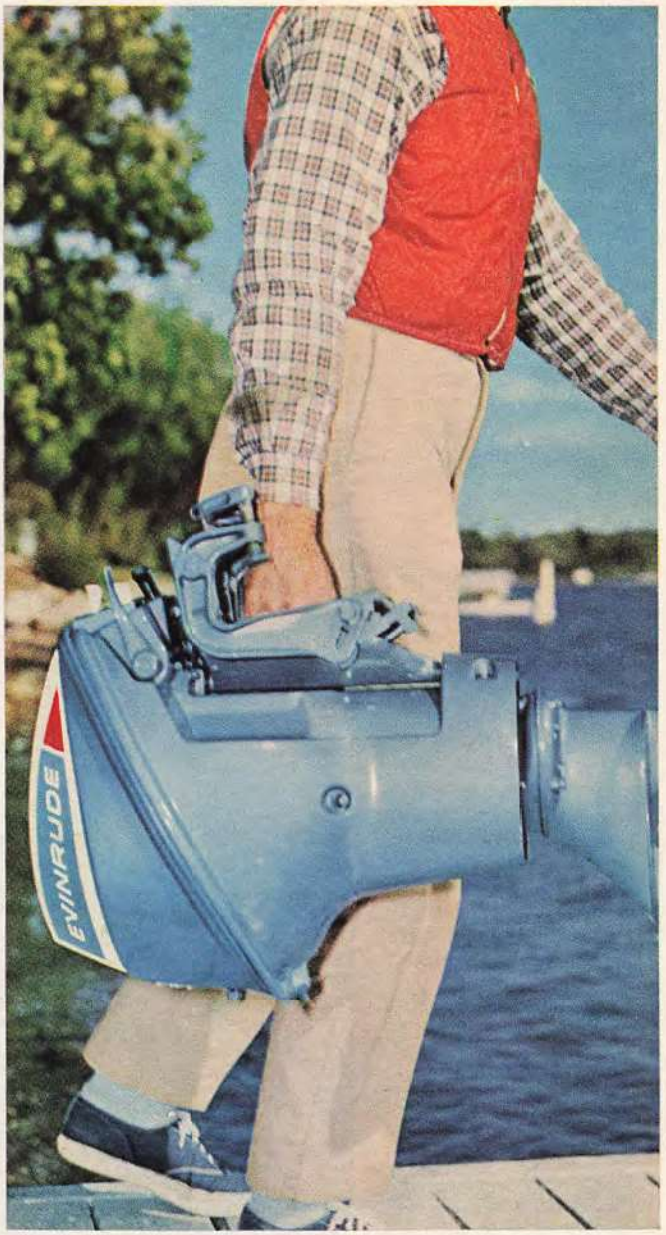
[*Continued on page* 28]

TRUE



"No, I wouldn't say it's dangerous. We have one-way traffic, no signal lights—and no women drivers."





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Here are economical pickup models offered in the same range of body sizes and with the same features as the Fleetsides above. In addition, there's a big Stepside pickup with 9-ft. body on a tough 1-ton chassis — just the ticket for those who need extra room and ruggedness.

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Seats six with lots of luggage space in rear. Also available with seating for eight. Large double rear doors are offered in two styles — side opening or popular tailgate-liftgate type. Work-proved coil-spring suspensions, front and rear, smooth the miles away to let you arrive fresh and ready to go.

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Here's the beauty queen of the Chevy line. Its versatility and good looks make it equally at home at a campsite or in a suburban driveway. Roomy 6½-ft. pickup box can carry over a half-ton of camping gear, or can be fitted with special camper bodies such as the one illustrated at the right.

For new vacation pleasure

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What's the surest way to keep your camping vacation full of fun and free of headaches? Simple! Make a Chevy your way of traveling!

For variety in ways to travel and range of price tags to choose from, Chevrolet offers a real supermarket of values. There are pickups with 6½-, 8- and 9-ft. boxes to handle a wide range of camper bodies. Or you can put a unitized camper on one of the Chevy chassis-cabs. If you're headed for the back country, you can order 4-wheel-drive for most units.

Or, perhaps you like the new "traveling home" idea—roomy vans all fitted out with modern comforts and conveniences. You can choose a basic Chevy-Van body for custom fitting, or the big Step-Van fully equipped and ready to go. Either way gives luxurious traveling.

For carrying lots of people and equipment, and hauling a trailer, too, look at the versatile Carryall. You'll like its roominess and easy handling.

Pick a Chevy and you'll travel with comfort and confidence. Chevy chassis have proved their toughness and reliability in all kinds of demanding truck work. And you get a smooth ride that adds an extra dimension to your vacation pleasure.

With this big choice, and the Chevy reputation to back it up, you'll want to see your Chevrolet dealer soon. He'll be happy to give you a special camper brochure — or you can get one by writing to Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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STEP-VAN—This one's all new from Chevrolet. It gives mobile living at its luxurious best. Full stand-up head room, sleeping for four plus cooking and sanitary facilities. And you'll be pleasantly surprised at its low, low cost!

CHEVY-VAN—The roomy Chevy-Van is readily converted to provide handy cooking and sleeping facilities. Its 211-cu.-ft. volume allows a variety of arrangements to suit individual preferences. Your Chevrolet dealer can give you full information about having such conversions done for you.

CHASSIS-CAB—Rugged Chevrolet chassis-cabs are offered in a range of wheelbases to fit many different sizes and styles of camper bodies. Big 3-man cab gives plenty of stretch-out room for comfortable traveling. Four-wheel-drive available for ½- and ¾-ton models.

[*Continued from page* 24]

Whatever the case, the event turned Burton from a run-of-the-mill celebrity into one of the most famous men in the world. His pay rose from $125,000 to a half million a picture, and the demand for interviews became incessant. (The only other people in this situation, practically speaking, are heads of state.)

Surveying the Burton phenomenon during the filming of *Cleopatra,* producer Walter Wanger said: "When he came to this picture some months ago he was a well-known star but not famous; his salary was good, but not huge. Suddenly his name has become a household word."

Neither Wanger nor anyone else was silly enough to think that it was the movie which turned the trick. Burton and Taylor could have been making *Our Gang* for all anyone cared.

And it was at this point that his friends began grieving over his decline as an actor. Said the noted British critic Kenneth Tynan, in accusing Burton of peddling his talents away, "We all thought he was the natural successor to Olivier. We thought he could be another Edmund Kean, that he was going to be the greatest classical actor living." Said friend and agent Harvey Orkin, "This is a man who sold out. He's trying to get recognition on a trick. He could have been the greatest actor on this planet."

The Burtons, during my recent stay with them, were established in one of California State Polytechnic's dormitory rooms. From time to time, over the several days of their shooting at the college location, they issued forth for short periods to do the work for which they are so well paid; the rest of the time they lounged in the room, drinking and gossiping with the members of their entourage who drifted in and out. The southern California heat seeped through the half-drawn venetian blinds, bringing beads of sweat to the jumble of champagne bottles reposing in a cardboard carton on the floor. A flotsam of clothing, magazines, paperback books and oddments of make-up washed over the room's one long table.

We sat talking of fame, its pleasures and its pains. Miss Taylor listened quietly, sometimes putting in a word, sometimes restlessly readjusting her hair or examining the condition of her make-up in a hand mirror. Burton was wearing black trousers and a white shirt open at the throat. He is of medium height. His shoulders are broad, his waist trim. There is something oddly boyish about his appearance; odd, because his slightly pock-marked face is properly lined for a man of his age, which is 39. It is a little as if a lively, impish 12-year-old had got himself disguised as his father in order to give the adult world a good leg pull. The effect is partly created by the energetic zest he brings to his talk. He gestures constantly when he talks, acting out his conversation, and when he stands he casts his head slightly forward, his chin tucked into his neck, a posture which makes him appear taller than his announced 5'10". He drank champagne, sipping slowly but steadily through the long, hot day.

"You get accustomed to a certain amount of special attention—you know, the best tables wherever you go, and being put in ahead of everybody else. A few years ago I decided I wanted to visit Yugoslavia, just to see what was going on. I applied for a visa, but I couldn't get one. I've forgotten just why. I decided they couldn't possibly guard the entire border so I took my little passport in my hand, got on a train and simply crossed over. Nobody knew who I was, of course, and I spent three weeks wandering around unnoticed. After being used to a lot of special attention, it was a little astonishing to find myself waiting in line again. It took a little getting used to; but then after the immediate surprise I sort of enjoyed it."

Miss Taylor got up out of the chair she was sitting in and came over to where Burton was sitting on the bed. "Move over, Richard," she said mildly.

He rose, and she collapsed softly onto the bed.

"You see what a termagant I'm married to?" Burton observed.

"What's a termagant?" Miss Taylor demanded suspiciously.

"A fishwife," I said. "A harridan."

Burton laughed.

"Thanks a lot," she said. "You know Richard, you're—" she cast about for an insult he might not recognize—"you're epicene."

Burton made a studious pretense of ignoring the word, which can mean effeminate. "Well that certainly got a rise out of everybody," she said. Then she rolled away from us on the bed, letting us know where we stood.

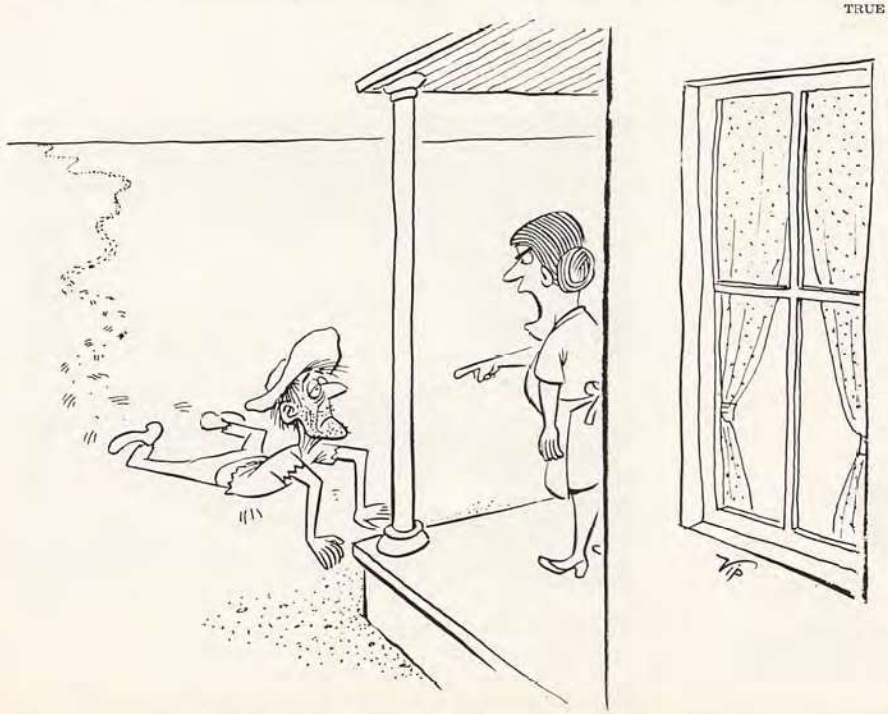
The by-play was typical, and it was revealing. Burton quite clearly enjoys having his little mouse around. He likes bantering with her, he likes sharing with her private jokes. Nonetheless, she is a woman, and to Burton, a woman—be she the sex idol of millions—is only a woman: good fun and all that, but nothing you take very seriously. It amuses him to refer to her in public as "this char," (a char is an English term for a domestic,) and he has on occasion told reporters that she is not especially beautiful, and that her rump is too big. He is fond of her, and enjoys her company, but he intends to dominate the marriage, and he has the strength of character to carry out his intention. They plan to work together often. After *Sandpiper* he started *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* for Paramount, then Burton and Taylor will co-star in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Curiously, Miss Taylor accepts the role of Mrs. Burton. At a large, formal, and extremely posh Hollywood reception which they gave while I was with them, she followed him quietly around as he went from table to table playing the genial host. She has been quoted as saying, "I don't think of myself as Taylor any more. I much prefer being Burton. It more than keeps me busy. It's a full time occupation." That's the kind of line press agents like to write, but it appears to be true. She is conscious of the fact that Burton is her superior, both educationally and professionally, and her occasional attempts to live up to him intellectually are rather winning. (Not that she won't take him to task. Once during the shooting she got into a hassle with the director, who—she claimed—had promised to stop shooting early that day. "Richard," she shouted, "you must be firm with him." Burton folded his hands calmly over his stomach. "I am, luv," he said quietly. "I'm as firm as tapioca.")

She is not a tall woman, and despite what has appeared in the papers, her occasional fits of temper are engaging rather than frightening. She is not, by any manner of means, the aloof, highly stylized love goddess she presents herself as in public, but a rather warm, interesting, if somewhat ordinary, woman. Burton recognizes this. He is far from awed by the fact that he is married to a sex symbol,

[*Continued on page* 102]

TRUE



"Charles Francis Miles, let me smell your breath!"

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WILDERNESS WAGER WITH DEATH

James Call was not a criminal and not a woodsman. But 1,000 armed men spent months scouring the Adirondack wilds for him—and he outwitted them all

BY NORMAN CARLISLE

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE BOMBERGER

■ "We've got him this time!"

The policeman's voice was exultant. The bloodhounds were tugging eagerly at their leashes, sure of the scent. The four other patrolmen readied their guns.

"Can't be too far," one of them said.

Then suddenly the dogs stopped and began to mill, sniffing in bewilderment near a big tree with wide-spreading branches.

Their trainer forced the dogs to move around the tree in widening circles. If their man had gone up in the tree, he'd have had to come down again. Yet, half an hour later, the exasperated policemen could only give up. Their quarry, and his scent, seemed to have vanished.

The following day the newspapers carried a story with a familiar theme: NEW LEAD FIZZLES. HUNT FOR PHANTOM KILLER GOES ON.

"That guy knows every trick in the books—and some that aren't," the bloodhound expert grumbled as he explained the latest failure to his superior, Capt. Harold Muller of the New York State Police.

"You can say that again," Muller groaned. He had reason to be chagrined, for he was the

Inside the shower Call felt the

WILDERNESS WAGER WITH DEATH

officer in charge of one of the greatest—and most frustrating—manhunts of the 20th century.

All roads leading into a vast 12,000-square-mile wilderness area of New York State's Adirondacks were blocked. Motorists were often lined up for miles as state troopers searched each car. State and local police prowled lonely dirt roads in jeeps. Packs of bloodhounds yelped along dim forest trails. Posses pushed their way through the woods, approaching isolated hunting cabins with guns drawn. Armed deputies in canoes scrutinized the shorelines of mountain lakes. Private planes and Army helicopters droned overhead. At times, the number of searchers—state police, county sheriffs and their deputies, private detectives hired by jittery resort owners, and citizen volunteers—numbered over a thousand.

Seldom in U.S. history had so many men so long sought a single fugitive—nor a stranger one. And certainly no outlaw of recent times ever so completely baffled his pursuers as did the "Phantom of the Adirondacks."

It had all begun early in that summer of 1954, when police concluded that a series of burglaries of cabins around Lake Placid was the work of one man. Time and again, when they thought they had him cornered, he slipped through their

bullets whipping past him. Suddenly the gun he had never intended to use was in his hand. He stepped out of the stall, firing.

grasp. On the 5th of August, they had him for sure, trapped inside a cabin. Yet their quarry escaped again. Not, however, before three policemen had gone down in a deadly crash of gunfire.

What had been an aggravating but small-scale search now became an all-out manhunt for an elusive ghost who taunted, tricked and outwitted the police. It also became a strange and deadly game of wits between two men—a resourceful policeman, Captain Muller, and a gambling man who this time put his life at stake.

Neither of these men had ever set eyes on the other, nor would they during the chase, but each formed his own picture of the capacities of his opponent. The fugitive was right in thinking he was up against a shrewd police mind, for Muller, with 20 years of experience behind him, knew his business. And Muller, who called his quarry "a truly remarkable criminal," was right too—but for the wrong reasons.

The man Muller vowed to capture was not most of the things he was labelled. He was not a professional criminal; he had committed his first crime just weeks before. He was not a trigger-happy, calculating gunman, and it was lucky for the police that he wasn't, for, as would be revealed [*Continued on page* 96]

THE BEST IN BOTTLED BOATS

DENMARK

All of these elaborately made bottled boats were constructed by Peter Jacobsen, a Danish sea-going cook. Over a span of 68 years, Jacobsen turned out more than 1,700 unique marine scenes in every sort of bottle—from ink to vinegar. But liquor bottles were his favorites. The red-and-white fishing vessel in the photograph above, for example, is a power boat in a schnapps bottle. The boat on the right is sailing past a rocky village—in a cognac bottle. Jacobsen thought of his hobby as a peaceful means of communication with the world and, as his fame grew, odd bottles were sent to him from all over the world. He was a

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY WILLIAM NEUFELD

meticulous craftsman, unusual because of the matching variety of things he could fit into a bottle. The Danish vessel puffing by a castle (above) is in a Danish liqueur bottle, while the French ship and white church were fitted into a French wine bottle. Prize example of Jacobsen's skill is the long, slim bottle at left which he took two months to fill with trading ships of all nations meeting in a green harbor. Before he died in 1961, Jacobsen received a personal tribute from the king of Denmark. The bottled boats shown here are now, with other mementoes, in a museum in the seaport town of Aerøskøbing, Denmark.

Sprawled across the bed was an incredibly lovely corpse. Bennett gasped when he saw her. "With this," he said to himself, "I can show those bastards how to peddle papers." And that's just what he did

ILLUSTRATION BY ZULAVSKY

BY HY TURNER AND BOB LIPSYTE

JOURNALISM'S SEXIEST SCOOP

Sex and the daily newspaper, the most successful marriage in American history, were first joined on the chilly Sunday morning of April 10, 1836, when a tall, lantern-jawed Scotsman kicked open a whorehouse door and growled at a New York policeman: "I'm James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*, dammit, now where the hell's the corpse?"

Before the cop could move, Bennett was across the carpeted parlor, striding over broken champagne glasses and up a mahogany staircase to the back room on the second floor. As tough and mean as he was, even Bennett had to gasp at what he saw. The 23-year-old girl who lay sprawled across the charred linen sheets had breasts like sleeping pigeons and thighs like damp pillows. And her lovely head was split wide open.

For a moment, Bennett stood transfixed. Then a strange light came into his bleary, squinty eyes, and he fished in his wrinkled jacket for a stubby pencil and a wad of note paper. Softly he began to mumble to himself: "This is it, Jemmy-boy, now we'll show those bastards how to peddle papers."

AND he did. Ignoring bribes (or so he said), defamatory charges (some of them true), and a court order, Bennett and his struggling New York *Herald* rocked the city with the juiciest scandal it had ever read about. He turned the murder of a whore into a drama of sexual lust and a sanctimonious lesson on public morality that changed American reading tastes forever. Nowadays, college students are taught that Bennett was the father of crusading journalism. The cynical Scotsman would have laughed at that. He'd say they should learn instead that he tripled circulation; made a pile of money; forced the first open murder trial in American history; proved the chief suspect guilty; and with an outrageous disregard for facts taught a nation that sex was good news and sold papers as well.

At the time of the murder, most American newspapers were models of respectable dullness. Their front pages were devoted to advertisements and short stories about cats and old ladies, their news sections to long accounts of political affairs, business transactions and ship arrivals. Police news was considered indecent and court reports were below a newspaper's dignity. It would be absolutely unthinkable to print the news that Ellen Jewett, New York's richest, loveliest and most sought-after prostitute, had been killed in bed.

It was the same bed in which she had entertained some of the wealthiest stockbrokers, merchants and politicians in town. It was located in the City Hotel, the plushest brothel in a booming port filled with plush brothels. And it had been recently graced by one Richard P. Robinson, alias Frank Rivers, a 19-year-old hardware clerk and man-about-town whom Ellen had—with more passion than wisdom—taken as a non-paying lover.

That April of 1836, while Ellen and Richard were exchanging jewelry, poetry and promises on satin sheets, James Gordon Bennett was sitting in a damp cellar at 20 Wall Street, putting out a four-page daily paper by the flickering light of a dozen candles. Bennett was 40 years old, practically broke, and too stubborn to know when he was licked.

Born on a farm in Scotland, Bennett had walked out of a theological seminary after four years because there wasn't enough action in the ministry. In the next 20 years, in Scotland, England, Washington, Boston, Charleston and Philadelphia, he gained a reputation as a brilliant correspondent, a great editor and a legendary lecher and drinker. But the only thing he really wanted—to publish a newspaper that kow-towed to no one—eluded him.

BENNETT arrived in New York in 1835 after half a dozen failures. He borrowed $500 on the strength of his past reputation, and started the New York *Herald*, dedicated to the credo that "a newspaper can send more souls to Heaven and save more from Hell than all the churches and chapels in New York—besides making money at the same time."

Whatever Bennett's celestial rating was, his financial standing was shaky. On Saturday morning, April 9, he sat in his cellar office, looking at a pile of unpaid bills and trying to decide whether he should finish the bottle of Scotch he had started the night before.

He was up against it now. The *Herald* was almost a year old and it had yet to show a real profit. Because it was spicy, personalized and respected no established institutions, because it was the first American newspaper to print social and church news and stock market tables, it had gained a growing reputation. But circulation hung grimly around 4,500. Unless it reached 5,000—and soon—Bennett's wheezing old second-hand steam press would be repossessed.

There was another problem, too. A few days before, a ship captain had been tried for the murder of the vessel's steward and Bennett had reported the fact in the *Herald*. It was the only newspaper that carried the story. The judge told the jury that he was sorry to see the proceedings published. Bennett printed a longer story the next day and the court threatened to put him out of business if he ever did it again.

Bennett knew that the only thing that could save his paper now was a juicy story: a shocking scandal so dirty that no other paper would touch it and so big that no court in the world could squelch it.

HE finished the Scotch and lurched out of his basement office, a lean, angry, drunk and lonely man. He stood in a drizzle and watched the newsboys hawk the fat, rich, supercilious papers — the *Evening Post*, the *Sun*, the *Commercial-Advertiser*. He swore quietly to himself: Someday, dammit, Jemmy Bennett would get him a scandal and ride it to the big-time. And then he staggered off to a dram shop near Battery Park where his credit was still good.

Bennett got his scandal. [Continued on page 106]

Adapted by permission of The University of Chicago Press
from George B. Schaller's *The Year of the Gorilla*
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My Life With Wild Gorillas

This zoologist's account of his adventurous days with gorillas is a history-making "first," solving the riddle of the daily life of a fascinating animal—man's closest living relative

BY GEORGE B. SCHALLER

Author's only weapon was notebook.

A blackbacked male, disturbed by Schaller's presence near the group, stands on a sloping tree trunk and beats his chest.

For two years George Schaller virtually lived with wild gorillas in East and Central Africa. Unarmed, he followed groups of gorillas through their native forests day after day, watching them quietly as they fed and fought and mated, sleeping when they slept.

Although the gorilla, with its gigantic, awesome, manlike appearance, has always fascinated mankind, almost nothing was known about the facts of its life in the wild state. Schaller's project, part of an expedition sponsored by the New York Zoological Society and financed by the National Science Foundation, is a unique contribution to man's knowledge of animals.

He concentrated on the mountain gorilla, a kind only slightly different from the lowland gorilla. Mountain gorillas live in a high altitude region where the Congo, Uganda and Rwanda meet. Here, Schaller wandered with them, assigning each group he met a number, getting to know the animals so well he was able to give them individual names, and becoming the first man—since man himself ceased to be an ape—to know for certain how a wild gorilla spends its day.
—The Editors

From October to the following September, I observed Group VII for a total of 159 hours, sleeping with it during some nights and traveling with it during many days, becoming more and more involved and familiar with the daily life of the animals.

It was a life of leisure, of eating and sleeping and ambling about, with little to break the rhythm of daylight and darkness. Yet they never seemed bored with this existence as many a man would probably have been with a similar routine. "One of the essentials of boredom," as Bertrand Russell has pointed out, "consists in the contrast between present circumstances and some other more agreeable circumstances which force themselves upon the imagination." Gorillas live in the present, taking life solely as it comes, and seem eminently contented with their lot. The essentials of their existence are there for the taking: food, nest materials, companionship, mates. There is no competition for these items, and what with everyone fully aware of his status in the group, there is rarely any strife beyond the occasional bickering which is apt to occur even among the most congenial companions.

The animal psychologist Hediger once stated that man differs from other animals in not being chronically frightened. I have observed many kinds of animals and have yet to see a species which is habitually full of fear while pursuing its natural existence, except on those occasions when a predator is sensed. And I have never watched a more completely placid and relaxed animal than the gorilla.

What does the gorilla have to fear? What animal would dare attack a gorilla, except man and very rarely the leopard? The gorilla's every action testifies to the fact that it feels itself the undisputed ruler of its mountain domain: it will flee from that which is new and strange and it will defend itself when threatened, but it never seems apprehensive about anything.

Even such large and powerful creatures as the black buffalo were treated somewhat condescendingly. Once, for example, a bull buffalo aroused the interest of Mrs. Gnath, a rather large and forceful female of Group VII. The bull dozed in a lobelia patch, sporadically chewing its cud. Mrs. Gnath saw the bull at 70 feet and walked directly toward him without concern, her small infant riding on her back. Only 30 feet separated the buffalo and the gorilla, with the gorilla still advancing, when the bull panicked and, with

tail held stiffly horizontal, crashed away into the undergrowth.

The life of Group VII was typical of the various groups I saw, and the year, during which I followed the fortunes of these animals, included many of the major and minor events that a gorilla encounters in the course of a lifetime. Each day typically began as the one of April 2. At half-past 5 in the morning, before the first birds had awakened, and while the forest still lay muted under the fading stars, I eased out of my sleeping bag and approached the sleeping group. When I was within 50 feet of the nearest animal, I ascended a tree and settled myself in a broad crotch.

As it grew light, I could distinguish the various animals in the nests. Mrs. Blacktop slept on her side, her small baby enveloped in her mighty arms and cuddled close to her chest. Mrs. Patch lay on her belly, arms and legs tucked under, and her baby slept beside her. Somewhat off to one side and at the periphery of the group was Mr. Shorthair, a blackbacked male, the bristly hair on his crown standing very erect. His breathing rate was regular, about 14 inhalations a minute, as he slept blissfully into the new day. Mrs. February too reclined on her side, her newborn almost hidden in her arms. Only three feet from her huddled a juvenile in its crude nest of lobelia stems. Several others, including the Climber, who was the leader of the group, were partially or completely hidden in the undergrowth. At 5:40 the birds started to sing; at 6 it was light; at 6:40 the first pale rays of the sun passed over the reclining gorillas. But the animals slept on.

Finally, at 6:52, Mrs. Blacktop sat up in her nest and rather morosely stared down at her paunch. Then she lay down again. At 7:15, Mrs. Patch woke and looked around with sleepy eyes. She stretched one arm far to the side and greeted the day with a cavernous yawn that exposed her black, tartar-covered teeth when she curled back her lips. Then she pulled in a piece of vine and peered as if entranced at this bit of food in her hand. Two other gorillas sat up in bed and vacantly gazed into space.

One female reached over and broke off and ate a piece of celery: breakfast in bed. She squatted in her dung, which littered the nest cup and rim, but she paid no attention to her feces. Gorillas regularly foul their nests—often in prodigious amounts. Obviously gorillas are too lazy to get up at night and relieve themselves elsewhere, although sometimes the animal will first wriggle its bottom to the edge of the nest and then defecate. But why get up? The dung of gorillas is quite solid, not at all messy, and the hair of the apes is not soiled by the contact. Gorillas, like all monkeys and apes, usually defecate wherever they are. They move over the ground and through the trees, and they have no further contact with their own fecal matter. Only man, who occupies permanent abodes, has need to move to a certain place to relieve himself. In this he resembles many burrowing rodents which in their holes have certain spots reserved for defecation. To train monkeys, apes, and men to defecate at a certain place is not at all easy, suggesting that the behavior is not a part of their natural behavioral repertoire.

By 7:30, three gorillas had left their fouled nests and were snacking nearby. The Climber rose at 7:45, and all members of the group immediately left their nests and crowded around him. The morning had begun in leisurely fashion, but now the first order of the day was to eat enough to fill each colossal belly.

There are many kinds of plants in this region but gorillas ignore all but 29 of them in their feeding. Their daily staples consists of bedstraw *(Galium)*, wild celery, thistles, and nettles. When in season, bamboo shoots and the blue fruits of *Pygeum* may be taken. And when the mood strikes them, they may bite the bark off several trees or the base of a sedge leaf. But all in all, they are not catholic in their tastes, and I could not determine just why gorillas eat certain plants and ignore others. I found that, with few exceptions, the food plants tasted bitter or otherwise unpleasant to me.

I never saw gorillas eat animal matter in the wild—no birds' eggs, insects, mice, or other creatures—even though they had the opportunity to do so on occasion. Once a group passed over a dead duiker without handling the fresh remains, and another time a group nested beneath an olive pigeon nest without disturbing the single egg. In captivity, however, gorillas readily eat meat; the pair at the Columbus zoo enjoyed a slab of boiled beef for dinner every day.

Gorillas require about two hours of feeding to become satiated in the morning, and each animal is so intent on filling its belly that it has little time for anything else. Scattered over 50 yards of terrain, the gorillas are frequently out of each other's sight in the dense undergrowth. But movement is usually so slow that there is little danger of their becoming separated from the group. Between 9 and 10 o'clock, the foraging generally comes slowly to a stop. The great amount of forage which the gorillas have by then consumed provides not only the needed nourishment but

Wild Gorillas

This quiet-looking gathering is about to explode. "Mr. Dillon" (lower right) holds a leaf in his lips just before jumping up and starting furious chest-beating routine.

also the water. I have never seen gorillas drink in the wild. But the vegetation is succulent, rain is frequent, and dew lies heavily on the foliage, all providing moisture for the gorilla's diet.

From midmorning to midafternoon is siesta time. The members of the group are pictures of utter contentment as they lie crowded around the silverbacked male, especially when the sun shines warmly on their bodies. Many loll on the ground, lying on their back, belly, or side, arms and legs askew; others lean in a sitting position against the trunks of trees. If gorillas had a religion, they would surely be sun worshippers.

In effect, the leading silverbacked males of groups are dictators who by virtue of their size and position always get their way. But these males are tolerant and gentle, and this is especially evident during the periods of rest. The females and youngsters in the group genuinely seem to like their leader, not because he is dominant, but because they enjoy his company. Sometimes a female rested her head in his silver saddle or leaned heavily against his side. As many as five youngsters occasionally congregated by the male, sitting by his legs or in his lap, climbing up on his rump, and generally making a nuisance of themselves. The male ignored them completely, unless their behavior became too uninhibited. Then a mere glance was sufficient to discipline them.

Since the gorillas are so closely associated day and night, tempers naturally become a little frayed at times, usually for trivial reasons. Quarreling is usually confined to the females, with the silverbacked male listening in aloof silence to the annoyed barks, which are husky and short like that of dogs. But bickering sometimes turns into a free-for-all, with the females harshly screaming at each other in anger and grappling and biting. The male tolerates such a commotion only so long before he advances very purposefully on the females, emitting grunts. The screaming promptly subsides.

No matter how violent a quarrel seemed, I never noted an injury as a result of it, for the animals always restrained themselves, and their biting was mostly in sham; they never fought seriously in my presence. A typical course of events during a quarrel is here related from my field notes:

"A female walks leisurely past another one sitting by the trail. The latter slaps her on the back for a reason unknown to me. She in turn wheels around and runs with open mouth straight at the female who swatted her. This female cowers down with legs and arms tucked under, but with head raised screaming loudly. Her lips are curled up and the teeth and gums show. The two females then grapple briefly and mock-bite each other's shoulder.

"As the two fight, two other females run up and join the melee. All four then scream, grapple with each other, and run around with teeth bared. The rest of the group watches; that is, all but the silverbacked male who sits five feet from the nearest combatants and does not even turn his head. After about 15 or 20 seconds, three females cease fighting and walk away. Only one female remains in the battle area and emits short screams.

"Suddenly she takes two steps after one of the retreating females and slaps at her hind leg; the one slapped turns and advances screaming. The first female backs away and collides with the silverbacked male, who gives an annoyed grunt. Two females meet and wrestle briefly as a third female runs up to join the hassle. Finally all part after the whole sequence has lasted about one minute."

One hundred years ago the explorer Du Chaillu first described a male gorilla "beating his chest in rage." Almost every hunter, traveler, and scientist who since that time has encountered gorillas in the wild mentions this striking display in which the animal rises on its hind legs and beats a rapid tattoo on its chest with its hands. But none of these observers noted that beating the chest is the climax of a complex series of actions, which more than anything else are typical of the gorilla and constitute the most exciting aspect of its behavior.

In this perpetually dark rain forest, where even Schaller's native porter felt uneasy, the gorillas were quite at home.

The complete sequence, which is rarely given and then only by silverbacked males, consists of nine more or less distinct acts. At the beginning of the display, the male often sits, tips up his head, and through pursed lips emits a series of soft, clear hoots that start slowly but grow faster and faster until they fuse into a slurred growling sound at the climax of the display.

The hoots seem to generate excitement in the male, helping him to build up to the desired climax, much as natives use a drum in their frenzied dances. The gorillas have a look of great concentration on their faces when they hoot, and if another member of the group interrupts the even rhythm of the vocalization in some way, the male may stop abruptly and look around as if annoyed before continuing his display.

Sometimes the male stops vocalizing briefly and plucks a single leaf from a nearby plant and places it between the lips, an act of such daintiness and seeming irrelevance that it never ceased to amaze me. The females and youngsters in the group know that the hoots and the placing of a leaf [*Continued on page* 78]

BY JOEY JAY
AS TOLD TO LAWRENCE LADER

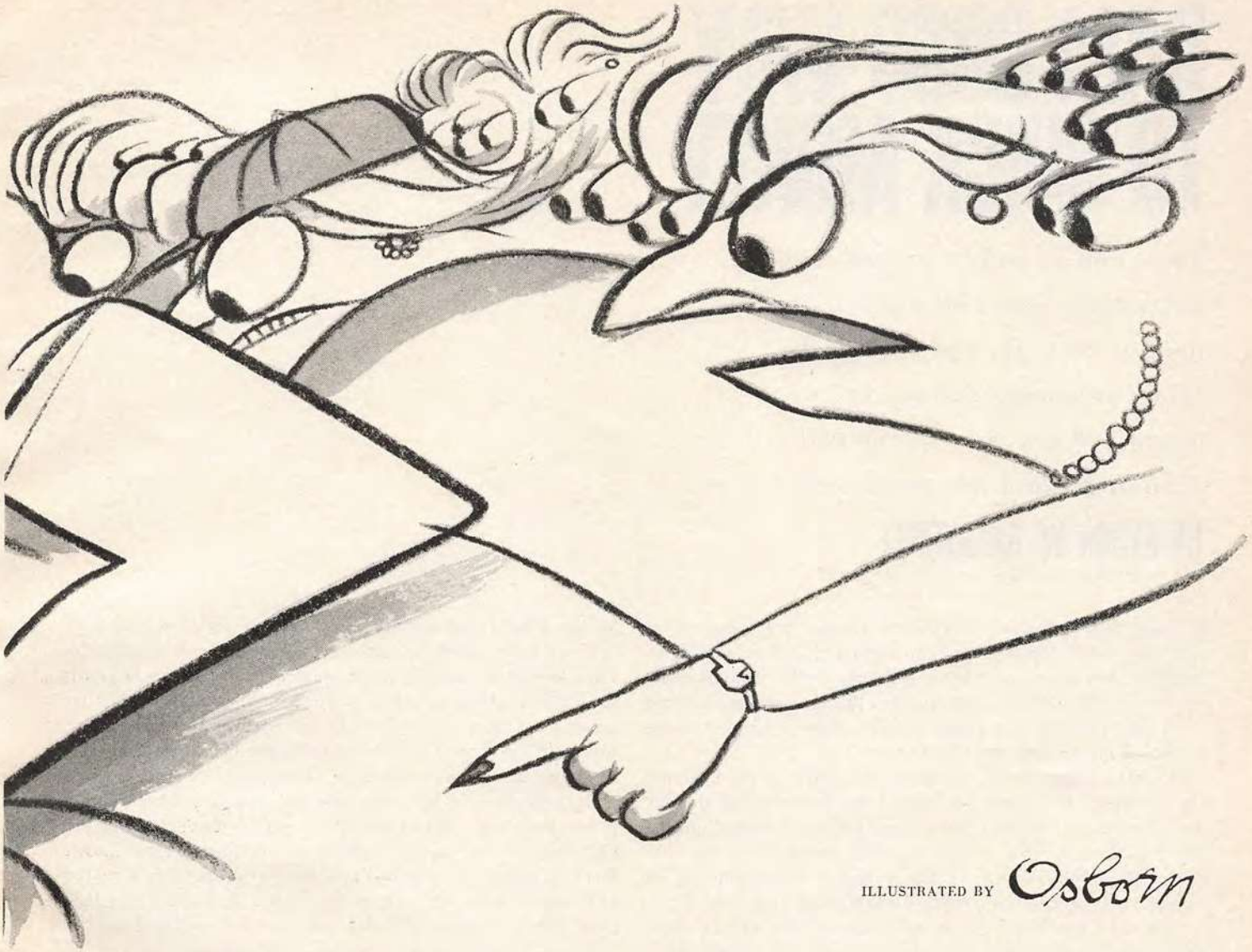
"What started as a glorious adventure for boys has now become a monster of adult promotion," says the Cincinnati pitcher who was the first Little Leaguer to become a big league star. Instead of fun, baseball's Disneyland is too often a pressure-filled chore that can do great harm

"DON'T TRAP YOUR

■ Only a half hour before game time in the last Eastern Regional Little League playoffs, the pitcher for Rhode Island's Smithfield All-Stars struck his head on the dugout roof and was rushed to the hospital. What happened then was a glaring sample of the frantic ambitions and ruthless drive for victory-at-any-cost of today's Little Leagues.

Five stitches were taken in the boy's scalp and drugs were given to ease his pain. Yet he still was sent in to pitch although he "appeared unsteady from the effects of the blow on his head," a local reporter observed. Another injured youngster started as catcher although he had sprained his hand two days before and had "great difficulty in even throwing the ball back to the pitcher."

No one could deny the courage of these 11- and 12-year-old boys. But to put injured youngsters through this ordeal, a risk



ILLUSTRATED BY Osborn

SON IN LITTLE LEAGUE MADNESS"

few major-league managers would have taken with their players, not only infuriates me with the judgment of officials and managers, but typifies the dangerous values dominating the Little League today.

Similar pressure from victory-hungry managers and coaches gave ulcers to one 12-year-old Little Leaguer in Roslyn, New York. Another player in the same League had to be put on sleeping pills by his doctor.

"My coaches were brutally ambitious, only interested in the glory of an undefeated team," Tom Phillips of CBS Radio News, a former Little Leaguer, told me. "They drove us incessantly toward the town championship. After two good seasons, the pressure caught up with me when I was twelve. I choked up at the plate, couldn't swing at a third strike. One day the coach screamed at me in front of the crowded stands, 'If you don't get a hit, I'll drop you to the bottom of the batting order!' I cried myself to sleep that night."

The same frenzy to push their sons toward stardom turns many fathers into relentless tyrants. When a youngster was trapped off first base trying to steal during a Cincinnati Little League game, his father shouted, "Don't stand there, you fool!"

I've never seen such pain and shock on a boy's face. Friends told me he refused to play for weeks.

Some fathers have been paying their sons a dollar for each hit and higher sums for homers, a form of juvenile professionalism that disgraces the game.

I'm even more disturbed by the "farm" teams for boys of 6 to 8 which my 7-year-old son, Stephan, joined in Cincinnati last year. My wife kept complaining that Stephan was coming home tense and exhausted. I went to one game [*Continued on page* 88]

DAM GOOD WAY TO QUICK MONEY

Take a bit of gullied ground that occasionally gets well watered and build a dam. The pond you make brings swimming, fishing and a profit. When you sell you make Wall Street look like penny ante

BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

■ There is a bluff above Bushwhack Lake, a few miles out of Kerrville, Texas, on which one can stand and look straight down into the blue water and plainly see auto tracks snaking along the bottom. This often startles visitors. But not me. I made those tracks. Before there was a lake, I used to drive my pickup along the broad but shallow creek bottom.

Recently I stood on that bluff, looking down at the lake and the old tracks and gloating a little. I was remembering the day Paul Young and I bought this piece of rough, unwanted, untillable creek bottom. The rancher who sold it said, "You guys are crazy. My whole ranch isn't big enough to make a living on nowadays. What can you do with a small chunk that rough?"

Like most ranchers here, he raises sheep and mohair goats. We had no slightest intention of raising anything—well, that's not quite true: we figured on raising some fish. We made Bushwhack Lake by building a dam. The lake—water, fish and all—belongs to us. The first person to see it from the top of the bluff where I stood reminiscing offered us exactly twice what the entire property cost.

Think that isn't tempting? And get this—the profit alone would have been six times the cost of the dam that made the lake! Maybe we should have grabbed it.

But Paul said, "If a lake immediately doubles the whole property value, let's hang on a few years—and double it again. Meanwhile, think of the fun. . . ."

Already we've had lots of that. How do you measure the value of five months a year of swimming for family and friends in your very own clear lake? Of boating? Picnicking and cookouts? Of camping in the seclusion of your own private "wilderness."

And the fishing! In a log I keep on the lake I recall jotting down on a certain September day: "Bass—WOW!—Too many! Filled two stringers, then caught and released fish until tired of it."

Sure, I could catch bass as big as these in a million other places. But these were different. These were *mine*. And so I stood up there on the bluff gloating.

"This property," I thought, "thoroughly disproves the old blabber about not being able to have your cake and eat it. We're having a ball—and making an investment potful in addition."

Water today, handy to recreational use, is awesomely valuable stuff, becoming annually more scarce. No one needs to justify the building of a private lake or pond for swimming, fishing and general recreation simply for the *fun* it will return. The fun is wonderful, sure. But also this is probably the closest thing to a can't-lose investment proposition of any in existence.

Bushwhack Lake, 175 yards long and averaging 40 yards wide, is two years old. The dam on the creek is of concrete, 11 feet high and 100 feet long. Upstream a short distance we built a dirt dam that forms a second lake backing up roughly a quarter of a mile of water with a maximum depth of 20 feet. That lake, more lightly stocked with fish, has already produced bass of 2½ pounds—and several would-be customers who are just determined we'll fence it off with a piece of surrounding land and let them give us $10,000 more than we have invested.

Last spring we took a family out to the lakes. We all went swimming, had a picnic lunch, then the man and I fished. He said, "You can't kid me. Nobody in your racket can make enough money to afford this sort of thing. From some source you must be rich."

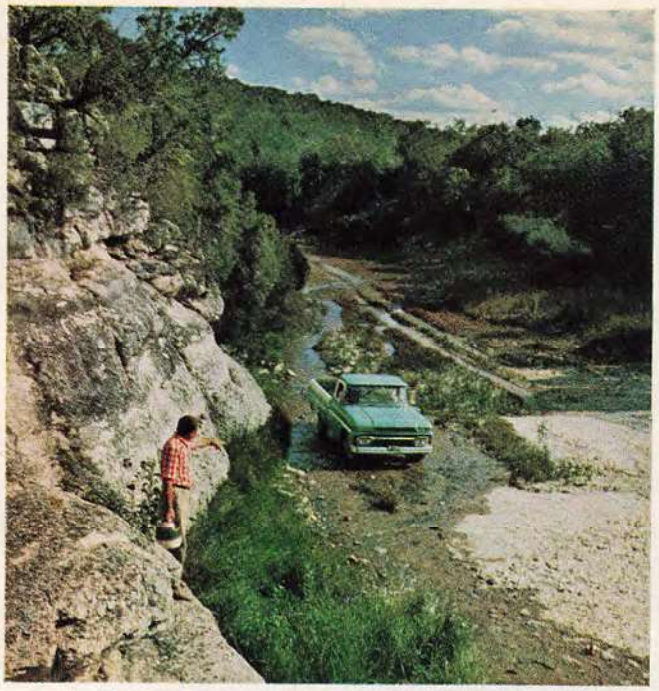
This was very amusing. "Yeah," I replied, "every time I come out here I realize just how rich I am."

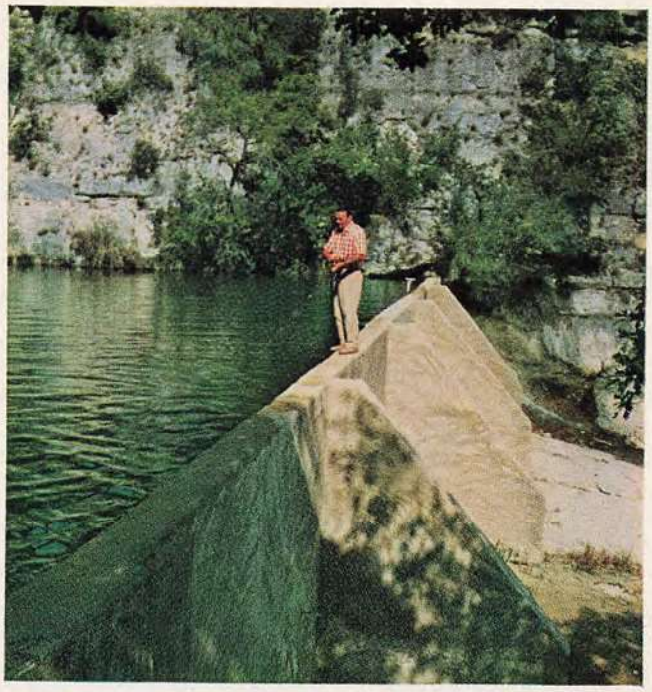
That man, I happen to know, makes a good but modest living. The one thing he really splurged on is a swimming pool. It is of average size and cost $4,000. He can't kid me either. He must be richer. Our concrete dam that created Bushwhack Lake cost $2,700. We could throw his swimming pool in our swimming-fishing-boating-camping lake, and lose it. The other larger lake, with its dirt dam, cost $1,900. Lake-access roads on the property, which is rather rough country, cost about $600.

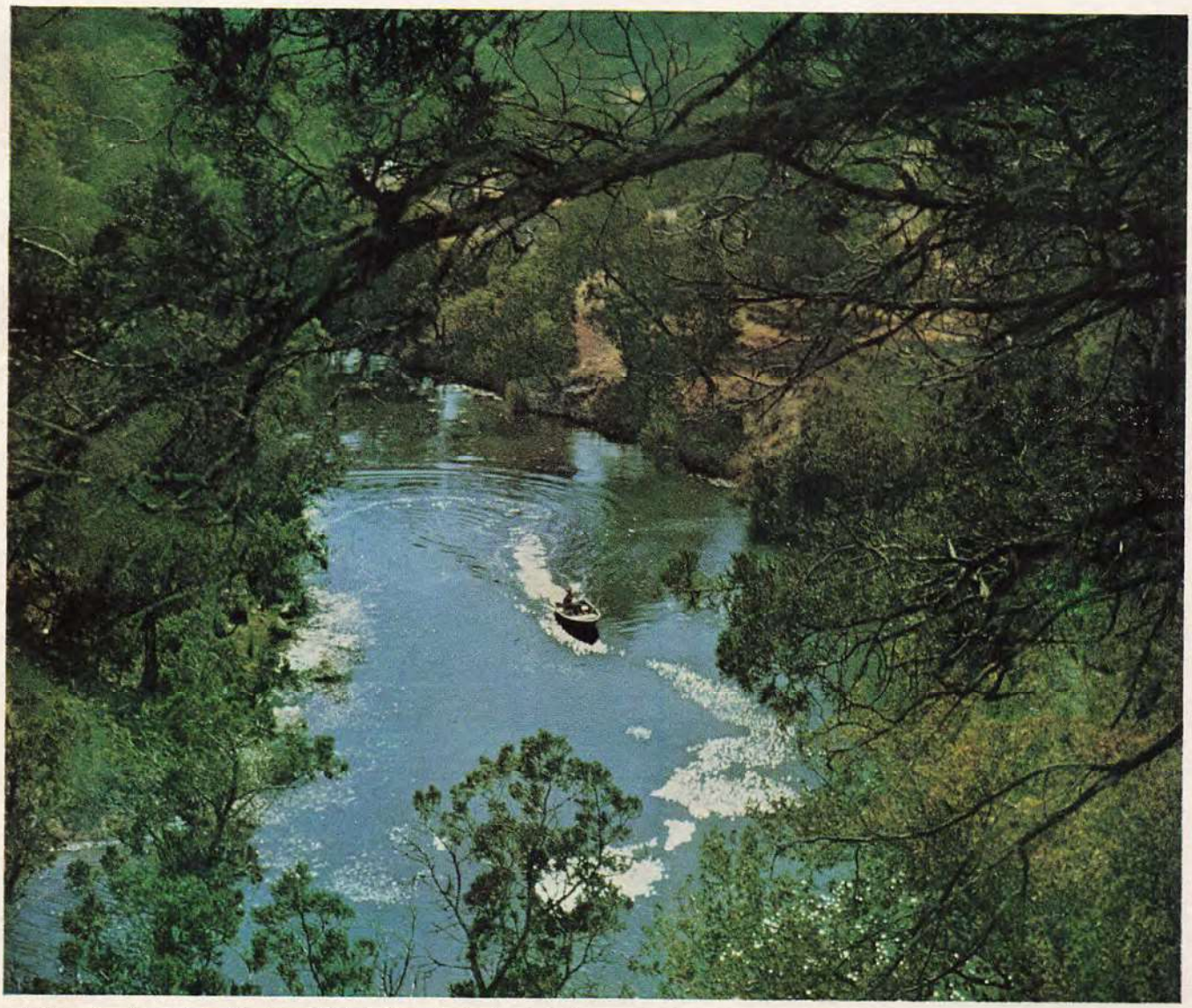
"Why can't I do something like that?" a friend from Detroit, Michigan, asked me last summer.

We get this question from city dwellers hither and yon. The answer is: anybody can do it. You don't need to be even moderately wealthy. However, with a little lake of your own you may eventually *become* wealthy, no matter how hard you try not to.

We hear how "lucky" we were [*Continued on page* 114]







Author stands at dam site (top left) before Bushwhack Lake was built, noting small but adequate flow of water. Later he enjoys fishing from buttressed dam (top right) and boating on new lake (bottom) which jumped property value dramatically.

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TIN LIZZIES ON A TEAR

Gleaming as though they were new, 35 Model T's started in a 535-mile race over plains and mountains. Thirty finished —and the winner's time? Well, hold onto your seat and get ready for a wonderful, rickety ride and a big surprise

BY CHRISTOPHER MICHAELS
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

MONTANA

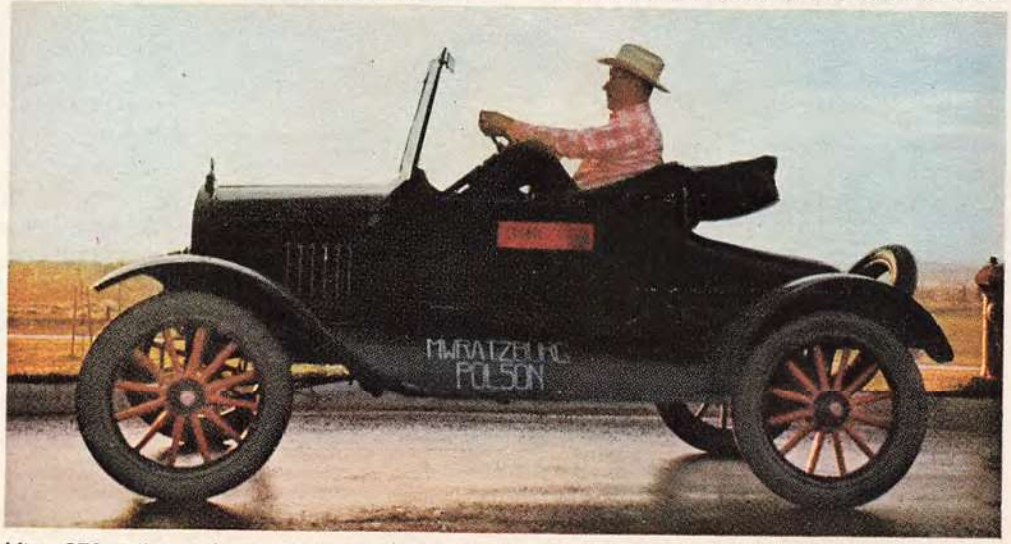
■ For sheer overwhelming noise and nostalgia, nothing could compare to the wild-eyed festival atmosphere rioting over the small plains town of Baker, Montana. It swirled around 35 Model T Fords that buzzed back and forth in the July dawn, vintage squeeze-bulb horns honking holes through the crowd. The Cross Country Model T Endurance Race was about to launch its astonishing 535-mile run.

Old Henry Ford aimed to make an automobile that would run on any roads and these T's, elderly but able, were set to prove they could still do it. From 1908 when the first Tin Lizzie chugged out onto the road, to 1927 when the last one was made, Ford turned out 15 million of his most famous model. A hundred thousand still run around the roads of the world. The 35 T's that assembled in Montana to compete for $1,180 prize money and the glory of winning a hard-fought race are among the best cared for and most cherished.

At race time the T's, each with a num-

Polished brass radiator, more prized than later nickel-plated, is cherished by owner Ken Cook.

Hurling things out of blazing car, entrant Cliff De Jong put fire out and dashed back into race.



Proud Lizzies that finished race line up in Helena. Winner John Frick (No. 31) took home $500.

After 370 miles, driver relaxes in his cooling Model T at sundown just outside of Bozeman.

TIN LIZZIES ON A TEAR

Making repairs on the run, driver was able to keep his T in contest.

Squeezing his bulb horn, eager contestant hoots competitors out of the way.

Expert touch on hand throttle and spark was nostalgic sight to watching old-timers.

Six T's, fender to fender, push across country at 60 mph. Models ranged from 1915 to 1926. All parts in each car are authentic Model T, even if not always same year.

Official seal is put on every motor at start. If broken en route, racer is disqualified.

Hot race across hot country requires plenty of water for a Lizzie.

ber on its windshield putted into a long, single-file line. The starter with his green flag was now poised spraddle-legged, flag held high. The flag whipped down. There was the snarl of an ancient motor, a small flurry of dust, a tumult of cheering from the crowd. The 1964 race, pride of the sponsoring Montana Cross Country Model T Association, was officially underway. Sixty seconds later the next T moved out. The others followed at minute intervals until all had roared off in one of the wackiest, most fun-filled, unusual and exciting contests on earth.

Although the race is fun, it is also a blood-in-the-eye hassle, a fight to the finish; the drivers are a cross section of hard-core Westerners filled with the old frontier to-hell-with-it guts and spirit.

As the last T growled past the starting flag at Baker, Bill Browning of the Montana State Chamber of Commerce and I leaped into our station wagon and took off in pursuit. We meant to run with the race and photograph it for TRUE. Somehow, we'd thought this would be easy and lazy. But now we realized that the cars, because of the interval starting, were scattered out for miles ahead. And we'd had no idea they were this fast. We'd been deluded because the night before car parts had been strewn everywhere.

The first driver I'd talked to when we arrived in Baker was backed up to the right front wheel of his T, lifting the corner of his car off the ground single-handed while a helper jammed a block under the car.

"I hope to hell you write this like it is," he said. "We have to hear every year about the Indianapolis 500. But those guys spend tens of thousands of dollars, have all kinds of horsepower and soup-up. We have to scrounge for every damn nut and bolt, use authentic T tires, magnetos, and so on. We have to pay our own bills and most of us are just ordinary guys—not rich."

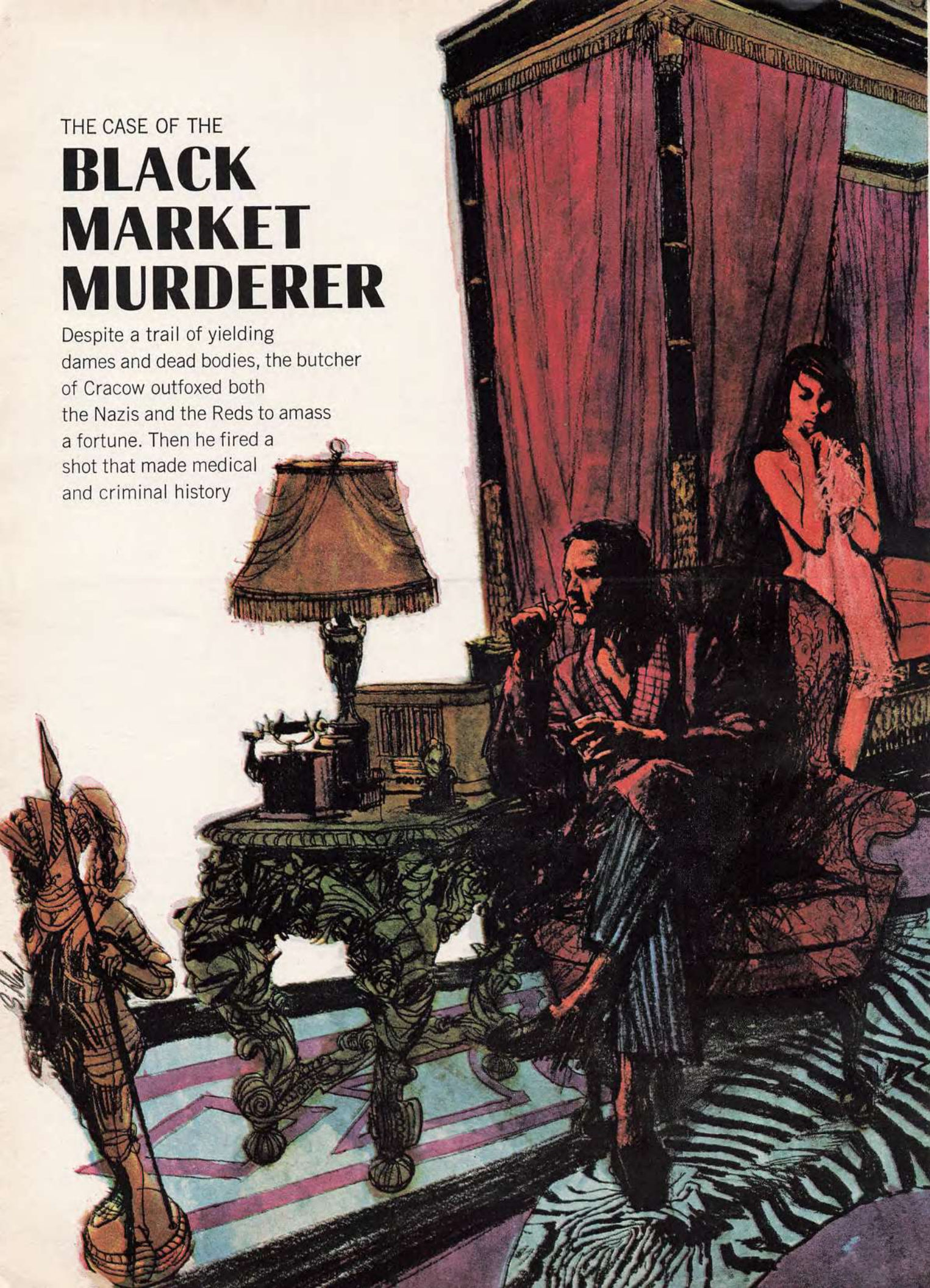
His buddy brandished a wrench. "Yeah, he said, "add all that up, consider that the Indianapolis runs on a good track, with mechanics waiting and spare parts by the bushel. We gotta jump out and fix anything that *[Continued on page 108]*

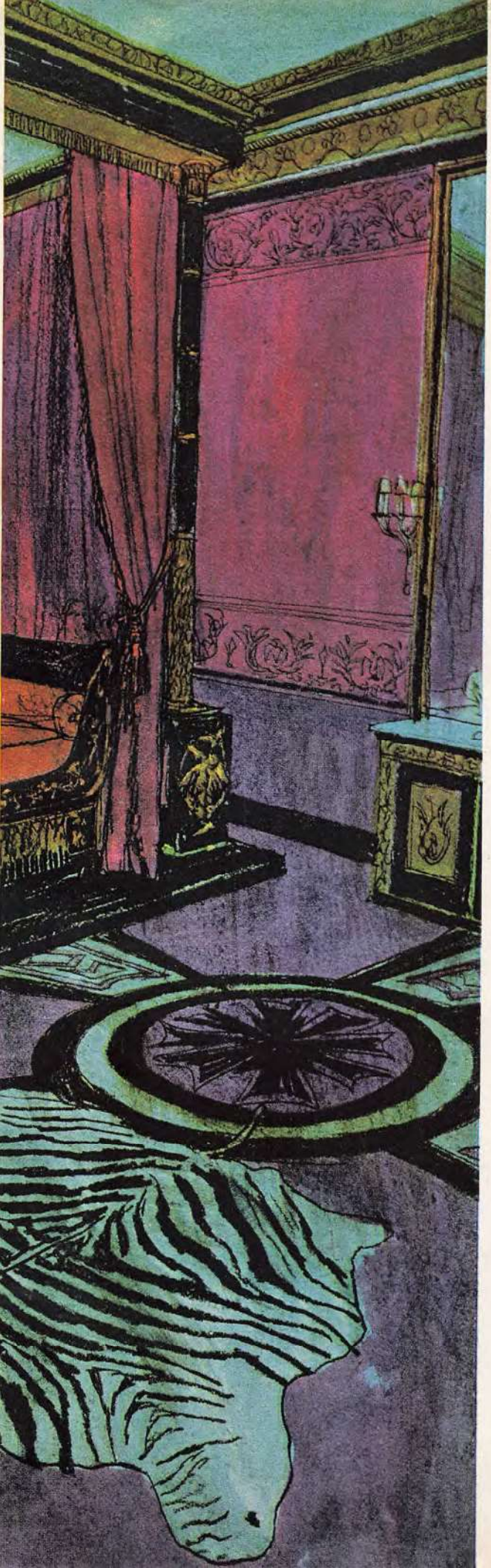
Unusual sight in the '60s—Model T's reach town prior to big race.

THE CASE OF THE

BLACK MARKET MURDERER

Despite a trail of yielding dames and dead bodies, the butcher of Cracow outfoxed both the Nazis and the Reds to amass a fortune. Then he fired a shot that made medical and criminal history





BY GEOFFREY BOCCA
ILLUSTRATED BY GUY DEEL

■ For several days, Stanislaus Lopuszynski, known as Stani to such friends as he possessed, had been suffering acutely from headaches. They seemed immune to aspirin, and he decided the only thing he could do was ignore them. He continued to play at all-night poker sessions, and since he was a professional gambler as well as one of the biggest black-market operators in Warsaw, he continued to win. He even forgot his aching head sufficiently to take part in the city's most important clay-pigeon-shooting tournament.

But the pain was persistent, and four days after the difficulty began, he checked in at a hospital, where the doctor x-rayed his head.

The date was September 24, 1955, and it was to prove a memorable day in medical history. What the doctor saw made him literally doubt the evidence of his own eyes. He called in his colleagues to make sure he was not—or rather was—seeing things, and shouting in excitement, they crowded around the bewildered Stani. "What's the matter?" he asked. "What is all the uproar about?"

"The matter, my friend," said the doctor, "is that you have been shot through the head."

"I have *what?*" exclaimed the flabbergasted Stani.

"You have a bullet lodged in the base of your skull. Someone has tried to blow your brains out."

It would be difficult to find words in English—and I presume in Polish—to describe the reaction of a man who has just been told he has been shot in the head at point-blank range without knowing about it. The stupefied Stani was wheeled away to the operating theater, where the bullet was duly extracted and saved to show him. The story was then flashed to the world's medical journals—to prove, perhaps, that the brain *can* overcome the bullet, although not often.

As Stani was recovering, police joined the doctors in interrogating him. Surrounded by the investigators, he sat limply in an armchair, overwhelmed by their questions.

"You *must* cast your mind back," said the chief surgeon. "It is scarcely an exaggeration for me to tell you that you have, in effect, been murdered."

The room whirled before Lopuszynski's eyes as he did his best to respond to the single word that was hammered into his ears from all sides:

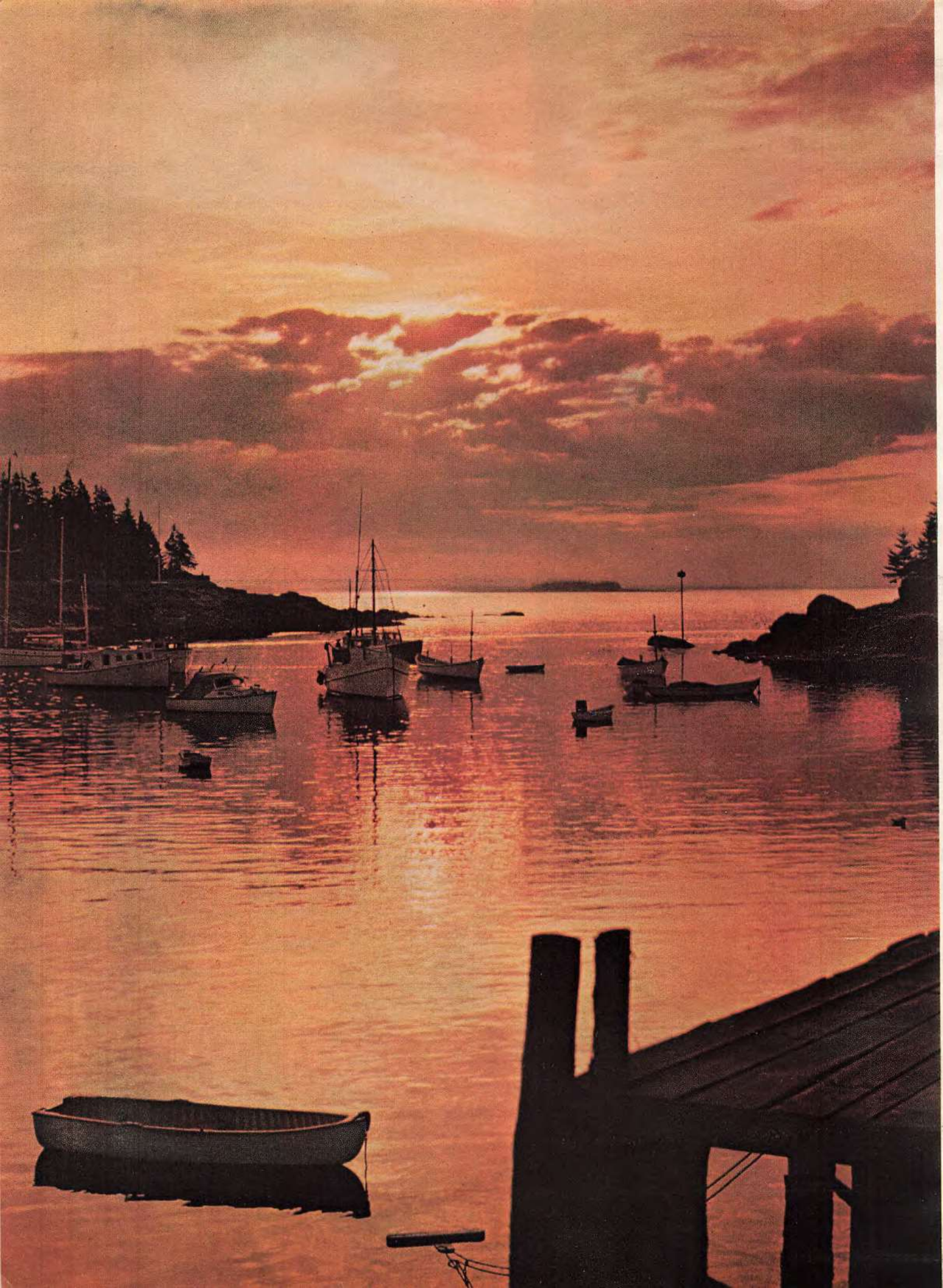
"Think! *Think!* THINK! THINK!"

Stani thought to himself and thought aloud, and what came out was to lead to one of the most amazing stories in the history of European crime. Its background was Poland, the Communist Poland of 1955. But it began 16 years earlier, in another Poland, another world—a world in which Lopuszynski himself was then an innocent child.

At the end of August, 1939, while Hitler was assembling his Panzers along the Polish border, a captain in the Polish infantry reserve named Wladyslaw Mazurkiewicz suffered a severe attack of laryngitis. Mazurkiewicz was 31 years old, and so good-looking that people stopped in the streets to stare at him.

It is a fact of nature that beautiful people, male or female, tend to be less intelligent than those less fortunately endowed physically. They do not need to be as smart—they are too much admired. Mazurkiewicz was tall, with dark, wavy hair, deeply furrowed brow, long chin and sensuous lips. His looks combined a rugged masculinity and a patrician sensitiveness rare [*Continued on page* 82]

The captain listened to the war go by on his radio, with some pretty girl always waiting patiently.



BY WILLIAM T. McKEOWN

ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO VAN EERSEL

5 TRUE-TESTED CRUISES

Ever since Noah turned mariner, men have been sailing in search of escape or adventure. If you're of a mind to do the same this vacation season, raise anchor and read on. There's a boating trip here sure to meet your needs

■ Boating is a personal pleasure, with satisfaction both from the challenge and the changes of scene. You're not playing to the grandstands. But when you head out on a long passage, it can be like facing a lion or climbing a mountain: you prove something to yourself.

In today's boats cruising can be as tough or as easy an adventure as you care to make it. No need to take Sherpa guides along or the pack boys of a safari. Pick a place to go, and just head out. Take the family or friends along if you want, or go it alone. Mount a boat on your car top, tow it behind, or rent or charter one when the mood takes you.

A boat is an island of your own as soon as you launch, haul anchor, or bring your lines aboard and ease away from the dock. It's one of the quickest ways to search out independence or find solitude. Some waterways are so popular they have traffic jams, but it's also true, too, that many boatmen never go beyond the bend. Often just a little farther on, even within a mile or so of the city, there are no other boats near by; no noise, no people, just an ideal spot to anchor or pull up ashore.

Some ports are more special, and must be reached by boat for the full effect. When you do they pay off with a special seascape, great fishing water, strange atmosphere or unspoiled charm.

Here are five such places which are favorites of mine. All are something of a challenge to reach. Each has a strong personality of its own. Every one can be a starting place for even more remote exploring—all are near waters where you may go hours or days without seeing anyone else, if you want it that way.

Heading out unprepared to any of these places can be dangerous. Good men, friends of mine, might have to go looking for you, and if the weather's bad they could be hurt as well. For that reason, and your own skin, check forecasts carefully, tell friends where you are headed, prepare the proper charts—and use a boat that's well equipped and suitable. Then, for an added bonus, read up about the passage in advance. (Each spot described, for example, was once reported to have buried treasure, and each is still rich historically.) Knowing where conquistadors or pirates landed, where rum-runners hid and Indians camped ahead of you can make any place more interesting. . . .

[Turn page]

1. THE MAGIC ISLE
2. TWENTY-SEVEN LAKES
3. VALLEY OF THE TENNESSEE
4. OUT-OF-TOUCH ISLANDS
5. ABROAD—TO BIMINI

5 TRUE-TESTED CRUISES

[*Continued from page 53*]

1 THE MAGIC ISLE

■ Off the Pacific Coast, a short cruise from the harbors of San Pedro or Long Beach, Newport or Mission Bay, there is the island fabled for its unique appeal, and far enough from the mainland to have the character of a small world of its own. Here barren hills rise from the sea in steep contrast to the miles of civilization and smog, oil wells and freeways of the nonstop Southern California suburbs back ashore.

Boatmen here call the island Catalina, which is not its formal name. First sighted in 1542 by Portuguese skipper Juan Cabrillo while doing some exploring for Spain, he called it San Salvador. Then, 60 years later, the island was discovered again and given its official name, Santa Catalina.

Though inlanders have been known to imagine it as a lush Eden in the ocean west of Los Angeles, populated by partying Hollywood starlets, it's actually 25 miles almost due south, and one of eight rugged mountains in the sea that make up the Santa Barbara Islands—the Channel Chain.

The nearest mainland across San Pedro Channel is Los Angeles harbor's Point Fermin. Over the years, the choppy channel has been crossed in everything from dugouts to more modern canoes, sailing surfboards, water skis, outboard runabouts and almost every other kind of craft. Avalon is the one town ashore, and moorings are limited. If the harbormaster can't find an unoccupied one, try anchoring behind the famous round, white-columned pavilion on Casino Point, north in Descanso Bay near the hotel, or south between Bathhouse and Abalone Points in Lovers Cove. Little harbor boats can ferry you ashore. Coast & Geodetic Chart 5128 shows these anchorages in detail, and U.S. Coast Pilot 7, Pacific Coast, gives the kind of instructions that are essential for making plans, whether the boatman eventually makes the trip or not.

Treasure is supposed to be buried under a tree or in a cave somewhere on the island; there is no doubt that Avalon Bay and the inlets at Isthmus Cove and Catalina Harbor up the coast were popular with smugglers. Opposite each other across a narrow strip of valley well up Catalina's thin length, the anchorages offered the sailing ships 12 feet of water at the bottom of the 5-foot tide, and shelter in blows from almost any direction in one inlet or the other—just as they do today. Up inland, wild goats, boar, and buffalo (left over from a 1924 movie) still roam. Little Harbor, on the south side and facing west, continually appears as a South Seas setting in movies and on TV.

In the early 1800's, a customs house at Monterey started to charge ships 100 percent tax on the value of their cargo. Thrifty captains unloaded most of their freight at Catalina, paid tax up at Monterey on the remainder, and then sailed back to Catalina to reload and smuggle the goods to nearby San Pedro.

In 1853 the island was sold for $1,000, but after passing through the hands of a number of spendthrift promoters who tried to develop it into a resort, the price tag had jumped to over $1,000,000 by the time it ended up in 1919 with its present owners, the Wrigley family. For a number of years William Wrigley, Jr. brought his Chicago Cub baseball team to the island for spring training.

The sure-thing treasures are offshore underwater, where albacore and cod are caught all year, as well as tuna, marlin and swordfish when they are running, and skin divers can bring up lobsters from the clear waters in season. At night, the surf is likely to light up with glowing phosphorescence as it breaks along the cliffs.

May to October are the locally popular months for the Catalina run by small boat, though any time of year can be rewarding when favorable weather is chosen. Pick calm seas with no wind; an outboard of 16 feet or more can make the crossing in an hour or so. But a bigger hull is best, plus some sort of cabin with bunks aboard in case sleeping overnight seems wise while waiting for better weather. Avalon, with 38 assorted hotels, apartments, and even Western writer Zane Grey's old home, is the only community in the Chain with accommodations ashore. For crossing from the mainland, most skippers prefer an early start before the late-morning westerly wind picks up to its customary fresh 20 knots.

To see the other islands—San Miquel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, Anacapa, Santa Barbara, San Nicholas or San Clemente—talk first with local boatmen since some islands are presently restricted by owners or the Navy. Offshore, fuel is available only on Catalina, so pleasure craft frequently coast-hop up to the coastal city of Santa Barbara for final refueling before slanting out to Anacapa and Santa Cruz. The latter, also privately owned and troubled by yachtsmen who went ashore and shot range cattle, now requires permission in advance before landing. Just for exploring the shorelines and anchoring in the coves, however, these remote and rocky mountains in the sea have unmatched solitude and a rugged appeal. Millionaires and more moderately financed skippers alike savor the island atmosphere anchored side by side. For all, it's free.

2 TWENTY-SEVEN LAKES

■ Only a few miles from Michigan's Upper Peninsula and an easy trailer trip from the rougher waters of Lake Superior or Michigan, a link of 27 Wisconsin lakes (among some 7,000 in the whole region) provides excellent boating for you from mid-April when the ice goes out until freeze-up in late fall along 133 miles of shoreline.

This unspoiled region comes close to letting the boatman have his cake afloat and eat it ashore. In between roughing it, he can savor food and luxury living seldom found so close to a wilderness. Resort lakes have been joined by nature for the boatman's convenience, and adjoining them are 600,000 secluded land and water acres of the Nicolet National Forest waiting to be explored. Outdoorsmen looking for something different can drop a boat into the waterways of Vilas and Oneida Counties northwest of Green Bay, southeast of Duluth, or rent one on the spot.

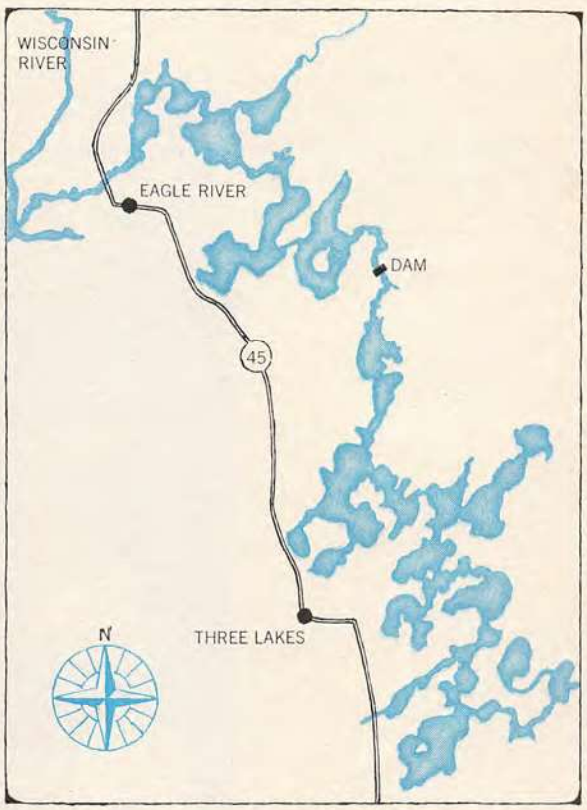
U.S. Highway 45 parallels the waterways, and excellent hard-top roads now wind between the lakes that connect to empty into the Wisconsin River. Lakes are so prevalent, however, that summer mail deliveries are made by water to some sections of the region. Every 10 miles or so, launching ramps allow a trailer boatman to take to the water, and hoists handle even larger craft. Twenty motels, lodges, resorts and marinas edge this winding waterway and make the boating particularly easy.

Locally the area is known as "The World's Largest Chain of Lakes." Probably the claim is exaggerated, but fortunately for visiting boatmen the area has not become well enough known yet for the world to challenge their claim or clutter up their waters. To the south, the 18 interconnected upper lakes are called the Three Lakes Chain or Burnt Rollways Reservoir. North, below the Rollways Dam, is the lower or Eagle River Chain of nine more lakes to cruise. Craft of any size can use 20 of the lakes, while seven are restricted to smaller powerboats and canoes, primarily because of low highway bridges which would make it difficult for larger craft to pass beneath.

Large cruisers are in use on the lakes, however, and craft up to 50 feet long can be handled on the old incline railway or a new travel sling which transports boats 165 feet around the midway dam.

The Wisconsin Valley Improvement Company manages the hoist and dams, storing surplus run-off so that the water levels can be kept constant from year to year. A flood control service for the paper mills and power plants below the lake chain, the system also assures boatmen a constant water supply which the Wisconsin conservation department keeps fully stocked with fish. This is ideal outboard motor country; bring one along in the car trunk or rent one locally. A canoe or rowboat can handle almost any part of the lakes, but some of the winding water thoroughfares carry a current in spots and a little power is a help. Almost every variety of fresh water fish is waiting, from pike to record-size muskies, plus fighting trout along miles of well-stocked streams.

This is Paul Bunyan country, where lumber jacks stripped

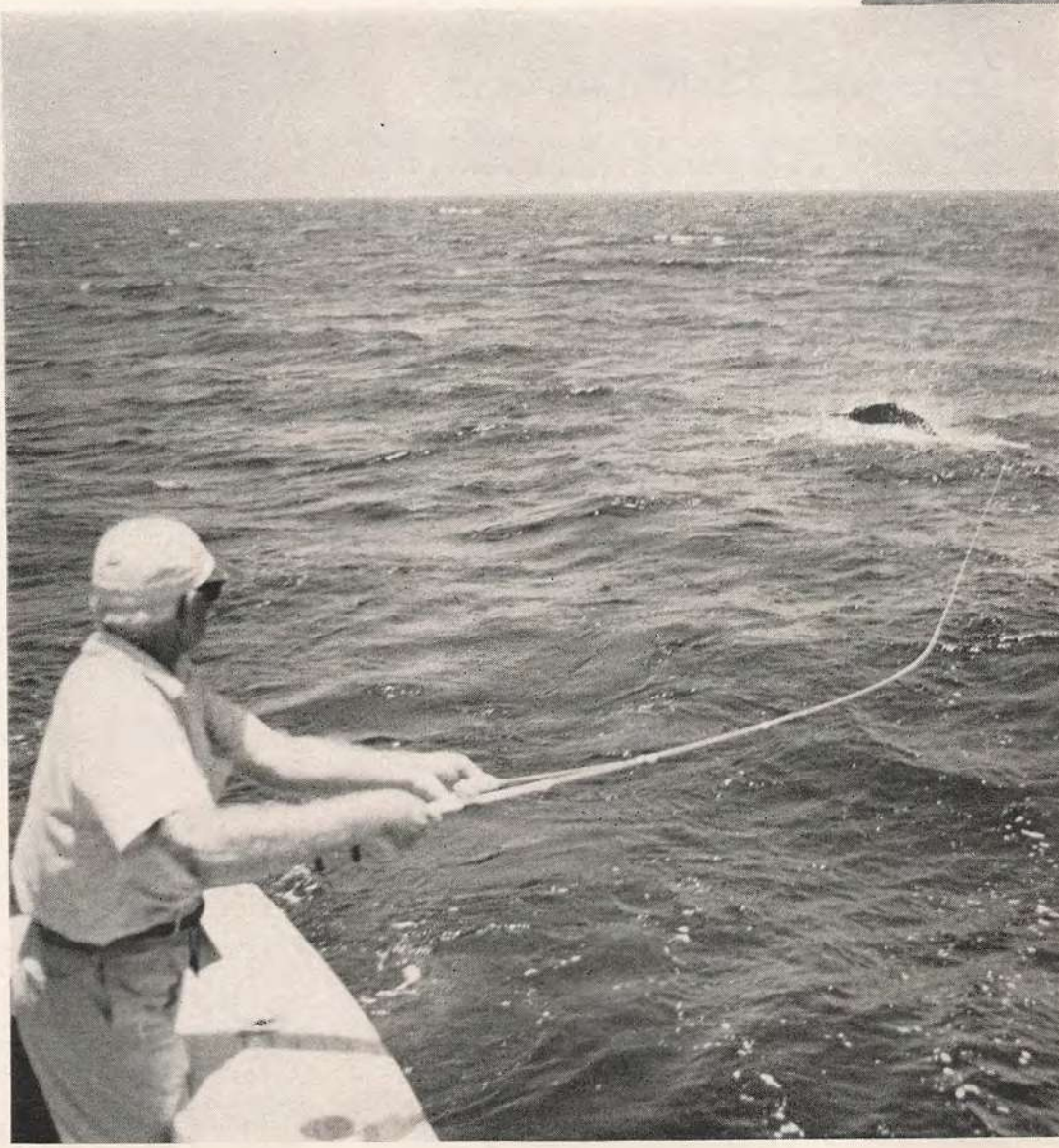


the area of trees in the early 1900's. It was a booming region and one small logging village had 29 saloons on its short main street. Then the timber was gone and the lumber camps became ghost towns. Some have come to life again, while others disappeared beneath the second-growth trees that have matured now from careful plantings to reforest the section. Controlled logging in the Nicolet Forest helps pay its expenses every year. The almost extinct fur-bearing fisher has been reintroduced, game flourishes, and last fall's hunters took 80,000 Wisconsin deer legally (plus, probably, several unreported thousand) and 345 bear. Both the Three Lakes and the Eagle River Resort Associations, as well as the Nicolet National Forest Supervisor at Rhinelander can supply maps plus ac- [*Continued on page* 70]

FLY FISHING'S SUPREME TEST

Cast a fly at a sailfish or a striped marlin? Crazy! The fish goes v-r-o-O-O-M! Then all you need is arm stamina that would make Charles Atlas cry "uncle"

Jolted by a fly, a striped marlin takes off to battle Webster Robinson, who pioneered new techniques.



Lured almost to boat rail, a Pacific sailfish explodes with fly in jaw. Some fish jumped like this a dozen times.

BY VIC DUNAWAY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY TED SMITS

MIAMI, FLA.

■ When a fly fisherman has caught just about everything in fresh and salt water in sizes considered suitable for his tackle—say up to 50 pounds or so—he is apt to start dreaming. The dream usually starts: *Wouldn't it be great if*—and the angler goes on to imagine himself in battle with some monster. Such a dreamer was Webster Robinson of Key West, Florida. Only he went on to prove out his dream and catch a fish as big as himself on a cast fly.

Robinson has been fishing for more than 50 of his 69 years. In 1959 he started after sailfish and marlin with conventional deep-sea tackle and in five frantic years racked up what for most serious anglers would be a lifetime of experience with these greyhounds of the sea. His score on black marlin alone is 115; no other fisherman has caught half as many. Then, a couple of years ago, he set about his fly-rod conquest of a dream.

He would use techniques learned in his five-year crash program and he would do the job with finesse—he would cast a fly to the fish and not troll it. For trolling a fly takes no more skill than the ability to hold a rod pointed over the stern. It is the rise of a great fish to a cast fly that enthralls the experienced angler.

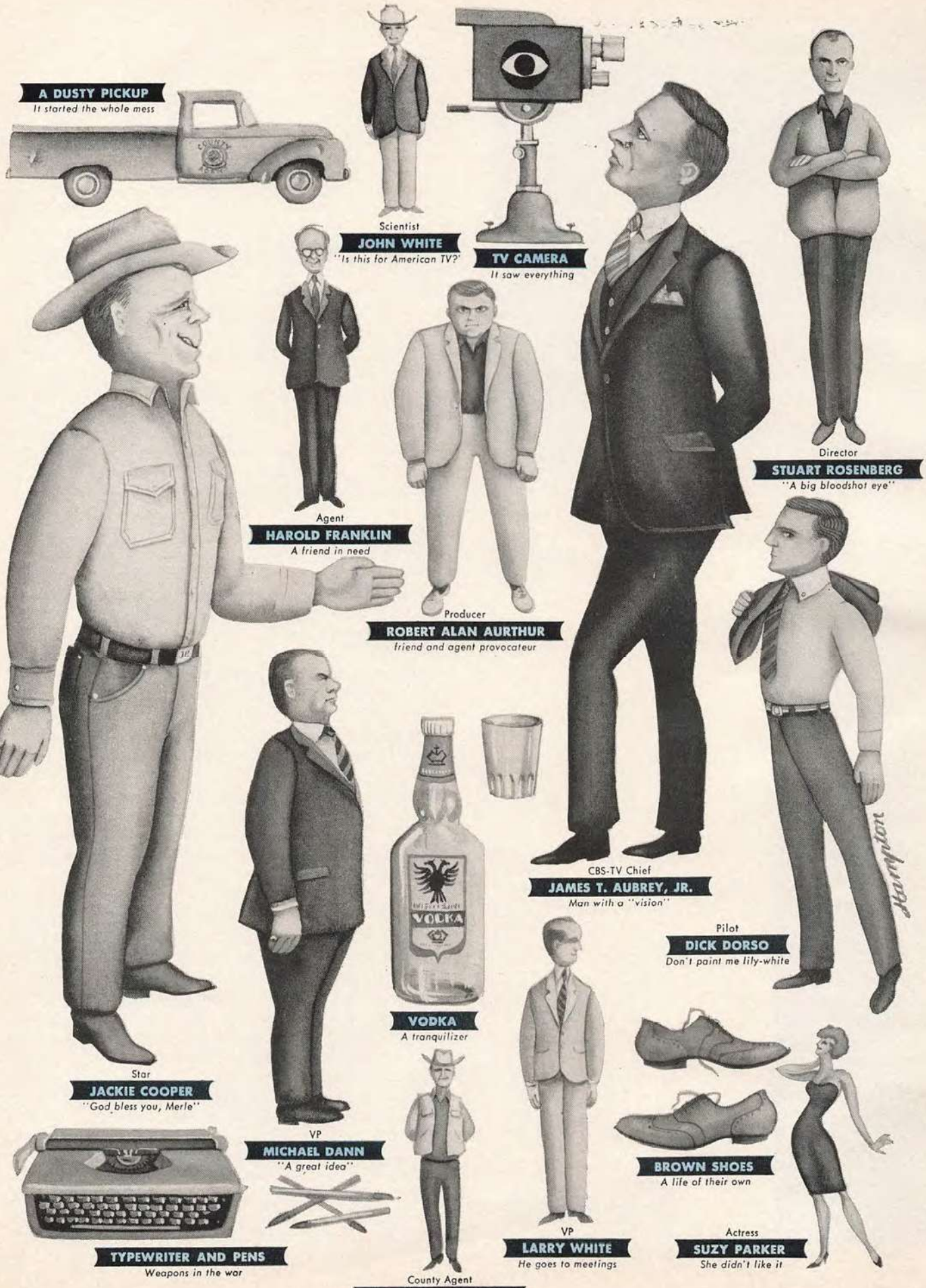
So when Webster Robinson presented his fly to a Pacific sailfish in Panama waters one hazy morning a couple of years ago, it was not with the simple hope of making a lucky or accidental catch. A solid year of careful planning had preceded this critical moment and now the target sailfish flitted nervously within easy casting distance—darting among the eddies left by the cruiser, *Caiman II*, after Capt. Louis Schmidt idled the engines and coasted to a stop.

Robinson's thick right arm hammered the six-ounce fly rod through a pair of false casts and as he followed through on the final driving thrust, his tapered monofilament leader turned over neatly and deposited the big popping fly softly to the surface. Its white shape glared bright against the cobalt water.

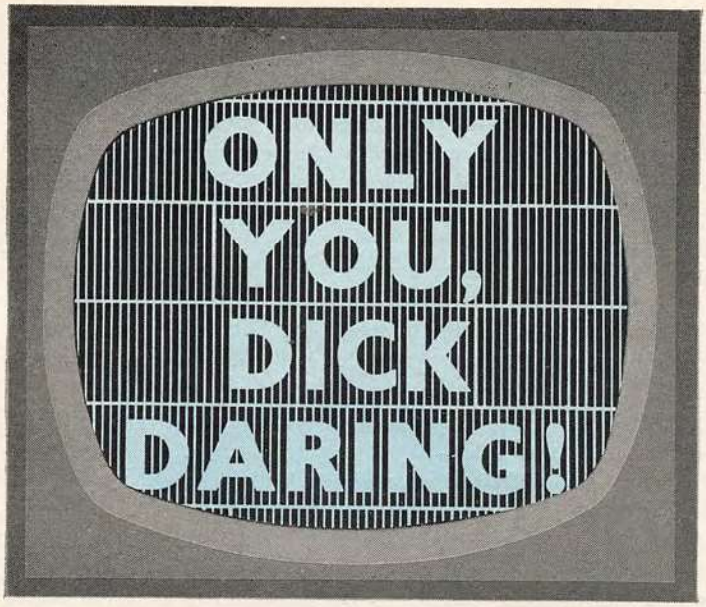
With a sharp tug, Robinson stripped in a foot of line. The foam-plastic head of the lure gurgled a loud invitation and long white streamer feathers beckoned seductively. Ten feet away and to the side, the sailfish spun to face the commotion but did not at once approach. Only an obvious intensification of its bluish dorsal-fin coloring gave hint to building emotions. Another short wavering gurgle of the fly and the sailfish began to move, closing the gap to a yard. Again the fish hesitated, and at this point Robinson raised the nine-foot rod high—an action which caused the popper to skitter toward him.

Springs uncoiled inside the sailfish. Its sprawling dorsal fin flew erect. Its bill angled into the air and whipped forward in a hissing blow. As the fly disappeared under the thrusting beak, Robinson struck and the sailfish reacted with a writhing perpendicular jump less than 40 feet from the stern. This action switched immediately into a series of foamy, greyhounding leaps as the frantic fish hurtled for distance across the open sea like some great pointed stone sent skipping [*Continued on page* 111]

CAST OF CHARACTERS



ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON



OR HOW TO MAKE $50,000,000

Are you afraid, every time you turn on your TV set, that a great creeping wave of mediocrity might pour out and drown you and your family? You're not alone, brother. Here, in a surprise best-seller of the season, is a noted writer's hilarious and frightening account of his adventures with the men behind the Boob Tube

BY MERLE MILLER AND EVAN RHODES

■ The adventures that follow are wholly improbable, but they all happened; I know because I was there at the time and even made some of them happen.

The astute reader has already noticed that although this book is signed with two names, there is more than an occasional use of the first person singular.

The book was written in this way for the best possible literary reason; it was easier.

The *I* refers to Merle Miller and appears as sparingly as possible for someone suffering from an acute and galloping sense of megalomania.

Evan Rhodes, a writer and friend, gleefully abandoned an academic career to take up with a project we both were sure would make history.

It did make history though not exactly in the way we had in mind.

The three major television networks, the American Broadcasting Company, the National Broadcasting Company, and the Columbia Broadcasting System, are on the air 22,932.4 hours every year except leap year, which gives it 29.

In recent years more than 4,064.2 of these hours have been devoted to an odd phenomenon called a *series*. A series is a program—they usually come in 26- and 52-minute lengths—in which most of the characters appear week after week after week after week.

Why so many series?

The possibilities for profit are nearly limitless, that's why. A network can make a profit of a million dollars—that's net, after taxes—out of a single series every year. Say the network has 20 series on the air. Say 10 of the 20 series go on for five, maybe 10 years. All clear?

To get a start in the series business it is necessary to film something called a *pilot*. A

Authors
MERLE MILLER AND EVAN RHODES
(seated) (standing)
Waiting for the $50 million

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pilot is a sample of what the series is all about—two interns who like to cut things off of people, two cowboys who like to shoot things off of people, two detectives who like to tear things off of people, etc.

In each of the last five years more than 50 pilots have been made.

Only You, Dick Daring! largely deals with the intrigue, insanity, and black magic involved in the production of one pilot for one 52-minute television series called *Calhoun*.

No statistics were kept on the number of ulcers that started bleeding during the making of *Calhoun*, how many lives were shortened by how many decades, how many life-long friendships were ended, little things like that, but we do have a fair notion of the money spent. Every minute of the filmed pilot cost about $7,000. Repeat, $7,000 a minute.

However, as one of the many vice-presidents in this narrative remarks, "When a country goes to war it doesn't start balancing the budget."

The script for *Calhoun* was totally rewritten at least 19 times by me; it was partially rewritten by me and Evan 782,946.17 times. It was tampered with unnumbered times by people I have never seen and by people I have seen.

As anyone who has the good sense to read this book will discover, at one point it was reported that the president of a television network (Princeton, 1941, *cum laude*, English literature) was said to have thought *he* had written the script.

In all fairness—and if this book is anything it is *fair*—it should be admitted that while the mob writing of *Calhoun* took five months and eight days (a total of 3,792.8 hours), longer than Shakespeare took to turn out *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Titus Andronicus*, it was never even as good as *Titus*. Although there were many times when I sympathized with, even envied the heroine of *Titus*. All that happened to her was they raped her, lopped off her limbs, and tore out her tongue to keep her from telling the truth.

She couldn't type or anything.

The Schrafft's Restaurant at 464 Madison Avenue in New York City is not at its best at a few minutes after 8 in the morning, and neither am I.

But Robert Alan Aurthur, a friend of long standing, is not only energetic at that hour, I've even known him to be cheerful.

At the time, the early summer of 1963, Bob was developing and producing new television projects for United Artists. We had been involved in several such projects together—some successful and some, to be conservative, disastrous.

The day before, Bob had called me at my hotel. Knowing that I was broke, a more or less permanent condition, he asked me to meet to discuss a possible TV series starring Jackie Cooper.

"Never," I'd answered. "I would rather sleep under a bridge than write even one episode of a *series* . . ."

"I'll see you at 8," said Bob, and here we were.

He did have the decency to keep his thoughts, if any, to himself until after I had had two large orange juices, two eggs and bacon, and 12 pots of coffee.

Then he put aside the *Times* and said, "Merle, have I ever lied to you?"

"Not about anything important."

"All right. Let me start out by saying that this is an opportunity that comes to very few writers, an opportunity to be independent, to buy some time, and that's what all writers want. I think. I know I do."

"Bob, I don't know the first thing about writing a pilot."

"But I do, and we'll be working together. The whole way. . . . Now I won't tell you that this thing won't be demanding, nerve-racking, and time-consuming. It will be."

"How long will it honestly take?"

"A couple months. At most, and you'll not only get the royalty —$1,000 or more a week every time the show goes on the air—your contract will give you the 'most favored nations clause,' meaning they'll want you to write all the scripts you want to write at the *top price*. You can write your own ticket, and these scripts will be about characters you've invented and believe in."

I started to speak, but Bob, who was wearing a blue jacket with buttons the size of doubloons, said, "You could do a good job on this, and you could say something important, and to a mass audience. And from here on in you'd have enough money to spend all your time on novels. . . ."

A few weeks earlier, Bob went on, Jackie Cooper, who had already been in two successful series, *The People's Choice* and *Hennesey*, had come to New York with an idea for a new one.

He wanted to play a volunteer in the domestic Peace Corps.

He brought the idea to United Artists Television to ask for help in selling it to a network, preferably CBS, on which *Hennesey* had appeared.

Usually, Bob said, if the network is interested in the basic idea for a series it may share the expenses with an independent company or a distributor.

"Cooper came to UA mostly because the William Morris Agency handles both him and UA," said Bob.

"Dick Dorso [Executive Vice-President in Charge of Programming at UA TV], Cooper, and I took the Peace Corps idea to Jim Aubrey. Aubrey's the most important man in television, in the history of television, maybe in the history of entertainment. He out-Mayers Louis B. Mayer 10 times over. . . . At ABC and NBC they work by the committee system when they program, not at CBS. There Aubrey makes all the decisions, and he makes them by himself. He's one of this century's phenomena, and, as a novelist, Merle, you should be fascinated by him. . . ."

"How did he get all that power?"

"There was a vacuum and Aubrey stepped into it. Anyway, he didn't like the Peace Corps idea. He said, 'I don't like snoopers,' whatever that means. Besides, he said the domestic Peace Corps hasn't been approved by Congress yet and a series like that would be premature.

"Then he leaned back in his chair and said, 'I see a man in a dusty Stetson and khaki pants. I don't know exactly what he is, but he's not a cop; he doesn't carry a gun. I don't want him to be a policeman or a law enforcement officer.' "

"That's all he said?"

"About all."

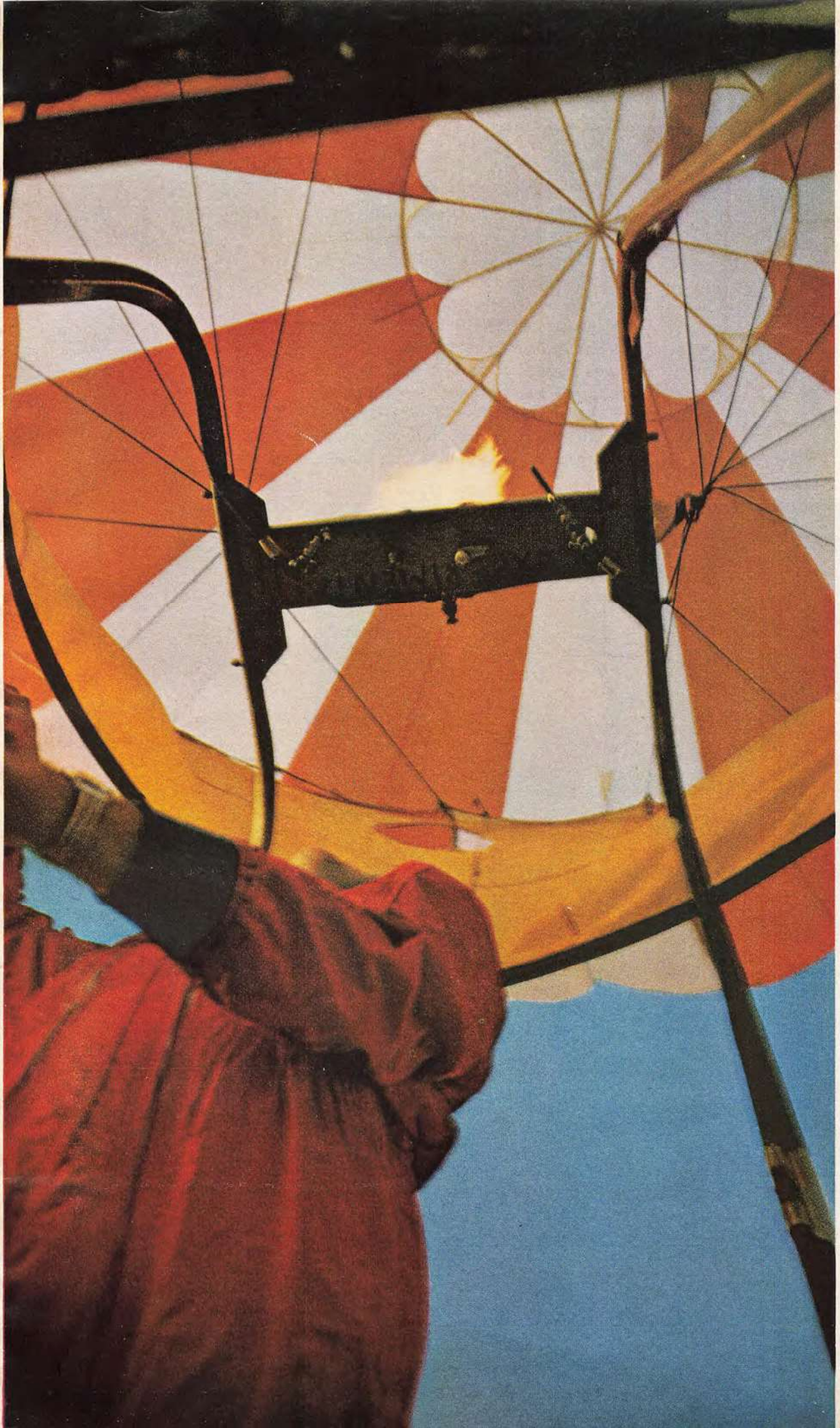
"Well, if the bottom falls out of the television racket, he could always make a nifty living with a crystal ball or tea leaves."

"He doesn't have to," said Bob. "CBS now makes more money than the other two networks put together. Besides, what he was doing was describing sort of a present-day Western, you know, different, but not too different."

"For one thing, no guns."

"Aubrey knows Cooper could never play a gun toter; Cooper's biggest asset as an actor is that he's terribly sincere, terribly earnest, and he likes to play do-gooders. . . . The kind of people you write best about, Merle. You and St. Paul are always running hell-bent down the road to Damascus.

"After the conference with Aubrey, Cooper went to Washington to find out what kind of a guy wore a Stetson, khaki pants, and drove a dusty pickup. Somebody told [*Continued on page* 121]



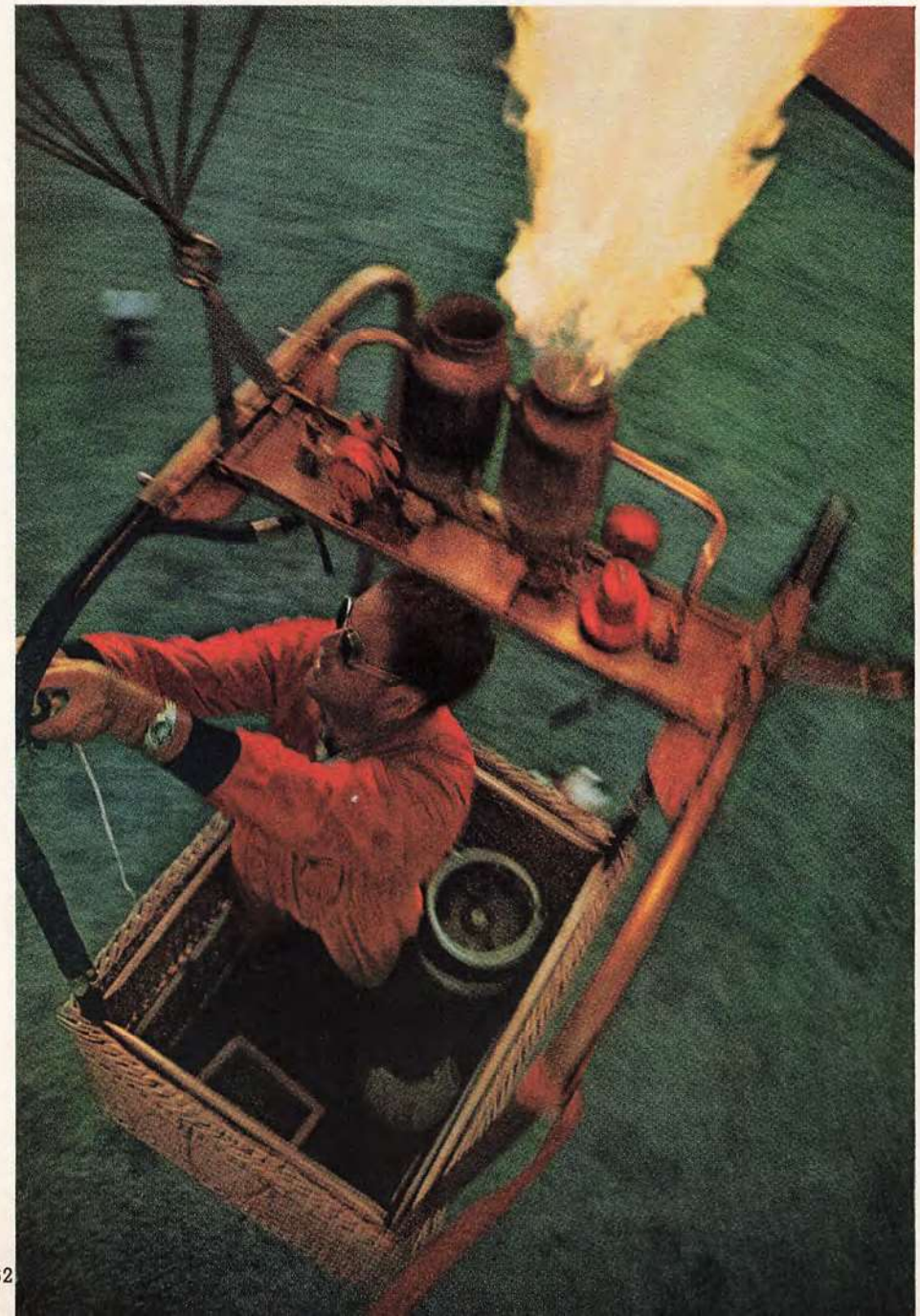
HOT RIDE INTO THE WIDE BLUE

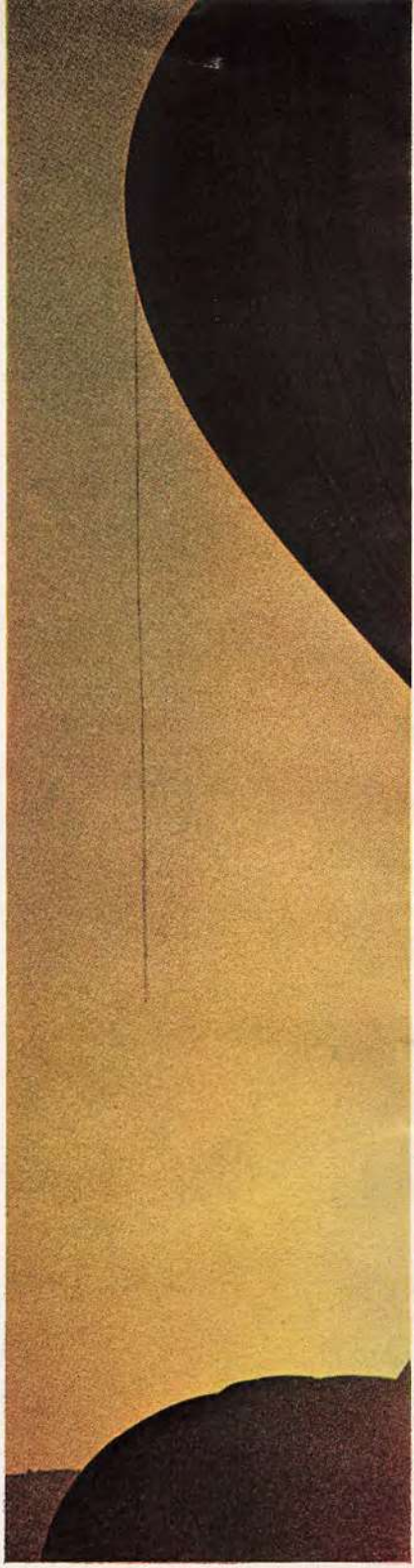
SEE NEXT PAGE

HOT RIDE INTO THE WIDE BLUE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DON W. JONES

Standing gingerly in the basket of his giant $3,000 sky cork is balloonist William Berry. The 39-year-old Californian, who runs a plastic firm when earthbound, has joined the enthusiastic nationwide throng of high-risers who use hot air to lift their balloons. As he prepares for take-off, Berry secures the rip cord to make sure the pressure tape across the chute top of his balloon will not split apart in midair. And he is careful not to burn the fabric skin with his propane torch as the balloon inflates.



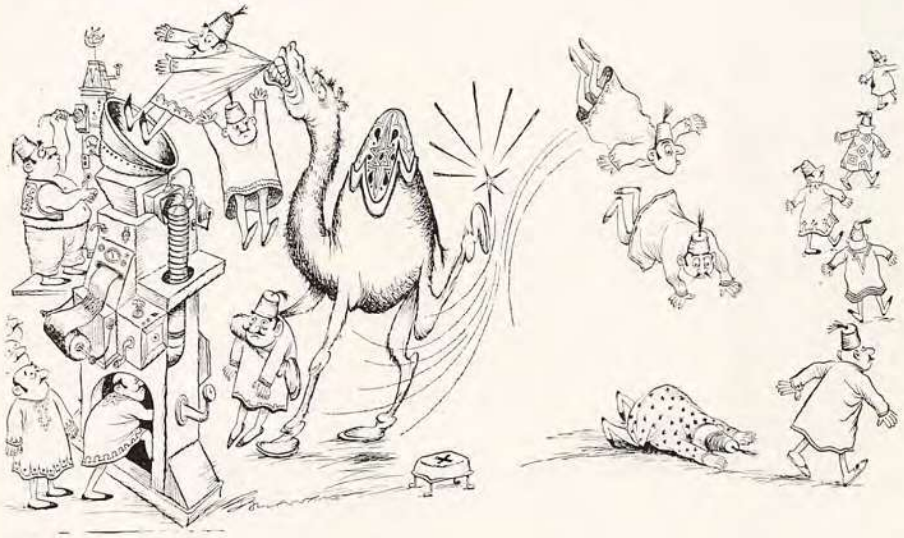


Now under a 40-foot high canopy bulging with hot air, Berry careens straight up into the blue. Airborne, the balloon becomes a spherical sail, whipping along 1,200 feet above Reno, Nevada. As Berry speeds in the silent wind he is part of the sky—feeling no sense of motion. To catch the fastest breeze, he bobs up and down by adjusting the torch's flame. Berry enters national balloon races where trophies are given for soaring farthest or for slamming down the closest to a marked-out target.

Coming down, Berry sharpens his angle of descent by jerking open a small slit in the top, increasing the speed at which the ground rushes toward him. Then comes the thump of his specially made wicker basket slapping the ground. In the next tumbling instant he releases the long tape, to collapse the bag before wind, suddenly turned enemy, can drag him into trees. After a helicopter hop back to the scoring table, the sky will be the limit as Berry gets set to sail again into the wild, airy sea.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin



Of all hats worn by men, none has had a longer history or a more varied career than the Near East's truncated cone known as the fez. It originated probably 4,000 years ago, for Assyrian wall carvings show warriors wearing a fez-like cap. For several milleniums after that, it sat on Arab heads hidden beneath many yards of cloth wrappings that made up the Oriental turban, for which it served as the foundation. Emerging in the Middle Ages, it became popular in black or red with tassel for city wear. It had a distinct advantage: since Moslems pray kneeling five times daily with their hats on, it enabled them easily to touch bare foreheads to the ground. In 1832, Sultan Mahmud II of Turkey banned the turban as "old hat" and decreed that every resident of Turkey had to wear a red fez with black tassel, and nothing else; the government set up a state-run monopoly for manufacturing fezzes. In 1925, reformer President Ataturk banned the fez from Turkey as "a sign of ignorance and resistance to progress"; a rebellion of die-hard fez wearers in border provinces was bloodily suppressed. The fez hung on chiefly in Egypt—ex-King Farouk wore one—but is now becoming passé. City men touch foreheads down in prayer by shoving back fedoras or derbies. Oddly, possibly the largest number of fezzes in use today are worn in the United States . . . by the 825,000 members of the Masonic order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. *By Paul M. Weber, Chicago, Ill.*

Human bones used as drumsticks for East African old-time drum music were seldom in short supply. They could be obtained easily from enemies. A special pair of drumsticks used in Baganda country, however, were procured by a unique method. Kings of the Baganda, a rich and powerful people, maintained a 92-piece drum orchestra that played for annual coronation-anniversary celebrations. Once during each king's reign a 93rd drum was unobtrusively included. After the concert ended, this drum was left among the milling crowds when the drummers carried their instruments back to the royal drum house. Always, some innocent onlooker would pick it up and bring it along, say, "You have forgotten this one." He was immediately seized and killed by the king's soldiers. His upper arm bones became the drumsticks used on the fatal drum in its next appearance. Thus Baganda kings ritually appeased the ghost of a man who long ago had been rather unjustifiably murdered by one of their royal predecessors. *By Merrill C. Brown, Gary, Ind.*

The unpleasantest women in all history for a stranger to meet undoubtedly were the maidens of the Sauromatians. That peculiar tribe, according to ancient chroniclers, had a unique bridal custom. No Sauromatian girl could be given in marriage until she had slain a foe . . . and that meant any man outside the tribe, for the belligerent Sauromatians, pushing west from the Caucasus in the 4th century B.C., considered everybody else their enemy. Sauromatian girls rode into battles seeking a kill. Modern historians doubted such female ferocity until south Russian farm-workers came upon a 4th-century grave. There lay the skeleton of a young woman, with weapons beside her—evidently the loser in a pre-bridal encounter. The Sauromatians finally were wiped out by stronger tribes, happily ending a period of which it can be said that when a woman got her man, it didn't mean the man she got to marry. *By Peter Von Schlegell, Weehawken, N. J.*

The bicycle-madness that swept America in the 1890's reached its peak of frenzy in one of the strangest sport events in national annals, the great "Ocean-to-Ocean Relay." Newspaper owner W. R. Hearst, with papers in San Francisco and New York, decided to link the cities in the public mind by a chain of expert bicycle riders. On August 25, 1896, amid cheers and band music, the first rider set off eastward from San Francisco, pedalling furiously. At the end of his stint, he passed his shoulder pouch to another rider. On the pouch went, day and night—over the Sierras, across deserts, along mountain trails, through midwest mud. On September 7, it came to champion racer Fred Titus in upper New York City, who "scorched" recklessly down Broadway, leaving pursuing bicycle police far behind, to deliver the pouch at the Hearst paper's welcoming stand. Time: less than 14 days. The bag held nothing more important than greetings from one city to the other, but 220 relayers, mostly local champions, had ridden 3,410 bumpy miles at an average speed of 11 mph. It was an amazing feat. Twelve years later, in 1908, the first transcontinental automobile race took 42 days, and not until some 20 years afterward would the motor car equal the cross-country speed that had been achieved by cyclists' leg power.

A change of sex occurs only rarely in human beings—and makes a lurid newspaper headline when a "he" publicly becomes a "she," or vice versa. But it's not uncommon among lower animals. In barnyards, a hen now and then stops laying, develops a full comb and begins to crow. A sea worm indigenous to our Pacific Coast curiously makes a two-way shift. It starts life as a male, becomes female, and stays that way as long as living is easy. When food can't be found, however, it shifts back. If, while female, it gets nipped in two by a predator, both pieces change sex, yielding two new males where one female grew before. *By M. L. Dwyer, Oakland, Calif.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD NONES

SHARP STYLES FOR A SWINGING SPRING

Start the year's girl watching season on an upbeat. Fellow at far left wears a washable yellow jacket, by Zero King, $17.95, and Dacron Polyester Frat Tyler slacks, by Hickok, $16.95. Banjo player's red Arnold Palmer golfing sweater is by Robert Bruce, $19.95, Grand-Slam golf shirt in Vycron Polyester and cotton is by Munsingwear, $5, and tapered slacks are Contacts by Miller Bros., $7.95. Third girl-watcher wears Sun Gold ensemble by Pendleton. It includes mohair and wool cardigan, $19.95, golf shirt, $18.95, and Pen Trim self-belt slacks, $19.95. Gal wears a happy smile because it's spring and the fancies of well-dressed young men, of course, have turned to her.

Further participating in man's favorite sport, girl watching, tennis player wears all-cotton shirt, $5, and mohair and wool sweater, $14.95, both by Arrow. Tam O'Seanter tennis slacks are by Catalina, $16.95. Decked out for the deck, boatman wears hooded Decton wash and wear jacket by Arrow, $11.95. His Career Club broad striped shirt with Hi-Roll collar is by Truval, $3.50. Pocono Manor slacks in cotton and stretch nylon are by Catalina, $16.95. (Tennis racket by Abercrombie & Fitch.)

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5 TRUE-TESTED CRUISES

[*Continued from page 55*]

commodations, boating and camping equipment rental information by mail.

At the end of a day of wilderness boating and fishing, the camper can pitch his tent and start supper over a camp fire. On the other hand, if he has been in the woods for a week and could use a long hot shower, if he's more the gourmet than cook, he can avail himself of anything from a rustic lodge to a modern motel in a fully equipped year-around resort like Chanticleer Inn between Eagle and Catfish Lakes on the Lower Chain, or Northernaire near Three Lakes on the Upper.

3 VALLEY OF THE TENNESSEE

■ "Find a perfect, unspoiled waterway," the movie crew was told. "Not too wide; we want to take crossing shots from either bank. Have it edged with wooded headlands rising steeply, but not enough to cut out good light. There ought to be a current running. Untouched, virgin forests, remember, but make it near a big city for hotels and supplies. Lots of sunny days; not too hot or cold. The water level should stay constant so that once we start filming we won't be held up by low or high water. . ."

Walt Disney is a perfectionist, and his camera crews had to scout 11 states before they picked the gorge of the Tennessee at river mile 445 as the setting for *The Light in the Forest*, and later *Davy Crockett*.

Boatmen here travel by the numbers. The centerline river miles are measured and marked from zero at Paducah, Kentucky, where the Tennessee flows into the Ohio, back up to mile 650 outside Knoxville. Around the edges are 2,380 miles of shoreline worth exploring, but if you don't have a lifetime to devote to it, you can get a good introduction to the sights and boating pleasures of the TVA at the gorge near Chattanooga called the Grand Canyon of the Tennessee.

Boatmen who named it may never have been West, for the region looks nothing like the colored mesas high above the muddy Colorado. Instead there are dark and handsome forests here; currents and whirlpools over underground caves so deep that a plunging sounding line will never hit bottom. Down from Chattanooga past the bloody Civil War battlegrounds of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, past Moccasin Bend and around Signal Mountain, the river hooks into channels early bargemen named the Pot, the Pan and the Kettle. Lines were tossed into slots hacked into rocks ashore, and the barges then hauled up by hand through the whirlpools.

The water level is higher now, backed up from TVA's Hales Bar Dam at river mile 431, and the reservoir behind it called Hales Bar Lake. Currents are less treacherous. Easing up on the wooded shores between the gorge and Mullins Cove no longer brings down unseen observers from the ravines. Time was when a boatman camping here was watched carefully to see if he was friend or foe—perhaps a revenuer come to investigate stills up in the hills. Drift fishing Mullins Cove 10 miles below the gorge for largemouth (up to 14 pounds) and crappie, walleye, sunfish and catfish to 150 pounds, a boatman can still spot cabins up in the hills, that once might have refined corn into white lightning.

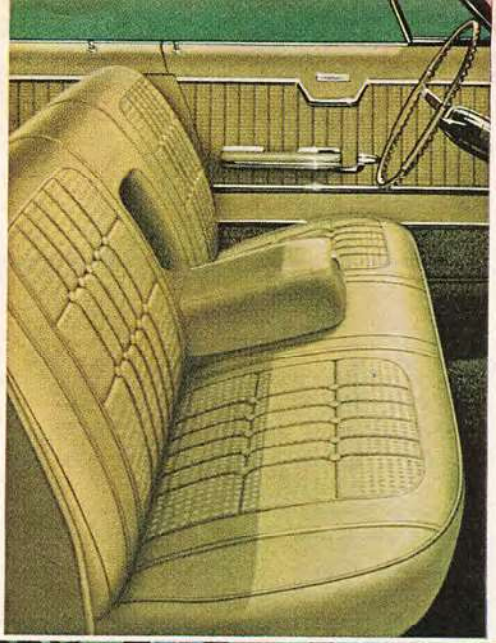
For a first sample of the Tennessee, the boatman can launch his trailer rig from Bill Glover's Mullins Cove Resort Marina, river mile marker 437.2, on U.S. Highway 41 and 72. His is the only refueling, boat rental, restaurant and boatel stop on the lake's untroubled and almost uninhabited 40 miles. Across the river from the marina is the Prentice Cooper State Forest. Chattanooga is 13 miles away by road; 26 by boat along the winding river. The city provides extensive sightseeing of the Civil War battlefields, Rock City, an Incline Railway up Lookout Mountain, Ruby Falls, and various other resort activities for family members less interested in the water.

But many boatmen arrive up the river in their own boat with their whole crew aboard. Glover's records show they come by water from Florida and New York, Iowa and Chicago. Real sailors don't seem to mind the distance.

TVA establishes controlled channel depth at nine feet; in Mullins Cove it ranges 20 to 60 feet. March to December are favored for Hales Bar Lake boating, though the river never varies in height more than 18 inches and is open for fishing all year long. For an extended cruise, houseboats can be rented ($120 a week and sleeping six) from the Chickamauga Marina just above the dam, 34 miles up river past Chattanooga from Mullins Cove.

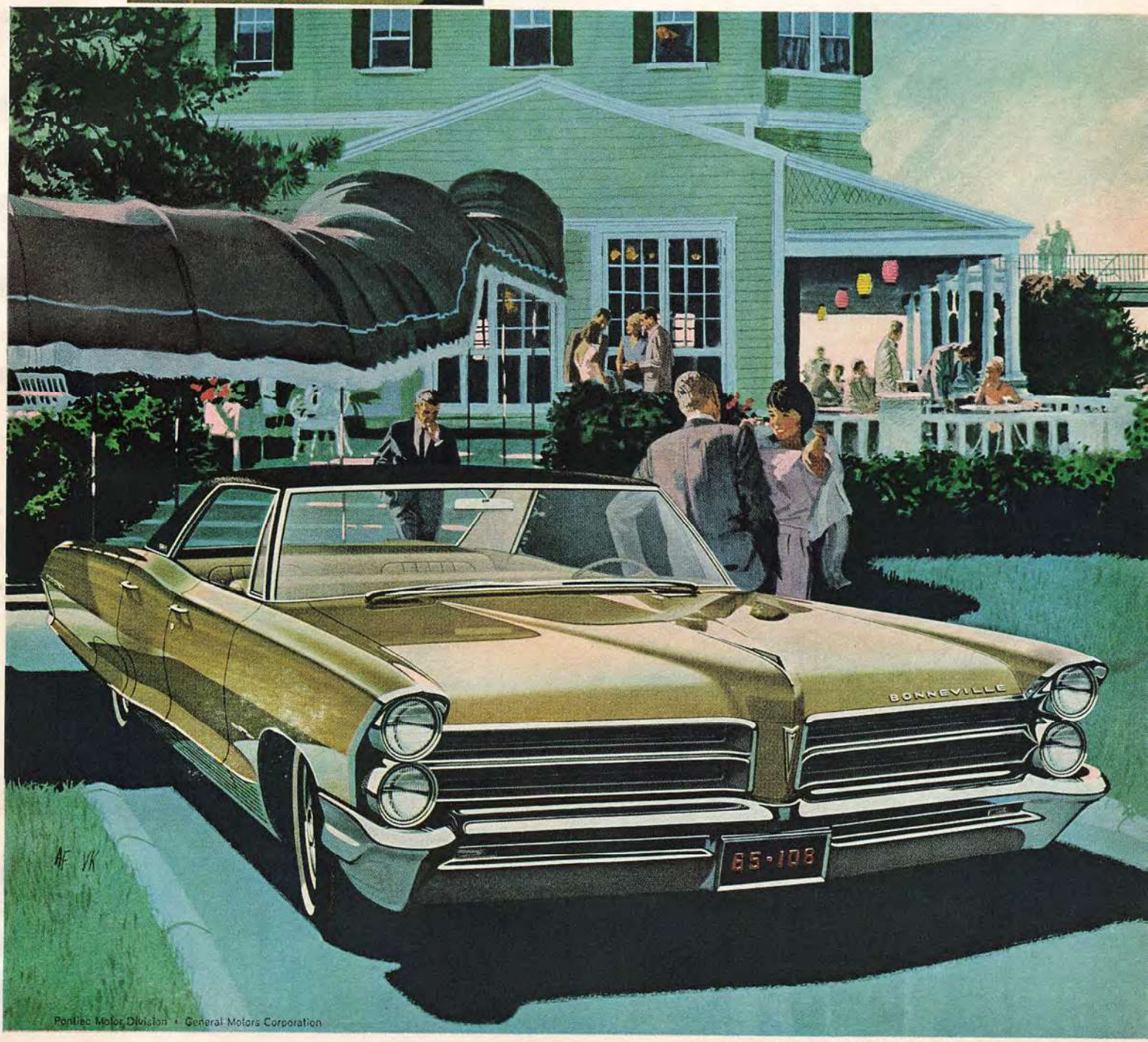
Time so far seems to have done little to change the winding waterway, but the river itself is undermining still. Reports are that the caves and faults beneath the mountains—"underneath sucks and sulks" they are called locally—are causing enough leaks around Hales Bar Dam so that the 2,000-foot $30,000,000 installation may have to be abandoned in a few years and a new dam built where the Indians' old muscle shell mounds remain near Nickajack Cave, five miles below Hales Bar.

The Tennessee Valley Authority encourages boating, and their



For a car to look like this and have Pontiac's kind of performance is almost sinful.

When Pontiac ladles out luxury, it overflows. Take the 4-Door Bonneville Brougham. Inside: center fold-down armrests, front and rear, rich Pontchartrain cloth upholstery and soft, soft carpeting. Outside: sleek, flowing body lines topped by a smart padded Cordova vinyl roof cover, a touch of elegance that's well worth the little extra it costs. Performance? Pow! There's a 325-hp V-8 you can team with new Turbo Hydra-Matic. Does it all seem wickedly extravagant? Check the price at your Pontiac dealer's and get a surprise.



5 TRUE-TESTED CRUISES

[*Continued from page 70*]

TVA Map Library at Chattanooga mails out pamphlets showing the 350 boat docks, 80 parks, public access areas, and ever-present launching ramps that are used by more than 50,000 pleasure boats every year.

4 OUT-OF-TOUCH ISLANDS

■ In the middle of Chesapeake Bay, less than 100 miles from Baltimore, Washington and Norfolk, are several small islands more than 100 years away. Time has almost neglected to trouble them, and the boatman who charts a course through their shoals and marshes can visit villages deprived of modern improvements like traffic jams by day and flashing neon at night. The fishing folk of Tangier Island, Virginia, and Smith Island, Maryland, know what they're missing and seem to like it that way. A recent count gave Tangier only three cars and Smith not many more.

Tourists don't yet flock to either island since if they do they must stay ovenight—the mailboat-ferry from Crisfield, 12 miles away on the Eastern Shore, doesn't return to the mainland until the next morning. Boatmen who navigate their way into the shallow harbors are reminded of Cape Cod, but here the islanders are not trying to be picturesque and don't particularly want sightseers. Fishing is their business, and boatmen lucky enough to watch find the islanders handle their workboats under power and sail in a way that was both learned and inherited.

These peoples' ancestors got started sailing here in 1686 when John Crockett purchased Tangier from the Pocomokes for two overcoats. The Chesapeake never freezes across but the winter winds can make the cold biting and bitter. Captain John Smith named Tangier after the African port and Smith after himself when he first saw them in 1608.

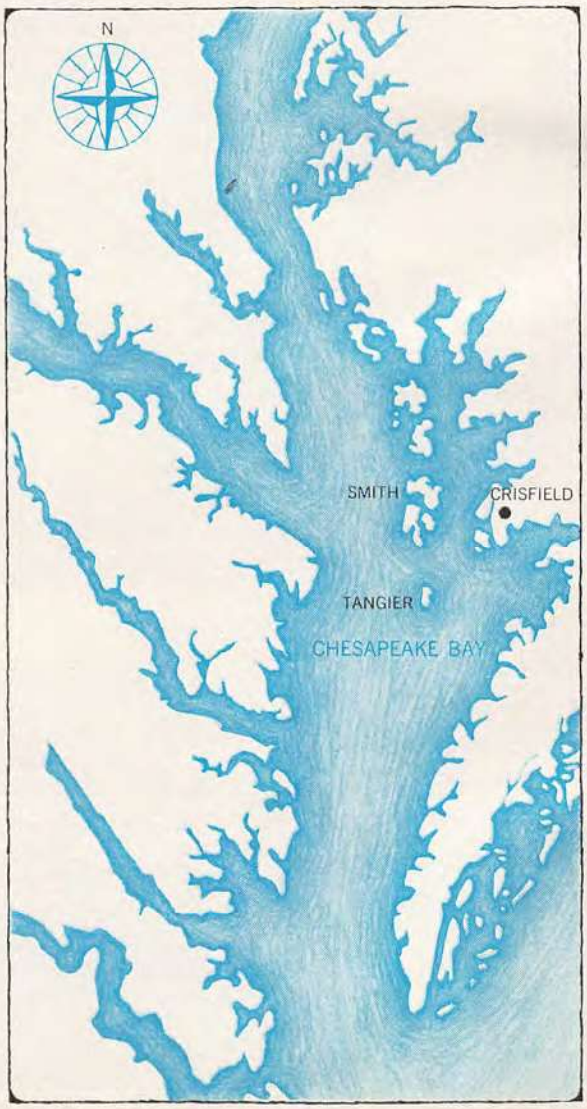
Pocahontas must have liked oysters since she lived so close to so many, and some Bay towns are built on mounds of the Indians' discarded shells. Colonists continued to scoop them from the Chesapeake, and the workboats collecting oysters and clams, crabs and fish still use many of the old methods and contribute much of the color of the area. To keep her waters from being dredged out, Maryland requires that oystermen either use hand tongs or the famous old wind-powered skipjacks to "work the rocks" when they drag oyster "drudges." Their only power aboard their big beamy sloops are their yawlboat launches slung on davits over the stern.

Last of the sailing workboats in the States, these handsome craft are too expensive to build now and are becoming extinct. There are less than 60 left, and when the ribs of an old one are no longer worth replanking and she is ready to die, she's run up in the marshes and abandoned.

Sail and power workboats alike average 40 feet—a length Baymen believe fits the wave structure of these shallow waters. Let no ocean man explain his sailing is rougher. A stiff breeze can stir up heartless seas on the Chesapeake. Pleasureboat sailors, at least, can pick their weather to go out.

Craft entering the Bay will be coming up from Norfolk, down through the Delaware Canal, or around Cape Charles across from Old Point Comfort where ironclads first fought on the water. Newcomers will need the detailed folding small craft Coast & Geodetic Survey charts which cover both the channels and facilities of Norfolk, Washington, D.C., and the Eastern Bay; plus the excellent cruising guide books which reprint the charts of Tidewater Virginia and Maryland waters. Tourist Bureaus of the state of Virginia in Richmond, and Maryland in Annapolis are very helpful in providing additional cruising, hunting and fishing recommendations; and the Coast Pilot, Sandy Hook to Cape Henry, plus the Mid-Atlantic edition of the Inland Waterway Guide, can round out background information.

Newport News, of Mariners Museum fame, or the unmatchable seaport towns of Annapolis, Cambridge, Worton Creek, Solomons or Baltimore among the many harbors that edge 5,000 miles of Bay, all make starting points where the boatman can launch or rent a boat for Chesapeake exploring. Also, where he can stay contentedly at slipside if the Bay is blowing up. Particularly along the Eastern Shore of the DelMarVa peninsula are small fishing towns of unrivalled charm. [*Continued on page 74*]



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5 TRUE-TESTED CRUISES

[*Continued from page 72*]

5 ABROAD—TO BIMINI

■ All evening you review your charts, recheck your equipment lists and the weather forecasts. The Miami Marine broadcast at 7:15 on 2490 has predicted calm seas. After a short restless sleep, you get down to the dock at 2 a.m., note carefully that the palm fronds are still motionless, and talk quietly with friends on three other boats you are joining for your first passage to Bimini, nearest of the tropic isles of the Bahamas.

Yesterday afternoon you filled out a crew list and necessary papers at the Customs and Immigration office in order to "go foreign" officially, and later ran your boat out Government Cut and back, between Miami Beach and Key Biscayne to check your compass and note once more the time it took you to run the measured miles against indicated cruising speed and rpm's. Then, before tying up, you had refilled your fuel tanks. You have enough aboard for eight hours, though the crossing should only take four at the most.

Now engines start in the dark and you follow channel markers out across Biscayne Bay. The lead skipper slows down outside the breakwater to count boats behind, and then at the sea buoy he sets a course out into the Atlantic.

You cannot head straight across. Unseen, the ocean is moving north and the boatman who ignores this Gulf Stream current of two or more knots can miss the islands and run out of gas while headed for Portugal. That's why it's well to make the passage with experienced boats along. Any local boatman can show you how to mark off your speed per hour and correct your course. In all probability, you won't do it like the old rum runners who used to shuttle across these waters in their sunset fleet from West End and Bimini and Cat Cay during the dark of the moon.

"Sure, we corrected for the northing flow," one retired grey-boat skipper told us. "We'd lie off the bar at Bimini till the sun went down and then lay our course for some little backwater down in the Keys. We'd run course for an hour and then steer south for 12 minutes. Take that jog south every hour and we'd come out on course, pleasant as you please, unless a Coast Guard picket boat spotted us with a searchlight maybe off Hawk Channel heading for Key Largo. Then we'd have to run for it—and something like that can raise hell with your navigation."

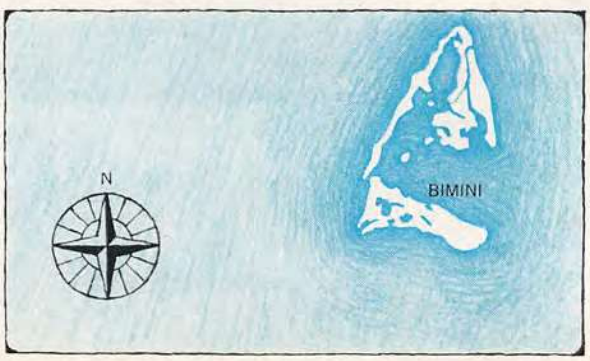
Jim Wynne, offshore racing champ for 1964, does it a different way, setting up three alternates to outwit the Stream if it has turned vicious. One heading is for normal sea conditions as forecast—which can be brutal when hitting them at 50 miles an hour. This may be shaded if a wind from the south has added a few extra miles an hour to the Gulf Stream flow. On some occasions, the Stream may almost turn mill-pond flat. That will add speed to the boat and require less correction. And then there are those racing days when a norther has been blowing into the teeth of the stream and whips up a brutal bouncing mass that can use up hour after hour of fuel without letting the boat come near making good through the water the knots on the speedometer dial. Then it takes skill, experience and a different course still to take a pleasure craft safely through the cresting seas.

But now it is calm. Behind, Miami and the Beach light the skyline for a while and then drop below the swells, and with them the horizon disappears. A dim flash ahead, and a burst of flying fish sail through the gleam of your forward navigation lights. Ahead you see the white stern glimmer of the lead boat, and off to your left a green starboard glow of one of your tiny fleet. Long black swells indicate the Gulf Stream and 2,000 feet of water below.

Two hours out you start to watch ahead for a red light on the horizon. Earlier you had spotted one with white lights around but it turned out to be a freighter's side lights as it crossed you steering north. Now you think you see a loom of light from below the horizon ahead in the east, though it may be only the beginning of the dawn.

Ahead, and slightly left, it is a red light that blinks faintly along the water and disappears. It comes back again. This time you try to count seconds slowly, methodically. Twenty seconds later it flashes again, your Morse Code "B" atop the 281-foot radio tower at the airport on South Bimini. Visible up to 23 miles, your chart reads. So it will be some time before you see the low islands in the morning light. You are approaching a little south of the harbor because the lead boat deliberately overcorrected. Offcourse anywhere south for 100 miles would suddenly run you into shoaling water of the Great Bahama Bank. But let the Stream carry you too far north, up beyond Great Isaac Light, and there would be nothing to stop you.

Tropic daylight is coming quickly now. As you near the coast the sun rises behind the flats beyond, [*Continued on page 76*]



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The famed Spad, best known Allied plane of World War I, could outdive any plane at the front. It was the favorite of America's greatest ace, Eddie Rickenbacker.

Hermann Goering wrote a bloody chapter in the skies over France with 22 victories in the Fokker D-7, Germany's deadliest fighter plane.

The speedy Nieuport 28 could reach nearly 135 mph in level flight. A late model of this superb plane was actually fitted with rockets which were fired electrically.

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IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Paul Weissman

BASEBALL'S FABULOUS HAIRPIN HUNT

People who are large on brains say superstitions are false beliefs left over from the days of witchcraft. Joe (Muscles) Medwick, the old Gashouse Gang left-fielder, might have bought that when it came to black cats, ladders or Friday the 13th, but he'd scramble any egghead that knocked hairpins. Because the Muscle Man knew that every time he found one of the tiny steel slivers it was worth a base hit.

Medwick held this belief with the intensity of a Moslem kneeling to Allah. Even his teammates admitted there was something to it. When the Muscle Man first came to the St. Louis Cardinals from the bush leagues, they saw him pick up 12 hairpins in a hotel lobby during a series with the Pittsburgh Pirates and promptly slash out 12 hits.

By 1934, Medwick's day began long before he got to the ballpark. He was having a big year picking up hairpins and also hitting like a house afire. Joe was so hot, in fact, the only thing that kept the Cardinals from taking the pennant by mid-summer was that the Gashouse Gang's great third-base star, Pepper Martin, went into a slump.

Pepper changed his stance and he borrowed bats. He even borrowed Medwick's bat, but he couldn't bunt his way to a base hit. It got so bad Pepper even started looking for hairpins. The trouble was he couldn't find any.

The solution may have come from shortstop Leo Durocher or it may have come from first baseman Rip Collins, but manager Frankie Frisch called it the "Pepper Plan." It was perfect. If it worked, Martin would get a psychological boost and the Cards would win the pennant. All Frisch had to do was get the boys to salt the lobby with hairpins for Pepper to find.

They picked the date. The time was set the minute Muscles said he was "goin' out faw a walk." The lobby glittered like a drugstore showcase.

Frisch ducked behind the manager's desk. Durocher grabbed an armchair and hid behind a newspaper. Collins was on the mezzanine landing. Dizzy Dean, who had to get in on the act, watched from the shoeshine stand. And they waited for Pepper. Suddenly, who should come strolling through the lobby but Medwick himself. The team converged on him.

"Hey," yelled Frisch, "those hairpins are for Martin."

Medwick, whose idea of team play was to get more hits than anyone else, was outnumbered but undaunted.

"Oh no," he said, "not on your life. Let Pepper find his own hairpins." He meant every word.

Martin had to come out of his slump with wood alone but the Cardinals went on to win the pennant anyway. Medwick found enough hairpins to finish the season with a .319 average. He remained a star until the 1940's when his hitting dropped off and he left the majors. Most observers figured the Muscle Man was just getting old. But his old Cardinal buddies knew that wasn't the whole story. They pointed out that the war had created a civilian metal shortage. No hairpins.

FIVE TRUE-TESTED CRUISES

[*Continued from page 74*]

and south toward Gun Cay the hulk of a shipwrecked freighter, built of concrete for World War I and used as a gunnery target in World War II, lies silhouetted against the light. If you were coming in alone you might want to drift and fish for a while.

This morning, sportsfishing boats are already coming out and you can see where they steer through a cut in the bar. Your cruise-a-cade skipper heads for the south end of the beach, however; continues straight to within 50 yards of the pure white sand, and then turns left to run along beside it, inside the outer bar and up to the harbor. The bottom is palest sand, the water unbelievably green-blue, and as it shoals it lightens to drinking-glass white. At slow speed you pass palm-edged beaches to tie up alongside famous sportsfishing craft and then wait for the Commissioner's inspection.

Fishing guides still remember how Papa Hemingway liked to box a few barefoot rounds on the beach right here after a rum or so when he came in from a day of game fishing aboard his *Pilar*. North and South Bimini are at the center of some of the world's finest sport, and if your boat is big enough to bring you here, it can take you back offshore to tackle the largest game fish. Outboard cruisers of 18 feet and up have made the crossing and brought in sail, marlin and tuna, and tarpon and bonefish along the flats. These are ideal islands for inboard/outboard power that can tilt up if a coral head or bonefish sand flat makes the water thin. Cruise down to the concrete wreck for skin-diving that seems like swimming in a tropical fish tank.

Bimini is changing from Hemingway's time now that cruise ships come over from Miami for the day, but the informality is still here. An evening on the town's bars and night clubs requires no shoes, no tie. Limbo and Calypso beat throbs out over the harbor every evening. Dress-up formalities are another day's cruise away at the shoppers' Mecca —little old Nassau. Stay 48 hours in the islands and you can bring back four quarts of liquor at half the tab back home.

Recrossing the Gulf Stream requires the same careful weather watch ahead. The sensible boatman flies home if business is urgent and a norther is kicking up, and then comes back to ferry his boat home the first good weekend. Winter months are windier, August to October have the threat of possible tropic hurricanes, and the calmest crossings are made during late spring and summer. But small boats, using skill and care, have crossed the 50 miles every month of the year. Armed with well-studied charts, the latest *Yachtsman's Guide to the Bahamas* and the *Miami Herald's Boatman & Fisherman Guide*, the skipper can plan an unforgettable foreign cruise.

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NORTH CAROLINA: Asheville: Shoetown, Inc., **Candler:** Army Store, **Canton:** Army Store. **Fletcher:** Army Store. **Waynesville:** Army Store.
TENNESSEE: Cookeville: Darwin's, Jenkins & Darwin, McAdoo's, **Lebanon:** Draper & Darwin, Mack & Jim, **Maryville:** The Thrift Bargain Store.

[*Continued from page* 41]

between the lips are preliminaries to rather vigorous, even violent, actions on the part of the male, and they generally retreat to a safe distance.

Just before the climax, the male rises on his short, bowed legs and with the same motion rips off some vegetation with his hand and throws it into the air. The climax consists of the chest beat, which is the part of the display most frequently seen and heard. The open, slightly cupped hands are slapped alternately some two to 20 times against the lower part of the chest at the rate of about 10 beats a second. Gorillas do not pound their chests with the fists, as is often stated, except on very rare occasions.

Chest beating is not at all stereotyped in its application, and the animal may slap its belly, the outside of its thigh, a branch, a tree trunk, or the back of another gorilla. One juvenile patted the top of its head about 30 times, and once a blackbacked male lay on his back with legs stretched skyward, beating the soles of his feet. Two females did not slap their chests directly, but rotated their arms, making their breasts flap in passing. While beating its chest, the gorilla often kicks a leg into the air.

Immediately after and sometimes during chest beating, the animal tends to run bipedally sideways for a few steps before dropping to quadrupedal position and dashing along. The male often slaps, breaks, and tears at anything in his path during the run, and this is dangerous, not only because of the violence of the act, but also because the male is not at all selective in what he swats. Any member of the group may be hit. One juvenile was picked up by a male and bowled down the slope. Even a man in the path of a running male may be swatted, as observed by Fred Merfield: "N'Denge was holding his gun loosely pointed downward, and was looking toward me, when a big male gorilla suddenly crashed out of the bush and swept him aside with a terrible full blow in the face."

The grand finale of the display consists of a vigorous thump of the ground with the palm of the hand. The performer then settles back quietly, the display completed. It is a magnificent act, unrivaled among mammals, which Dr. John T. Emlen, the leader of my expedition, likened to a symphony when he wrote (in the *Transactions of the Philadelphia Academy of Science*): "The hooting comes first, an effective introduction, rich in restraint and suspense to the human connoisseur of sonata and symphony. This leads with dramatic crescendo into the powerful climax of the display as the animal leaps to its feet, hurls leaves and branches into the air, and pounds out a resounding percussion on its massive chest. Then follows the crashing finale, a free-swinging run ending in a tremendous thump."

A display like that of the gorilla poses some challenging problems of interpretation. The remarkable series of sounds, movements, and postures must be of survival value to the species or it would not have evolved or persisted. A clue to the function of the display and to its underlying cause can be obtained by noting the situations that elicit it.

The most intense, prolonged, and diverse displays are given in response to the presence of man. Other situations include the proximity of another gorilla group or a lone male, an undetermined disturbance, displays by another member of the group, and play. The hooting, the bipedal stance, the thrown vegetation, the running—all are actions which draw attention to the animal and make it conspicuous. It seems to advertise its presence, to show off.

Studies of many animals, especially birds, have shown that certain prominent gestures are of significance in signaling information to others of the same and even different species—they are a means of communication. Judging from the effect that the display of the gorilla has on other gorillas and on man, it appears to function in two ways: it is a communicating signal, revealing, for example, that another group is in the vicinity, and it serves to intimidate other gorillas and human intruders.

But what is the motivation underlying this remarkable display? Intimidation

and communication do not explain the cause. Why, for instance, does it occur in play and in situations where there is nothing to intimidate or communicate? The most general emotional term which encompasses all the diverse manifestations is excitement. During the display the gorillas find release for the tension which has accumulated in their system in an excitable situation. After the display, the level of excitement temporarily drops, and the animals behave calmly until a new accumulation of tension erupts in display.

The evolutionary derivation of the display is of particular interest, and my explanation of it is based on the concepts developed in recent years by Niko Tinbergen, Konrad Lorenz, and other behaviorists. When two conflicting impulses, such as attack and flight, operate at the same time, the result is often a "displacement activity," an activity which seems irrelevant and out of place in the situation at hand. A conflict of this type may produce preening in birds; but in gorillas it results in feeding, scratching, yawning, and the tendency to beat something.

Man behaves remarkably like a gorilla in conflicting situations. A marital squabble, for example, in which neither person cares to attack or retreat, may end with shouting, thrown objects, slamming doors, furniture pounded and kicked—all means of reducing tension.

Sporting events, where man is excited and emotionally off guard, provide the ideal location for people-watching. A spectator at a sporting event perceives behavior that excites him. Yet he cannot participate directly in the action, nor does he want to cease observing it. The tension thus produced finds release in chanting, clapping hands, stamping feet, jumping up and down, and throwing objects into the air. This behavior may be guided into a pattern by the efforts of cheer leaders who, by repeating similar sounds over and over again with increasing frequency, channel the display into a violent and synchronized climax. Two of the functions of this display are communication with the intimidation of the opponent. Wherein lies the difference between gorilla and man?

I saw gorillas copulate on two occasions. Both times they were members of Group IV. From behind a bush came a curious staccato sound, one which I had not heard before: a rapid series of loud *ö—ö-ö-ö,* with the first vowel forceful, emphatic, and separated from the others by a distinct pause. This sound was emitted over and over again, and after two or three minutes I became aware of the situation that elicited it. D. J. and a female were together. They were copulating. She rested on her knees, belly, and elbows, and D. J. was mounted behind, holding onto her hips. The male pushed, and since the slope was steep, the two animals moved downhill.

They covered 40 feet in 15 minutes, with the female using her hands to part vegetation as they progressed. They stopped three times. D. J. was thrusting rapidly. His vocalizations grew harsher, and the female screamed piercingly. The male now clasped her by the armpits, and he was nearly covering her back. They came to rest against a tree trunk and a hoarse, trembling sound, almost a roar, escaped from D. J.'s parted lips, interrupted by sharp intakes of breath.

He sat back, the act completed. The female lay motionless for 10 seconds, then walked slowly uphill, while the male remained, panting. In spite of these far from silent doings, none of the other members of the group paid the slightest attention. Even Big Daddy, the boss, who rested in full view of the copulators, was seemingly oblivious of the spectacle.

On September 23 I witnessed another copulation. The animals were scattered over the slope, resting and snacking and absorbing the warm rays of the sun. The Outsider stood on all fours, seemingly scanning the valley below, when a female appeared out of the undergrowth behind him. She clasped him around the waist and thrust herself against him about 20 times. At first the male appeared oblivious but then he swiveled around, grabbed the female by the waist, pulled her into his lap, and began to thrust. Big Daddy, who was lying 15 feet away, rose and slowly approached the pair. The Outsider desisted and retreated 10 feet uphill.

Big Daddy and the female then sat side by side, but when he ambled away after about one minute the Outsider re-

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turned to her.

She gazed into his eyes, and there must have been something in that look, for he did not tarry. With the female in his lap he thrust rapidly, about twice each second, and soon emitted the peculiar call which I had heard during the previous copulation. The female twisted sideways and squatted beside the male, who rolled onto his belly to rest in this position for 10 minutes. Suddenly he sat up and pulled the female onto his lap again, but she broke away. Both then rested for over half an hour.

My field notes describe the completion of the act: "After a prolonged rest, the female rises and stands by the rump of the male. He glances up, and they stare at each other. The process of pulling her into a sitting position and thrusting is repeated. At about 75 thrusts he begins his copulatory sound. His eyes are closed, and the thrusts rock her back and forth, a motion aided by his hands on her hips and the swaying of her body. His lips are pursed and her mouth is slightly parted. At about 120 thrusts the male suddenly opens his mouth with a loud, sighing 'ahh'; the female opens her mouth at the same time. He relaxes, she rises and leaves."

I never observed another copulation in the wilds, nor did I see free-living gorillas copulate face to face, a position they use regularly in the Columbus, Ohio, zoo. Females apparently become sexually receptive only for three to four days during the time of ovulation, which occurs once a month. At such times they appear to initiate sexual contact with a silverbacked male of their choice, and this male need not be the leader and dominant animal in the group. Females are usually not receptive when in advanced stages of pregnancy and when lactating. Since most females are either pregnant or lactating, the silverbacked male or males in the group may on occasion spend as much as a year without sexual intercourse, for they seem to make no overtures to the females unless these indicate their receptivity.

Some scientists have maintained that monkey and ape groups remain together over long periods of time because the males have continuous and ready access to receptive females. But from my observation it seems that gorilla groups remain stable, on the whole, even though there may be no receptive females for months at a time, indicating that sex is of little or no importance here. Gorillas always gave me the impression that they stay together because they like and know one another. The magnanimity with which Big Daddy shared his females with other males, even though some were only temporary visitors, helped to promote peace in the group. Eskimos and some other native peoples also found that it caused less dissension to share their wives with visitors than to have them taken by force.

One of my problems was to determine the approximate age of each gorilla so that I might have some ideas about how long infants remain with their mothers and at what age the apes begin to breed. Fortunately, I had visited gorillas in several zoos in the United States and in Europe before coming to Africa. By comparing the weight and size of captive gorillas of approximately known age to that of free-living ones, I derived a very crude aging scale.

At one year of age a youngster weighs 15 to 20 pounds, at two years about 35 pounds, at three years about 60 pounds, at four years about 80 pounds, and at five years about 120 pounds. Older animals show a great disparity in weight, due both to sexual and individual differences. Doc Emlen and I had seen an infant on the day of its birth in March, 1959, and I was able to watch its development until August, 1960, a period of 17 months, and I also noted the growth of others for from 10 to 12 consecutive months.

All this information gave me a fairly accurate means of estimating the age of gorillas from birth to three years. During this period of their life the youngsters cling to or remain close to their mothers, and I classified them as infants. Between the ages of three to six years, gorillas are largely or completely independent of their mothers, traveling under their own power with the group, and I called them juveniles.

Information from zoos also revealed that males and females remain about the same size until they are from eight to nine years old. At this age, the males show a spurt of growth, which continues for some two to three years, with the result that fully grown adult males weigh roughly twice as much as females. Between the ages of nine and 10 the males begin to show silver or gray hairs on their back. Therefore, blackbacked males are about six to 10 years old, and silverbacked males are over 10 years old. Males like Big Daddy, the leaders of groups, are probably at least 12 years old. The age of females cannot be told with any certainty, and any female of six years or over I simply considered an adult.

The Outsider was a gigantic male in the prime of life, visibly larger than Big Daddy, by far the heaviest male in Group IV. To estimate accurately the weight of gorillas in the wild is difficult, but I believe that the Outsider must have weighed between 450 and 480 pounds. Gorilla males are often said to weigh 600 pounds or more, but these are the weights of obese zoo animals. Two mountain gorillas in the San Diego Zoo, for example, weighed that much, and they gained still more before they died. In contrast, of 10 adult male mountain gorillas killed and weighed in the wild

by hunters and collectors, the heaviest animal reached 482 pounds, and the average was about 375 pounds.

The period of midday rest lasts anywhere from one to three hours. Sometimes and for unknown reasons, the leader of the group decides to travel a few hundred feet, only to lie down and continue his nap. And, of course, all other members of the group follow him, for it is he who determines the basic daily routine by his actions—when and where to rest, how far to travel, where to go. The leader co-ordinates the behavior of the group with rather simple gestures and vocalizations. When, for example, he rises suddenly and walks with a rather stiff-legged gait in a certain direction, the others know not only that he is leaving but also the direction he is about to take. The females and youngsters then crowd around him in readiness to follow his bidding. Occasionally the leader stands motionless, feet spread, looking straight ahead. Again the others know that this posture heralds his imminent departure.

The animals are frequently out of each other's sight in the dense vegetation, and the male, and occasionally a female, emits a very characteristic call, which seems to alert the group and to keep it together: a series of calls, rather low-pitched and abrupt, *u-u-u*. Sometimes, when the group was widely scattered I heard a curious call—a rapid, clear *ho-ho-ho* or *bu-bu-bu*, now and then rising and falling in pitch. Both these calls apparently mean "Here I am."

The speed with which the gorillas respond to their leader depends to a large extent on his actions. There is obviously no need to hurry if he ambles away, but if he suddenly runs, danger might well be near, and the others race after him. In times of danger, any member of the group may assume temporary leadership. Once a juvenile saw me and with a high-pitched scream of fear bolted down the slope. All others in the group fled after this youngster even though they were unaware of the nature of the danger. It was a panic reaction which in man closely resembles the hysterical stampede which may follow the cry of "Fire!" in a crowded movie theater or restaurant.

As soon as the group begins to move out from the rest area, the infants dash to and climb on their mothers. Sometimes a female walks off before her offspring has reached her, and it then lets out a screech of distress which also carries quarrelsome overtones. The female may slow down and without turning around wait until her youngster has climbed up her leg and rump onto her back, or she may simply continue, blissfully ignoring her pursuing child. If there is danger, mothers naturally will rush to their young and gather them in. And once, when I suddenly met up with Group IV, Big Daddy, the leader, grabbed a juvenile around the waist and holding it against his hip carried it to safety.

When moving in single file through the forest, the leader is often at the head of the procession, and a blackbacked male tends to bring up the rear. But as soon as the animals spread out to feed,

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obvious leadership ceases as each animal forages for itself yet keeps an eye on the behavior of others in the vicinity. Just how the leader decides where to go is a moot point, but often the group wanders so erratically that I suspect a lack of plan and purpose in his actions.

In the beginning of the study I tried occasionally to outguess the gorillas by anticipating their direction of travel. More often than not I missed them because they had veered off to another part of the forest. Sometimes a group circled, or wound back and forth across its trail made earlier in the day; and at other times it advanced so slowly that the animals bedded down for the night only three or four hundred feet from where they had slept the night before. Occasionally they raced nonstop and very directly to a slope two miles away.

On the whole, the only thing predictable about the daily movement of gorillas was its unpredictability. A group traveled on the average of about 1,100 to 2,100 feet a day, most of it in the afternoon between 2 and 5 o'clock. In some respects, then, gorillas can be considered nomads, moving along and feeding and finally bedding down wherever darkness overtakes them, only to begin another day of wandering.

By midafternoon the gorillas' day has consisted of sleeping, feeding, and sleeping, in that order, and the activity next in sequence is obviously feeding, which they continue until dusk. They forage leisurely, with much sitting around, alternated with occasional bursts of travel at two to three miles an hour.

As the forest grows dusky, their movements become very languid, and they collect near the dominant male. If something, like my presence, disturbs them at this time, the animals immediately become restless and move away to bed down for the night far from any prying eyes. But if everything is peaceful, they sit around indecisively, seemingly waiting for someone else to make the first move. Then, about 6 o'clock, or as early as 5 o'clock if the sky is heavily overcast, the leader of the group begins to break branches to construct his nest, and the other members follow suit.

Ten to 11 hours after awakening, the animals are again ready to bed down after a strenuous day of feeding and resting. On April 1, I watched Group VII as it traveled leisurely down a slope late in the afternoon. At 6:07 the silverbacked male, the Climber, was 40 feet from his group and partially out of sight behind a low ridge. I heard the breaking of branches and knew that he was building his nest.

Then a juvenile also began to construct its bed. It sat at the base of a tree and bent handfuls of small herbs toward its left side with his right hand. It then stood on two legs, grabbed the top of a mass of herbs, heavily overgrown with bed straw, and pulled it in. It sat and broke or bent the tips of the herbs to fit in a semicircle around its body before pressing the mass down with both hands. Standing on three legs, it reached far out and broke more weed stalks off at the base and pulled them in. After placing these along the edge of the nest, it broke their protruding tops to fit the rim. It sat, turned around, and sat again. The time required for building was about one minute.

The other members continued to feed and move slowly until they were over 40 feet away. The juvenile then abandoned its nest and joined the females who were sitting around in a lobelia patch, but the male remained where he was, quite separated from the others. On a few other occasions, several animals bedded down near the male while the rest walked on. As much as 300 feet separated the two sleeping aggregations.

At 6:30, the other members of Group VII suddenly began to build nests, and five minutes later all was silent, except for one juvenile, who continued to putter around for several minutes. Soon there was no sound in the forest at all, and as I unrolled my sleeping bag I found it difficult to realize that over 20 bulky gorillas slept almost beside me.

—George B. Schaller

BLACK MARKET MURDERER

[*Continued from page* 51]

even among actors, who often have one or the other, but seldom both. If he had taken to the movies, his looks would have made him equally acceptable as Davy Crockett or the Scarlet Pimpernel.

But Mazurkiewicz was possessed of an unusual mental toughness as well as looks, and that, with a driving, ruthless ambition, made him a formidable individual indeed. Senior Army officers predicted a distinguished career for him.

But the attack of laryngitis changed everything. When he emerged three weeks later from the Cracow Military Hospital, there was no Polish Army left—merely ragged, bandaged hordes of stunned prisoners stumbling painfully toward camps in Germany. The proud horses of the Polish cavalry were embalmed in flies, ground into the dust under the treads of the German heavy tanks. Warsaw was in flames. On September 17, the Russians invaded Poland from the East, by pre-arrangement between Hitler and Stalin, and the two tyrannies met and embraced in the middle of the land. Poland was no more. In Cracow, as in Warsaw 200 miles away, the German Army was sovereign, and so were the Gestapo and the S.S.

For Mazurkiewicz, no obligation remained except that of survival. His laryngitis had saved him from prison, and he considered its coming a sign from the stars. Not for him the deadly struggle just to stay alive which was consuming most Poles. He was determined to prosper, to take advantage of the unique opportunities which inevitably existed in this national vacuum so suddenly formed. Disaster is a prolific creator of opportunity. The great fire of London in 1666 proved the supreme chance for the architect Sir Christopher Wren, who thereupon designed the city's loveliest churches. Similarly, the death of Poland seemed to offer Wladyslaw Mazurkiewicz his triumph. It was also, ultimately, to lead the way to Stani Lopuszynski's hole in the head.

The first thing, Mazurkiewicz decided, was to make himself immune from arrest by the Nazis. Nothing easier. He forged a work certificate stating that he was a barber employed at the Gestapo Headquarters in Cracow. That one grim word "Gestapo" was enough to allow him to move freely throughout German-occupied Poland.

Soon he had established a rich black-market corridor, based in Cracow but running all the way from the ports of Gdynia and Danzig to the Hungarian border. In this tormented period of Central European history, the goods of the black market made many strange and complex mutations. At the ports the market dealt mainly in American dollars, Swedish crowns, Swiss francs. By the time it reached Warsaw it had turned to food, sucking up flour and meat and dairy products in transit from farms and gardens as if with a vacuum cleaner. Once it had come as far south as Cracow and Germanic Czechoslovakia, its interest was in people fleeing before the Germans into Hungary, and hoping to get to New York whatever the expense. Captain Mazurkiewicz could handle all these goods and services—but none was wholesale.

Business boomed. During the fall and winter of 1939-40 there was little military activity (it was called the Phony War then), but in May the Germans invaded the Low Countries, and the war for the world was on. Wladyslaw Mazurkiewicz could not have cared less. He was already the richest man in Cracow, and was referred to respectfully in black-market restaurants, night clubs, and the underworld as "the Captain."

To those who know intimately the horror of life in Europe under the Nazi jackboot, with its devastation, near-starvation and pogroms, the standard on which the Captain lived in the middle of it all seems incredible—indeed it is perhaps the most difficult part to believe of the whole fantastic story. He drove a Mercedes on German black-market gas, had his clothes imported from London's Saville Row by way of neutral Sweden. He owned a large apartment which he decorated in excellent taste with antique furniture and modern girls. The former he acquired from people who had been reduced to selling their treasures for food. The latter he acquired by doing—extremely well—what comes naturally.

With other black marketers he spent his evenings playing poker, and was known to lose as much as $2,000 in a single session. He did not seem to care—but the reason was not a disregard for money. In fact, he was sharply studying those who won, because he planned, when the time was right, to expand his empire and get his investment back.

All around him the holocaust intensi-

fied. In Warsaw and Cracow, Jews were rounded up and taken to Auschwitz. In the summer of 1941 the German Army struck again and surged east into the Soviet Union for the greatest bloodletting in history. Poland turned into a transit area for German troops and supplies. And while all this was going on, the Captain went about his business, as often as not to be seen in his apartment immaculate in silk dressing gown, a tumbler of fine Scotch in his hand, an American cigarette between his lips, a pretty girl in his bed waiting patiently as he switched on his German radio and listened to the war go by.

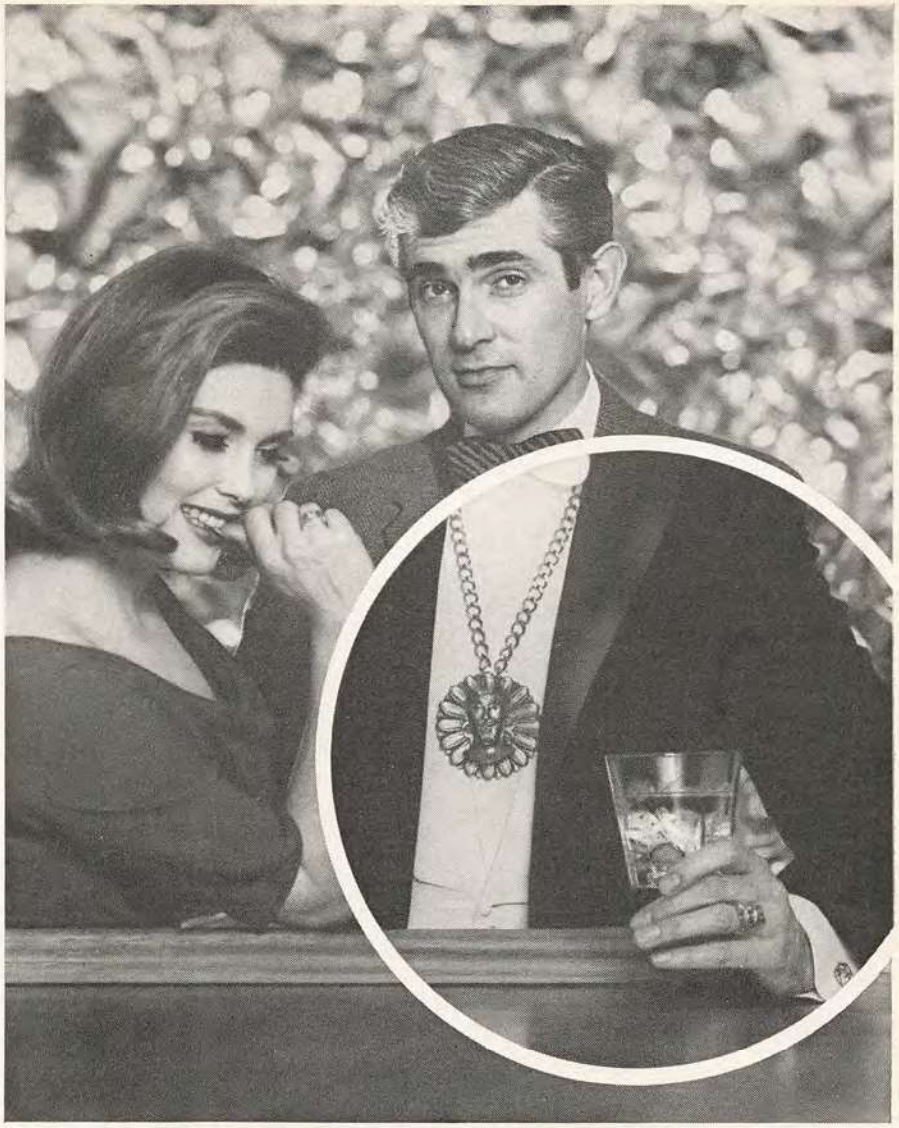
German Army officers were frequent visitors to the apartment, but Mazurkiewicz was no collaborator. He gave them Scotch. They gave him information. The Captain was an important person in the Polish Resistance. He was a patriot simply because *all* Poles are patriots, but it was also useful. The Polish Resistance knew ways of channeling arms around the country, and by the same channels black-market goods could be moved. At the same time, for reasons of his own, he could keep his eye on certain rich Poles who, for one reason or another, were in hiding.

His first attempt at murder occurred in March, 1943. An old Army comrade, Tadeusz Brommer, had escaped from a prison camp and was hiding under a false name. He told the Captain he had $200 on him—not much, but from Mazurkiewicz's point of view, sufficient compensation for what might be described as an experimental murder. The Captain had been giving much thought at the time to the most efficient method of disposing of business rivals as well as people whose money interested him.

The two men met at an inn, Mazurkiewicz bringing with him a brown paper parcel. "Sandwiches," he said. "The food here will be terrible. These are real *pâté de foie gras.*" They also contained real cyanide. But he overdid the play. Brommer took a bite and leaped to his feet, screaming, "I've been poisoned!" He rushed out, clutching his throat, banged on the door of a nearby farm and begged for milk. The Captain saw him go, shrugged, and drove home. Brommer drank glass after glass, and it undoubtedly saved his life. The Captain did not care, one way or the other. Brommer, he knew, was in no position to make a formal complaint. It was not an incident, however, that Brommer was to forget.

Mazurkiewicz resolved to do better next time. Noting that a black-market rival, Viktor Zarzecki, was making a lot of money at poker, he invited him to his apartment and persuaded him to drink a cup of tea laced with cyanide. Zarzecki promptly died, and the Captain relieved him of $1,200 for which, he felt, Zarzecki had no further use. He threw the body into the Vistula. There was no investigation.

The Captain's growing interest in murder was simply a matter of good business. The black-market profession was swelling with competitors. The well-fed Polish countryside, the starving towns, the dollars supplied by agonized Jews



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in the United States to get their relatives out, all provided a cornucopia of wealth to lure ambitious traders into deals outside the law. The Captain's empire had ramifications throughout Poland, but the opposition was getting lively, and he decided the time had come to thin it out.

Although he had many men on his payroll the Captain was at heart a loner. Settling on the gun as the best method of dispatch, he appropriated a German Mauser—and through dark nights it blazed. Mazurkiewicz killed ruthlessly, his victims all black marketers either with large fortunes or with wide connections which the Captain wished to take over. Many years later he was to confess to six murders and two attempted murders, but the Polish authorities declared he killed more than 50, protected by the monstrous slaughter going on around him.

Stalingrad came and went. The German Army, no longer invincible, reeled back out of Russia into Poland. The turn in the tide might have changed an ordinary crook into a temporary saint, but not Mazurkiewicz. He saw the Warsaw uprising of the Poles against the Germans, in the late summer of 1944, as a golden opportunity to settle permanently a good many of his own personal accounts in the city.

For 63 days the epic battle raged, in the streets, from such rooftops as remained, and finally in the sewers, where the Polish patriots made their last stand. The Captain was there throughout, minding his own business. He tracked down and shot rival after rival. When silence came to the stricken capital, his competitors lay dead among the corpses of those who had fought valiantly. The Captain waved his false papers under the German noses and drove home to his beautiful apartment in Cracow.

Slowly the German Army fell back, and the Russians swarmed in, followed by the Communist commissars. The Captain still lived in luxury, but he was not such a fool as to delude himself that it would last much longer. A realist, he had had the forethought to open a Swiss bank account.

In the meantime, the receding war had left still more old scores to settle. In June, 1945, a month after it was all over, the Captain took one Wladislaw Brylski for a ride. Officially the drive was to discuss a merger between the Cracow ring headed by Mazurkiewicz and the Wroclaw ring just formed by Brylski. The Captain blew Brylski's brains out and thus completed the merger. It was a harbinger of what would be planned for Stani. Afterwards he went through Brylski's pockets, extracted about $200 and threw the body into the Vistula.

Three months later the Captain shot a black marketer named Josef Tomaszewski—and for the first time was brushed by the law. After he had dumped the body, his car broke down and he had to accept assistance from a couple of farm laborers. The men saw blood on the floor and reported the matter to the police.

Fortunately, one of the Cracow officers was on the Captain's payroll, and tipped him off. When the police arrived, Mazurkiewicz was ready for them. A beautiful girl, Agnieska Reiss, was with him, sitting coolly on the arm of a chair and displaying a certain premeditated length of thigh. Her blouse revealed more than it concealed.

"Have a vodka," the Captain said. He did not offer Scotch—that would be too compromising. But his Polish vodka was both fine and rare. Most good vodka had been looted by the Russians.

He let the girl do the talking. "I was with Wladyslaw in the car," she said. "And I can assure you there was no blood —just mud, because it had been raining. He dropped me only a few moments before the car broke down."

"Where had you been?" the police asked.

Piously she replied, "To the convent at Alwernia."

"Why?"

"To pray, of course."

The police immediately checked with the convent. A monk, Father Potoczny, confirmed the story. He, too, was on the Captain's payroll.

The police withdrew apologetically. The Captain flashed his even white teeth at them. He was home safe.

As the great Red curtain descended on the countries of Eastern Europe, one could confidently have presumed one thing: for the freewheeling "Captains" of Eastern Europe, with their smart apartments, pretty girls, fast cars and big deals, the feast was over, and death was in the reckoning. One could presume it—but one would have presumed wrong.

Mazurkiewicz discovered, to his delight, that the Communist system, far from killing his business, offered it even more protection than had the Nazi occupation. And the protection was built in, an essential side-product of the Communist system itself.

The fact was that in Communist Poland people were disappearing all the time. A knock on the door at 3 in the morning was the ever-present nightmare. Scarcely a family did not have a friend or relative taken away, to vanish off the face of the earth. There lay the Captain's strength. He could continue to wipe out his enemies and steal their plunder—and no one would say a word. Relatives and friends of a dead man would assume automatically that he had been executed by the Secret Police, and would never dare complain to the ordinary police. The Captain had another ace. With his natural poise and self-confidence it was not hard to suggest, to nosy characters, that he himself was in the Secret Police. That worked, too.

The ordinary cops were so overwhelmed trying to adjust to the new laws and ethics of Communism that they offered even less menace to a man like Mazurkiewicz than before. They were forever being badgered by Red theorists. Because the Communists had nationalized everything, the only crime deemed important was stealing from the State. Cases of theft and of illegal appropriation of goods and property kept police, lawyers and courts at full stretch. Nobody had time to think about a minor matter like murder.

So the Captain continued to prosper. He dealt in cars, watches, cameras, gold bars, food. Thousands of dollars sent by Polish-Americans to relieve the hardships of their relatives finished up in his Swiss account. The relatives, sometimes, finished up, too. To make sure that the corpses of his victims did not entirely litter the Vistula, he considered burying those in the future in his two-car garage, filling up the holes with concrete.

In May, 1946, he shot Jerzy de Laveaux, a big black-market operator, through the back of the head, then lifted

TRUE

"You had to spend it all in one place!"

from his pockets a considerable amount of jewelry and $1,200 in cash. The body went into the garage. But Mazurkiewicz was aware that Laveaux had a much greater fortune hidden away, because he had seen it himself in his competitor's apartment. He had watched de Laveaux fondle gold bars, dollars in bills up to $1,000, and an enormous diamond. The one person who would know the treasure's whereabouts was the widow, Nadia de Laveaux.

Madame de Laveaux was a very pretty girl, and Mazurkiewicz set about the far from unpleasant task of seduction. She did not know that the Captain was her husband's killer, and she needed consolation. Seduction was easy, but Nadia had not been the wife of one of Poland's leading racketeers for nothing. There followed scenes of what must have resembled an early Chaplin comedy, with the Captain looking everywhere for Laveaux's cache while periodically being lured back to bed. The game went on for a full eight years.

Finally, in March, 1954, by labyrinthine maneuverings and judicious bribing to produce a show of official interest, Mazurkiewicz convinced Nadia that the Secret Police were about to pounce on her and that she should hand over her money and possessions for safekeeping. She did so. As happily as a philatelist who has found a rare stamp in the attic, the Captain contemplated the green of the dollars and the gleam of the jewelry. His euphoria did not last long. Stalin had been dead for a year, and a political thaw was warming Eastern Europe. Suddenly people were not frightened, and a knock on the door no longer meant the Secret Police.

A knock could, in fact, announce any visitor, and for the Captain, late one day, it announced Madame de Laveaux. "Good evening, darling," she greeted him. "I have come for my money."

The Captain smiled. "It's in the garage," he said. "That's where I hide everything."

He took her down to the little building, where the Captain discreetly put a bullet through her head and buried her —as no doubt she would have wished— beside her late husband. Prudently he left room for another, and when, as he expected, Nadia's sister called to find out what had happened, she duly occupied the vacant space. Before burying the sister, the Captain, as was his habit, went through her purse. He found the key to her apartment. Casing the place thoroughly, he turned up another fortune in jewelry and Swiss watches which his erstwhile mistress had kept hidden from him. He shook his head sadly over the dishonesty of women, and of human nature generally.

Through all these years, apart from the brief panic which followed the death of Tomaszewski, the Captain had stolen and slaughtered without having a single finger of suspicion pointed at him. By any standards he must stand as one of the master criminals of all time.

Had he lived in the West, he would have been just that—and no more. But Mazurkiewicz, surviving first a Nazi oc-

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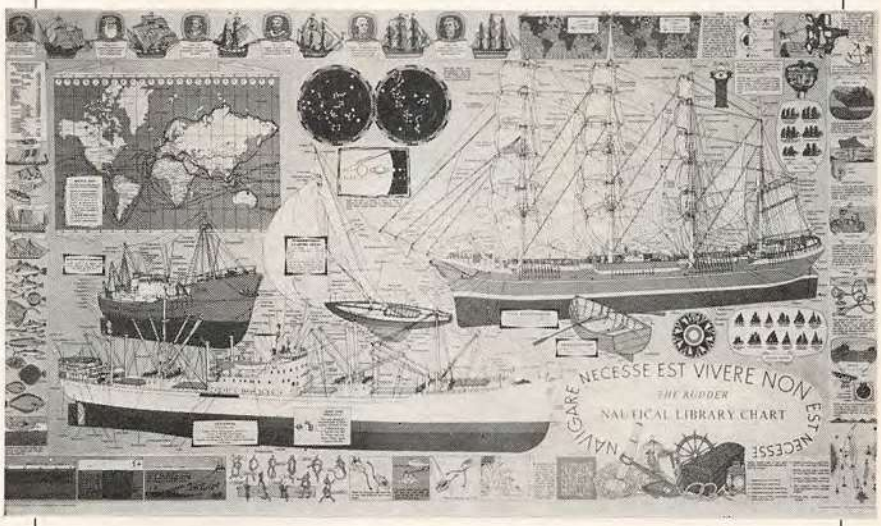

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cupation, then a great war rolling over him and back again, and finally a Communist take-over, had developed methods even more efficient than those of his theoretical rulers. Under the Communists he had lived through nine years of one of the most venomous regimes in history. And he had laughed in its face and continued his sybaritic existence. Under a reign of terror he had conducted his own reign of terror.

He seemed invulnerable, and he almost was. It is appropriate that what brought Wladyslaw Mazurkiewicz down was something completely outside the range of human calculation, a freak of nature so bizarre that any fiction writer who used it would be summarily drummed out of his guild.

Early in 1955 the Captain had found it convenient to begin an association with another Warsaw black-marketer named Stani Lopuszynski. They worked together for months, importing Swiss watches and Japanese cameras, to mutual profit. Mutuality of profit was not, of course, the Captain's long suit. And the time came—as it came to all the Captain's colleagues sooner or later—when the 36-year-old Stani, a nondescript sort of fellow who idolized the personable Mazurkiewicz, was no longer of use. The Captain prepared a new hole in his garage floor, then invited his prospective victim to dinner in the country at Zakopane.

The dinner was excellent—the Captain's taste in food and restaurants was impeccable—and he made sure that Stani's vodka glass was never empty. On the way back to Cracow, Stani complained of sleepiness, and Mazurkiewicz suggested he curl up in the back of the car.

It was all so easy. The Captain had done it so many times. He took out his pistol and languidly put a bullet in Stani's head. But then occurred something so terrifying, so grisly, that it would haunt the Captain's nights to the end. The "dead" man, the man whose brains had been blown out like those of dozens before him, sat up with a jump and cried, "What was that?"

He did not see the gun. The Captain, suddenly as white as the crisp linen handkerchief he carried, stammered, "Er . . . Chinese firecracker . . . went off accidentally . . . I was moving a packet . . . one exploded. . . ."

"Well, for God's sake be more careful," Stani admonished, rubbing the back of his head without feeling the hole. There was no blood. No brains oozed. He added aggrievedly, "That not only scared me out of my wits. It hurt me."

But it was not Stani who was scared out of his wits. The Captain was on the verge of collapse, all his celebrated aplomb gone. "Sorry," he croaked.

"Damn silly trick to play," Stani muttered. "Let's get going. Why don't *I* drive? It may relax me a little."

In a nightmare, the Captain handed over the ignition key. All the way to Cracow, Mazurkiewicz sat tensely, waiting to seize the wheel the moment Stani slumped lifeless. But he was still alive when they reached the Captain's apartment house. "I don't think I'll stay with you, Chief," Stani said moodily. "Quite frankly, I'm annoyed. And I feel rotten. If you lend me your car, I'll drive all night to Warsaw."

"Oh, please do," said the Captain. Stani could not possibly get to Warsaw without dropping dead. The car would crash, and the Captain, in Cracow, would have a safe alibi. But somehow the thought did not help. He winced as Stani nodded a curt good night. The taillight disappeared in the darkness, and the Captain took the elevator to his apartment.

A girl in pajamas came yawning out of the bedroom where she had been waiting. Her yawn stopped halfway when she saw the Captain's face. "What's the matter?" she said. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

The Captain did not reply. He poured himself a jolt of Scotch with a hand that shook so badly it spilled the liquor over the bar.

Far off, through the night, Stani Lopuszynski sped toward Warsaw. "Idiot," he muttered. "Exploding firecrackers in a car." He stopped for the night at an inn, consumed a lot of vodka at the bar, and awoke next morning with a headache like a pneumatic drill. "It couldn't be the firecracker," he said to himself. "I'm over that by now. It must be a hangover." He took some aspirin and continued on his way.

In Warsaw he bathed, shaved, and made a few business deals. He had a date for a poker game that night, and aspirins helped him through it. The following day he took part in the clay-pigeon-shooting contest, covered by the sporting newspapers. But his headache was lacerating, and he was below his best. Finally, after four days of discomfort, he called at the nearest hospital for a shot or something. . . .

"Think!" the doctors and the police were yelling at him. "Think! Think! Think!"

Stani thought, and as a result the police closed in on the Captain's apartment. His gun was found and checked against the bullet taken from Stani's head. That was bad. Then there was the open grave in the garage, which he had not thought to refill. The rest of the garage was dug up, and three cadavers were found. He had not really brought the place to full use, but now his long career was over.

The trial of the Captain of Cracow took place in Warsaw in August, 1956. The date is important. The second half of 1956 was, without doubt, one of the most apocalyptic periods of the 20th century, with trouble in the Suez Canal, Khrushchev making his famous speech denouncing Stalin, anti-Communist riots spreading. Yet in Poland no one before, and for months afterward, talked of anything but the trial of Mazurkiewicz. For the first time since the Communists took control in Eastern Europe, a criminal trial was given the full capitalist treatment, with 80 reporters from half-a-dozen countries covering the proceedings.

Outside the court, the Captain's lesser counterparts made killings on the sale of black-market tickets to the trial. Workmen parted with the equivalent of three months' pay for a seat. But most of the spectators seemed to be well dressed, with men in smart suits, women in fashionable frocks, all clearly from a society which was supposed to have disappeared under Communism, but—like so much else—had not.

Mazurkiewicz, in the dock, was as handsome as a film star, and wore different attire each day. His behavior was arrogant, and his hard brown eyes froze some of the hundred witnesses into silence. He was tough with his counsel, and when one of his lawyers tried to suggest he was a schizophrenic, he snapped, "I am perfectly sane."

He gave his testimony briskly, in a cultured voice, with occasional sallies at the prosecution. When it was suggested that he might have committed more than 50 murders, he smiled modestly and said, "You flatter me. I planned only eight murders. Let us keep the record straight, gentlemen." How many were unplanned he did not specify.

One of the witnesses was Tadeusz Brommer, whom the Captain had tried to poison with a sandwich 13 years earlier. But the star witness was Stanislaus Lopuszynski, the man who had been shot through the head without knowing it. He should have been dead, and he looked as though he wished he had never been born.

Fate had not been kind to poor Stani since he made medical history. The publicity had killed his black-market business. His colleagues made him the butt of scabrous jokes. "Didn't he *know*, Stani, that blowing your brains out would not do any damage at all?" they asked. "All the rest of us did." "Hey, Stani, your brains are showing. I can see them—I've got a magnifying glass!"

Mournful though Stani was in the witness box, he was obviously and manifestly in perfect health, a walking miracle.

The most embarrassing moment for the Communist authorities came when the prosecution admitted in open court that the Captain had been able to operate under the cloak of the night arrests of the Secret Police. So many people had been seized and executed, the prosecution said, that it never occurred to anyone to report missing relatives.

Defense counsel pleaded for the Captain's life. "Here in Poland," said his lawyer, "capital punishment is under discussion. Why not let this court be the first to set an example to others, and remove the death penalty from the laws of Poland."

Mazurkiewicz yawned. He was bored, and the end was not in doubt. The presiding judge said, "There is no room for a man of your character in our socialist society," and pronounced the death penalty. The Captain smiled, bowed slightly, and walked out of the court—to his death, exactly one week later, on the gallows. The world resumed its tremendous rendezvous with destiny, which was to result, before the end of the year, in the Hungarian Revolution.—**Geoffrey Bocca**

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"DON'T TRAP YOUR SON IN LITTLE LEAGUE MADNESS"

[*Continued from page* 43]

and watched angrily while the coach made a tired 6-year-old, who just couldn't get the ball over the plate, go back on the mound and keep pitching until he was ready to collapse.

I was equally disgusted with the way coaches tried to rubber-stamp Stephan and other kids into Mickey Mantles. Each time a kid swung, coaches would rush up to correct his stance, shift his feet, lower his shoulders. Instead of teaching fundamentals and fun, they were turning out a line of tin soldiers.

I decided then and there I didn't want my son trapped in this Little League madness. I discouraged him from joining this year. This spring, instead, he'll be riding his bike, going on camping trips and occasionally playing pickup ball like any boy his age.

The deadly seriousness now enveloping organized baseball, junior style, has reached the point where a boy of 14 in Long Island's Senior Little League recently pitched a playoff in Kentucky after his father had collapsed and died of a heart attack. The boy flew back home for the funeral, returning immediately to Kentucky to play the outfield in the next game.

All these incidents are part of a frightening trend wrecking baseball for the kids. I saw Little League at its best when I was a boy and played in a League in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1948.

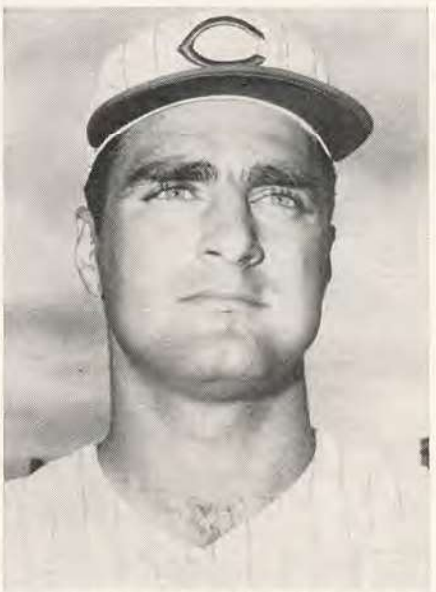
As the first Little Leaguer to become a major league star, I think I'm a fair judge of how Little League has degenerated from its original goals. Our local League in 1948 concentrated on sportsmanship, character development, and above all, fun. We had no ambitious parents or coaches pushing us around like potentates. The season was short, only 12 games. We didn't give a hoot for schedules and batting orders. Sometimes we didn't bother with the score. If we could get in 21 innings by dusk, losing track of the score at 28-25, it made the game even more triumphant for the members of both teams.

We used the municipal field for regular games, and practiced when the whim struck us on a lopsided lot near home that ran downhill and kept the right fielder busy trying to keep his balance. No one handed us luxurious ball parks and equipment. Our bats were taped against splinters, our baseballs frazzled. If we didn't have enough gloves to go around, we borrowed some from the opposing team. The bases were often flat rocks or can tops. But games were such inexhaustible fun we often skipped lunch or kept a squashed sandwich in our pocket to munch between innings.

Another crucial difference between the Little League I knew and Little League today was that the responsibility rested in our hands, not with endless committees of parents and local administrators. When we wanted caps and shirts for our team, we went out and earned the money by delivering papers and mowing lawns. We weren't flooded with cups and prizes for every little accomplishment as is the fashion now.

If parents and coaches had tried to turn us into victory machines, we would have yelled bloody murder. We considered it an advantage to get away from the apron strings of home. Although my father had played pro ball with the old Boston Braves, he was wise enough never to force his baseball wisdom on me or the team. Only when I asked for help would he toss a ball with me in the back yard. When he drove me to the field, he watched a few minutes and disappeared.

We had coaches like Ed Collins, now principal of Woodrow Wilson high school in Middletown, who were trained to work with boys and were devoted to their development, not just to winning and championships. Such men were equally concerned with boys on the other teams. I remember one opposing coach coming over to congratulate me after a home run. Then he took the time to correct the dangerous sliding technique of one of my teammates. After the game, the coaches invited both teams out together for sodas.



THE AUTHOR. ***Joey Jay played Little League ball. He's studied it since as a parent and one of baseball's top pitchers.***

In contrast to today's victory-hungry system, with teams revolving around their stars, we were allowed to switch positions frequently and learned every aspect of the game. Unlike today's frantic try-outs and discriminatory selection system, every boy who turned out got a chance to play. The only position I knew in the beginning was first base. Although we had a fine first baseman, the coach would move him to get me in the game. I tried every position that year until I determined to become a pitcher.

But what started as a glorious adventure for boys has grown into a monster of adult promotion and organization that literally straddles the globe. Masterminded by a headquarters staff at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, with a chain of command reaching to district, city and town administrators and parental committees, Little League baseball today almost makes the major leagues look like a two-bit operation. The United States alone boasts an empire of 33,000 teams and 5,800 leagues. Stretching overseas to such distant points as Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Japan and Eritrea are 400 more leagues with 100,000 boys.

The Little League proper admits boys of 9 to 12. The system has now added a Senior Little League for 13 to 15-year-olds. At the bottom is another hierarchy of "farm" leagues and "minor" leagues for boys who don't make Little League and even for tots like Stephan of 6 to 8. In many parts of the country Babe Ruth leagues compete with the original organization.

Little League tryouts, schedules and tournaments are run like an IBM machine. Many Leagues play two and three games a week through spring and summer with practices in between. Training for some teams starts in winter in the gym. Then comes the ordeal of spring tryouts with each team limited to 15 players.

Former Little Leaguers have told me that one of their worst childhood memories is the recollection of watching coaches rating them for days in little, black books until the boys learned if they made the team. The grueling selection system often starts young with League coaches bidding for the best future players. In Cincinnati farm teams that I observed, many managers scout the kids at 8. If they don't get picked for the League immediately, they're left out.

At the end of summer come three weeks of tournament competition. The best teams compete for the district championship, the state title, then the sectional and regional prizes. At the end of this grinding stretch lies the "World Series" at Williamsport. Four regional winners from the United States and one each from Canada, Latin America, Europe and the Pacific battle it out for the World Championship.

The Williamsport headquarters reflects the growth of this colossus. Its 44 acres include a ball park almost equalling some in the major leagues for luxury, a sparkling, new administration building, an International hall, three other Little League fields, a swimming pool, even a Little League Hall of Fame. Little League often resembles big business. Royalties pour in from products ranging from caps, shirts and electric scoreboards to the televising of its World Series. Some local Leagues have advertising billboards at their fields. Almost all accept uniforms from local merchants in exchange for brandishing such legends as "Center Falls Cleaners" or "Joe's Hardware" on the backs of uniform shirts.

When I criticized Little League in a newspaper interview recently, I was afraid the fury of every fan would come crashing around my head. Then the mail came in, a flood of it. Surprisingly, almost every letter supported me enthusiastically. Parents, teachers, and many former Little Leaguers wanted these abuses brought into the open.

If I'm angry about the mess in Little League baseball, it's because I've grown

up with the game since my mother used to wrap me in a blanket as a baby and drive me to the field in a pick-up truck to watch my father playing semi-pro ball. I was lucky to be in Little League before it became so big league. I owe it a lot. It helped me to go on to high school ball, then American Legion and semi-pro ball, and the thrill of being signed by the Milwaukee Braves in 1953. After a year with Toledo, two years with Wichita and back to the Braves, I finally hit my stride when I was traded to the Reds and won 21 games in both the 1961 and 1962 seasons.

The most important factor in my development was that I could grow at my own pace. Nobody tried to make me a star at 12. In fact, it wasn't until my senior year at high school that I showed any real talent.

What happens today is that many Little Leaguers are burned out before maturity. I think this explains why Little League has had such limited impact on baseball, why it has failed to produce a gold mine of talent not only for the majors but for high schools and colleges as well. The fault lies in its concentration on immediate victories and premature glory, rather than on teaching basic skills and sound development. It has made the kids into robots, and squeezed the fun out of the game. It has pushed them too fast, and often destroyed the game for boys before their teens. Championships seem to come first, the youngsters last.

"Before I got into Little League, I used to spend my entire summers playing ball at the playground," Tom Phillips recalls. "But after I made the League with two or three tough games a week and practice in between, I spent my spare time around the house, just resting from the grind."

In this super-organized system, kids are often disciplined for missing a game and bawled out for being late to practice. It is little wonder that many are fed up with baseball by high school. "We had a 'County Champ' for the last number of years in Little League," Lewis H. Treen, principal of Crescent City, Florida, public schools, told me, "but we have had to drop high school baseball because of lack of interest."

In the case of two Little League friends in Connecticut, I saw the dismal result of premature glory and success. Both boys had been pushed to stardom by their coaches. Everyone in town knew their names and anticipated each dazzling achievement. One boy played shortstop in the World Series at Williamsport, and had his picture in a national magazine. But by the time he got to high school, he was so exhausted by constant demands for new heroics, he never went out for the team. The other tried out in high school and failed. The shock of being a star at 12 and a flop at 15 stunned him for years, and crippled a promising baseball career.

What angers me most about Little League's win-at-any-cost frenzy is that too many boys are barred from baseball when every applicant should be playing. In a town like Ilion, New York, with a 10,000

[*Continued on page* 93]

GET THE POINT?

It's the April issue of CAVALIER which is out to foil you. The point above belongs to Jo Starr, Miss April Weekend, but the rest of the issue is just as sharp. The BIG BOARD booms along with P. G. Wodehouse, Eugene Burdick, Paul Gallico, and Colin Wilson this month. Paul Krassner, Editor of "The Realist," goes searching for free expression and real education. And in *Fiction for 1965*, a special section, we feature stories by Bruce Jay Friedman, Jeremy Larner, Alberto Moravia, William Saroyan, Thomas Fleming, and James Drought. Any more? Of course. Harvey Breit discusses the contemporary fiction scene, and Stephen Longstreet recollects his friend William Faulkner. More? Of course. Laughter, girls, cartoons, autos, records, hi-fi, fashions, books, theater, and the best of everything. On sale at your newsstand March 11.

cavalier

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.

Feathered fighter of the Southwest, the speedy roadrunner can kill a rattlesnake.

Strangers are amazed and natives fascinated by the antics of the clown of western highways, the roadrunner, a large brown-feathered bird which is just about as amusing in real life as it is in the movie cartoons. Alvin Larsen of Madison, Wisconsin, asks us if tales he heard in Texas about this member of the cuckoo family are just so much more Texas boasting, or can the roadrunner really kill a rattlesnake three feet long?

The Texan who told Al about the three-foot rattlesnake may have stretched it a few inches, but not necessarily. The roadrunner's prowess as a foe of snakes in general, including rattlesnakes, has been reported on by many observers.

The secret of the roadrunner's ability to tangle with the murderous reptile lies in its fancy footwork. The agile bird keeps moving so fast that by the time the snake has struck (and the roadrunner is not immune to rattlesnake venom, as many people think), the bird is someplace else. In a wild war dance of feints, rushes, and a general flurry of mad, unpredictable motion, it wears the snake down. When the snake is exhausted from having struck again and again at its elusive enemy, the roadrunner moves in for the kill, striking the snake's head repeatedly with its long, sharp beak.

Though the roadrunner does not eat rattlesnakes it kills, it does eat some pretty hefty non-poisonous snakes, gulping them down a few inches at a time. Snake meat is a delicacy. The roadrunner's voracious appetite is normally satisfied by bugs, toads, lizards, or most anything that comes in handy. An Arizona rancher watched a roadrunner pick up and swallow a piece of glass from a broken beer bottle. The next day, apparently suffering no ill effects, the jaunty bird was back.

The rancher identified the bird by a game leg as well as by the fact that it did reappear the following day at the same spot at the same time. For it is another of the roadrunner's peculiarities that its daily travels seem to be governed by a built-in timer.

University of Arizona scientists report that roadrunners they watched were rarely more than two minutes off a strict daily schedule in passing any particular point on their beats. Ordinarily such a beat covers a distance of a few hundred yards from the bird's home in a thorny thicket.

The roadrunner is no great shakes as a flyer. Its stubby wings work pretty well for gliding, but don't permit long flights. Therefore most of its locomotion is on the ground, where it outperforms all other members of the bird world. When in action, it flattens all of its 20 to 24 inches from head to tail straight out and is seen as a fast brown streak, skimming close to the ground. Apparently, roadrunners enjoy running as much as other birds like to fly. One scientist reported that he observed a roadrunner who kept its already streamlined figure in trim by running around the same tree 20 times at top speed every morning.

Q: How long does the Federal Government keep the printing plates for a commemorative stamp? ***Harold O. Anderson, Toledo, Ohio.***

A: Commemorative stamps are temporary issues and are printed in limited quantities. They remain on sale at the Post Office Department's Philatelic Sales Agency until the supply is exhausted. The plates used to print commemorative stamps are destroyed shortly after the item has been withdrawn from sale.

Q: Why is the U.S. flag shown flying upside-down over the entrance of the Treasury Building on the reverse side of a $10 bill? ***Clarence R. Wharton, South Bend, Ind.***

A: Despite this popular belief, it isn't. The shading used by the bill's engraver to show a furl in the flag causes it to appear inverted. Photographs taken of the flag and blown up many times larger clearly show Old Glory to be flying right-side-up.

Q: I've heard the term "Nalline injection" used in connection with narcotics. What does it mean? ***Steve Shames, Norfolk, Va.***

A: It is used for the detection of drug addicts. Nalline injections produce physical changes such as dilation of the pupils when a subject is under the influence of narcotics. The injections are also antagonists of narcotics and are used to relieve severe respiratory depression produced by overdosage of morphine and a number of other drugs.

Q: How did the pirate flag, the Jolly Roger, get its name? ***Don R. Smyle, FPO, N.Y., N.Y.***

A: It is believed to have been named after a jovial pirate called Roger, but there is no evidence available to substantiate this as fact. A flag bearing one or more emblems of mortality (skeleton, skull and cross-bones, or an hour-glass) and raised on pirate ships of the 17th and 18th centuries, the Jolly Roger is popularly believed to have been used as an ensign. Actually, flown only prior to attack, its purpose was to signal that if no resistance was offered quarter would be given.

Q: Are there any parts of the United States that have never been explored? ***M. Venzor, El Paso, Tex.***

A: Yes. Although the use of helicopters by the Department of Interior's Geological Survey has served to narrow the number of untouched, unexplored areas in this country, much of Alaska's rugged mountain expanse has never been explored.

Q: Has the mystery of the *Mary Celeste* ever been solved? ***William G. Couch, Brigantine, N. J.***

A: No. The ship sailed from New York on November 4, 1872, captained by Benjamin Briggs. Aboard were his wife, his 2-year-old daughter, two mates and a crew of five. On December 5, the ship was found derelict by the *Dei Gratia*, a British brigantine. It was completely deserted. No one who had been aboard was ever heard of again. Everything was in good order, although there was no hot food cooking on the stove nor meals set on the table as later romancers said. Captain Morehouse of the *Dei Gratia* brought the derelict into Gibraltar. Later a court of inquiry awarded him and his crew 1,700 pounds for salvage.

Q: What is our Navy's largest submarine? ***David Holmes, Lake Zurich, Ill.***

A: The nuclear powered Triton. It is 447½ feet long, has a 37-foot beam, and a 5,850 ton surface displacement. Accommodating a crew of about 150, it is the largest and most powerful submarine ever built.

Q: Who wrote the Riflemen's Creed, and how does it go? ***William Sahadi, Toledo, Ohio.***

A: Written by Maj. Gen. William H. Rupertus, USMC, during the early part of World War II, it goes as follows: "This is my rifle. There are many like it, but this one is mine. My rifle is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I must master my life. My rifle, without me is useless. Without my rifle, I am useless. I must fire my rifle true. I must shoot straighter than my enemy who is trying to kill me. I must shoot him before he shoots me. I will. My rifle and myself know that what counts in war is not the rounds we fire, the noise of our burst, nor the smoke we make. We know that it is the hits that count. We will hit. My rifle is human, even as I, because it is my life. Thus, I will learn it as a brother. I will learn its weaknesses, its strength, its parts, its accessories, its sights, and its barrel. I will ever guard it against the ravages of weather and damage. I will keep my rifle clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready. We will become part of each other. We will. Before God I swear this creed. My rifle and myself are the defenders of my country. We are the masters of our enemy. We are the saviors of my life. So be it, until there is no enemy, but Peace."

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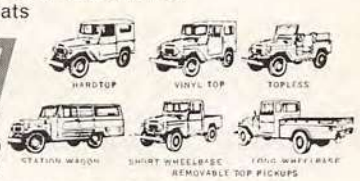

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Q: How did the World War II Jeep get its name? *J. T. Schultz, San Diego, Calif.*

Wide World

A: There are two theories. One school holds that the name Jeep sprang from the vehicle's designation "G.P.," for General Purpose car. Another maintains stoutly that the name was adopted from "Eugene The Jeep" in E. C. Segar's Popeye" cartoon strip, a droll little animal with extraordinary powers.

Q: What is a bunch of bananas called? *James Nordyke, Weehawken, N.J.*

A: A bunch or stem of bananas.

Q: Did Captain Dreyfus, the famous French army officer who became a political criminal, die on Devil's Island? *Bob G. Lagerquist, Superior, Mont.*

A: No, he died in Paris in 1935. Alfred Dreyfus, born in 1859, a member of a wealthy Jewish family, became a captain in France's 21st regiment of artillery and was later appointed to the general staff. In 1894 he was accused of giving secret information to the German government, court-martialed, found guilty of treason and sentenced to life imprisonment on Devil's Island. Later investigation, forced mainly by writer Emile Zola in 1898, proved that the papers by which Dreyfus had been convicted were forged. He was tried a second time at Rennes in 1899 and proved innocent. His original conviction was set aside and he was restored to his old rank in the army and awarded the Legion of Honor.

Q: Is the bubble top on the President's car bulletproof? If so, wouldn't its use have prevented President Kennedy's assassination? *Edward I. Ingleton, Jamaica, N. Y.*

A: At the time of the assassination, the President's automobile was a specially designed 1961 Lincoln convertible outfitted with a clear plastic bubble-top which was neither bulletproof nor bullet-resistant. It served to protect the President from little more than weather. Since then, the same car, now used by President Johnson, has been reinforced with armor plate and made bulletproof according to Secret Service specifications. A White House spokesman said that the car's glass panes and top could now withstand a direct hit from a .30-caliber rifle.

Q: Where is the Revolutionary War hero, John Paulding, buried? *Newton H. Keister, North Manchester, Ind.*

A: In St. Peter's Churchyard, two miles northeast from the center of Peekskill, New York. On the morning of September 23, 1780, Paulding, accompanied by two young farmers, captured the British spy, John Andre. Although quite poor, Paulding refused staggering bribes from Andre. He brought Andre to an American army camp, and through information learned from the spy the treason of Benedict Arnold was discovered.

Q: Is it theoretically possible for a cat to walk across the Golden Gate bridge and cause it to topple? *Harlen Rippetor, Sacramento, Calif.*

A: No.

Q: Do the bones in the skull shrink when a head-hunter shrinks a head? *Ed Holland, Denny, Calif.*

A: It is not possible to shrink a skull. In this dying pastime, the head-hunter empties the victim's head, including the skull. Then by carefully rolling hot sand around inside it, the remains are evenly shrunk. When the process has been completed the head is about the size of a baseball. The hair remains intact at its original length and the mouth is sewn shut.

Q: When did the practice of piercing women's ears originate? *Lewis A. Haller, San Jose, Calif.*

A: About 2500 B.C. Assyrian sculpture from this time shows both men and women wearing pierced earrings.

Q: Is it true that a tunnel will be built under the English Channel that will connect England and France? *Jaque Houser, Seahurst, Wash.*

A: Yes, but no one has started digging yet. After more than 150 years of discussion, false starts, renewed hopes and discarded blueprints, the dream of a transchannel link between England and France is beginning to take shape. Both governments have accepted the principle of a tunnel scheme and experts are now thrashing out details of financing, construction and relative advantages of a subterranean shaft or sea-bed tube. Cost is estimated at $400 million.

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Q: If a person attempts suicide but fails, can he, by law, be arrested and tried for attempted murder? *Harold W. Pheleps, Bradenton, Fla.*

A: No. Suicide and murder have always been considered separate crimes. There are statutes against suicide in only nine states—Alabama, Kentucky, New Jersey, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, and Washington. In these states a person who attempts suicide but fails may definitely be arrested and tried, but not for attempted murder. He will be tried for attempted suicide.

Q: What is the most remote place on earth? *PFC Wayne Van Dyke, FPO, N.Y., N.Y.*

A: Although servicemen have been known to have different opinions, it is generally considered to be the Pole of Inaccessibility, located on the Polar Plateau in Antarctica at about 83 degrees South latitude and about 35 degrees East longitude. This would place it about 1,000 miles from the true South Pole toward the direction of Africa.

Q: The U.S. is not at war with any foreign country, so by what authority do we send our service men into battle in such places as Viet Nam? *L. E. Marr, Paso Robles, Calif.*

A: The Constitution clearly outlines the powers of the President in the areas of foreign affairs and as Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces. The Foreign Assistance Act of 1961, as amended, allows the President to supply defense services, including the services of military instructors, to a foreign nation.

HAVE A QUESTION?

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[*Continued from page* 89]
population and only four teams, many boys are obviously excluded. When a village official complained to the League's directors, he was bluntly told they were interested in quality, not quantity. I can't think of anything worse than turning a recreation program into an elite society.

Further, I'm continually disturbed by the heartbreaks inflicted on youngsters relegated to the sidelines. "An 11-year-old boy was dressed in his uniform and bubbling with excitement at 10 a.m. for a game at 3 that afternoon," Dr. L. A. Will of Venice, Florida, described a typical case. "He sat there inning after inning and never left the bench while his whole family watched from the stands. I have never seen a more dejected or forlorn little boy in my life. He remained crushed for days, and never again played baseball with a Little League or any other ball team."

It appalls me how many coaches are frustrated athletes, hellbent on producing winning teams to recreate their own

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dreams of vanished glory. Many fathers take over teams and consciously or subconsciously push their sons' careers. Their driving ambition has produced a new medical ailment, "Little League elbow." This is a calcium deposit resulting from excessive strain on bones not fully developed, and from the demands of coaches for curves, sliders and other trick pitches. Youngsters of Little League age should only be taught the basic rudiments of every position. Pitchers should be confined to learning fast balls and control.

"Knowledge of boys is far more important in managers and coaches than knowledge of baseball, although men who possess both qualities have the most to offer," Prof. Charles A. Bucher of New York University's School of Education told me. "In this crucial, transitional age, a youngster needs fine teachers, worthy of emulation, not highly-organized competition geared to state and world championships."

Although it would be unjust to indict many conscientious Little League officials who are dedicated to juvenile recreation, the selection standards for managers and coaches are often absurd. "A League president was presiding at an organizational meeting. He said: 'We need six managers. Who will volunteer?' The six

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"You were robbed!"

who volunteered first were selected even though the president had never seen four of them previously," states Dr. Arthur A. Esslinger, Dean of the University of Oregon's School of Health and Physical Education, and a member of the Board of Directors of Little League baseball. "Despite our good managers, we are all forced to admit that we have had too many poor ones."

It seems disgraceful that poor managers are often the result of Little League's isolation from community leaders. "Little League has to report to no one," laments one upstate New York official. "No corrective measures can be taken by town or village authorities, by the school or park recreation staffs."

I'm equally fed up with idiotic fathers who made the Little League hero a new status symbol not far below a Cadillac convertible. Often frustrated athletes themselves, living out their youthful fantasies, they drive their sons toward stardom to bring reflected glory on themselves. Two fathers I know in Cincinnati threatened their boys with extra chores if they didn't bring back the batting championship. At games the fathers become raging banshees, castigating their offspring for dropping a fly ball or missing a third strike.

Many mothers have also joined the Little League status race. I saw one mother shout at her boy as he left the field after an error, "Don't embarrass me again before everyone!" Mothers from opposing teams often trade insults in the stands over their sons' prowess. Neighbors end up feuding with each other.

In their mania for victory, adults can wreck the whole concept of sportsmanship. A guidance counselor in an upstate New York school told me, "The parents in the stands are sometimes unbelievable. Not all parents, of course, but a 10-year-old boy only has to hear one parent sound like a fool to question the moral value of all parents." This school official blames the managers equally. "Once, after a contested decision, out came both managers, and you could easily hear them swearing and screaming at the umpire. It was quite an example for my son to witness."

The grandiose ambitions of many little leagues today with their flamboyant grandstands, parades and banquets are all part of an absurd commercial exploitation of our youngsters. Invited to speak at the opening of one League near my Florida home, I found myself in a parade surrounded by bands, fire engines, and most incongruous of all, the local beauty queen. No one ever explained the connection between the opening of a baseball season for youngsters and the unveiling of her charms.

Many Little League ball parks, quite apart from Williamsport, are blatantly luxurious, with huge grandstands and dugouts, manicured infields cared for by paid maintenance staffs, even lights for night games. In Westport, Connecticut, Avon Park, Florida, Ardsley, New York, and Mt. Lebanon, a Pittsburgh suburb, to mention just a few, the Little League investment runs at least $10,000.

The hoopla reaches its peak at the end of the season with banquets, cups and trophies honoring everything from stolen bases to "best care of uniform." "Unbelievable!" says Ralph Sabock, head football coach of Worthington, Ohio, high school. "Junk all cups and trophies," adds Florida principal Treen, "unless they are for sportsmanship or the fellow who worked hardest." The New York guidance counselor concludes, "The perspective is way off—these Little League kids are taught false values before they even get to high school."

A high school coach I know asked two former Little Leaguers to pick up the bases after practice. They looked at him as if he had lost his mind. Who were they to have to do this menial task? He soon discovered the Little League in his town had become the "Luxury League." As Little Leaguers, his pampered players had never even carried in the bats after practice.

The most obnoxious of all luxuries are the uniforms given by local merchants, which turn youngsters into commercial hucksters. While no one would deny these boys the thrill of being togged out like major leaguers, they would gain far more by earning their equipment at odd jobs than having everything handed them on a silver platter.

It's also infuriating to see the increasing exploitation of Little Leagues by press and radio and TV networks. Seizing on the antics of kids of 10 and 12 as if they were exhibitions in a three-ring circus, the news media splash pictures of premature heroes sliding into base as prominently as an international conference. I strongly question the value of televising the Little League World Series and thrusting kids of this age into national stardom. Televising even regional playoffs, as I have seen in Los Angeles, is just crude financial greediness.

The tragedy of this fabricated promotion is that it makes a travesty of children's happiness. The glory, the headlines, the super-stadiums, yes, even the red carpet that New York's City Hall literally spread before last year's Little League champs, have been concocted by ambitious adults using the kids for their own ends.

The youngsters, unfortunately, have entered their organization world at a high price. Not only must they survive the pressure and philosophy of their mentors, but they have sacrificed their independence—the wild and wonderful, ever-changing freedom of pre-adolescence.

One of the most pitiful sights I have seen on a diamond was a 10-year-old Little Leaguer circling the bases after a home run, then planting himself at the plate, doffing his cap and bowing in all directions to the thunderous stands in an almost Chaplinesque imitation of Babe Ruth at the summit of his career.

"Let baseball with its glory and excitement come when they are 13 to 18," advises educator Treen. "Every age group has its own area of entertainment, and if we let them get out of balance, we are in for trouble."

Despite the dangerous growth of abuses

which have made Little League a Disneyland caricature of baseball, I am certain that a program of simple reforms can restore its former goals and benefits.

FIRST. League officials in each area must establish close links with school and park systems and recreation supervisers. Local leaders, skilled at working with boys, should guide the League toward community needs.

SECOND. Managers and coaches must be carefuly selected, not from ambitious fathers and pseudo-athletes, but from school staffs, recreation directors and other personnel trained in handling youngsters.

THIRD. Publicity and promotion should be cut to a minimum. No premature heroes should be built from youngsters. While I am not opposed to the League's World Series, the number of post-season championships and playoffs should be strictly curtailed.

FOURTH. Investments in League ball parks should be set at a reasonable limit. Municipal and school fields should be used wherever possible. No games should be played under lights, no professional groundskeepers hired.

FIFTH. Commercialism and advertising, particularly the purchase of uniforms by local merchants and local TV sponsorship, should be prohibited.

SIXTH. Leagues should be open to every applicant with tryouts and drafts abolished. Every team member should play at least one or two innings per game.

SEVENTH. Prizes should only be awarded to a team as a whole, or for individual character traits like sportsmanship.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Most of these objectives have already been met by a few model organizations, particularly the Kettering, Ohio, Little League, a blueprint for good juvenile recreation. With every applicant playing regardless of ability, the League now boasts 500 boys. All parents sit together along the first-base line, and follow a strict tradition of cheering both teams indiscriminately. No standings are kept, no scores published. Competition ends July 28 with no post-season playoffs or tournaments. "We pick our managers not from baseball stars, but from men who best handle youngsters," states Pat Irelan, a co-founder. "Smiles are what we're looking for, and we get lots of them."

This is the kind of Little League I hope my son can join, a League we should have in every city and town when the game has finally been returned to the kids. —**Joey Jay and Lawrence Lader**

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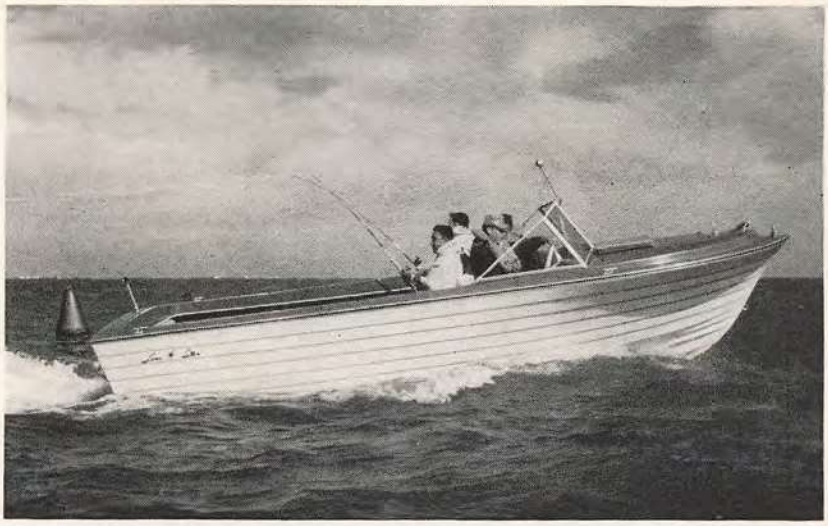

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WILDERNESS WAGER WITH DEATH

[*Continued from page 33*]

later, there were many times when he had them in his sights. He was not a seasoned wilderness man, but one who had never before been alone in the woods.

Neither was he a "fierce-looking, bushy-haired wild man," as one of the policemen wounded by his bullets described him. He was, instead, clean-cut and personable. His brown hair was ordinarily neatly barbered and combed. His wide-set gray eyes looked out at the world with total lack of guile. His bearing was not a furtive slouch, but erect and soldierly.

He was, in fact, a U.S. Air Force major, a bombardier-navigator veteran of 18 combat missions over Korea and holder of an Air Medal. His name was James Call.

In May of that year, the 29-year-old major, a shaken man in a world out of kilter, had gone AWOL from Barksdale Air Force Base in Louisiana. A few months earlier, as he himself put it, "everything caved in." He was overseas when they handed him the message. Back home in Mississippi, where he had left her during his final tour of duty, his wife was dead.

Call flew home to the funeral. Always jaunty and self assured before, he was now a "changed man." As his mother-in-law, with whom he left his 18-month-old son, put it, "He took it mighty hard. He talked to me about killing himself." His superiors recognized his state of dejection and gave him undemanding duties at Barksdale. That didn't seem to help much.

It can't really be said that this is when Call's gambling started. It had long been a weakness of his and a few times he had lost his pay at poker. But now he went at it in a way he never had before. For a time luck was with him, even when he graduated to the gaming parlors of New Orleans. Then one night he lost heavily in a poker game with some pros and ended up a thousand dollars in the hole with no way to pay up. And pay up was something it was broadly hinted he'd better do—or else. He paid, by writing a check on a non-existent account.

Now Call was in a real jam—with the law, the gamblers, and the Air Force all after him. He needed money. How could he get it? Call came up with an answer that, later, was to stun everybody who knew this mild-mannered officer with an unblemished military record. Where to get money? His answer was simple: *Steal it.*

This solution was not so remarkable in itself. After all, lots of apparently honest Joes, under stress, have thought of crime as a way to make a quick buck. What was remarkable was the unique scheme Call mapped out. At Stead Air Force Base in Nevada he had received survival training. He'd been taught the art of staying alive if forced down in a hostile land. In action, Call had never been called upon to use his knowledge of making do on little food, staying out of sight of the enemy, building shelters, eluding pursuers. He could use it now.

He'd pick some place where there would be unprotected targets for burglary, hide out in the wilderness, strike and be gone. He'd operate alone, with no accomplices. There would be no witnesses. No violence, either, since he'd see to it that he never came in contact with his victims. He'd take along his Luger, but not to use in his career of crime. A man in the woods might need a gun.

As he laid his plans, he hit on the perfect spot. He had once been in the Adirondacks and knew that this vast wilderness area was studded with thousands of cabins as well as resorts that attracted affluent New Yorkers. With its heavy forests, rugged terrain, and many lakes and streams, the region would be just the place for evasive tactics designed to throw off pursuers. Moreover, it was far from Louisiana. Nobody would be looking for him there.

On a day early in June, a carefree looking young man got off a bus at Lake Placid, New York. Like many others who came there, he was geared for hiking and headed out of town, evidently bent on walking one of the many trails lacing the Adirondacks. He didn't hike far. After some scouting he chose a cabin for his first night's lodging and calmly pried the boards off a window. The amazing career of the wilderness phantom had begun.

After that first night Call passed up obviously unoccupied cabins. He liked those whose owners had opened them up for the season, turned on the electricity and filled the propane tanks. If the cabin appeared to be used only on weekends, so much the better. He could take a hot shower, cook himself a good meal from food provided by his host and then relax in a good bed.

Gradually Call worked out a system for picking a cabin where he'd be safe. He cased each place thoroughly. If the cabin was lived in, he studied the comings and goings of its occupants. Often he was able to creep so close that he could eavesdrop on conversations.

For purposes of robbery, he preferred cottages which were being left only briefly. If he overheard people talking of "just running into town," he knew they were likely to leave valuables lying around. A few minutes after they had departed, Call would be inside. The pattern was set. Soon he was looting six or eight cabins every week.

Thus he collected considerable plunder—an expensive fishing rod here, a good camera there, a few watches, a diamond ring left on a wash basin and a couple of wallets full of cash. Along with negotiable loot, he picked up a lot of items of quite a different sort—hatchets, knives, tarps, blankets and canned foods. These went to equip the chain of hideaways he set up in a 100-square-mile area around Lake Placid. Call chose his spots carefully, one in a hollow scooped out under a fallen tree; some, reachable only by crawling, in small enclosed spaces in dense spruce groves; others in vine-covered deadfalls. All were designed to be reasonably dry in wet weather.

Though they varied in their housekeeping comforts, Call's hideouts all met one exacting specification. Every shelter had to be so unrecognizable that a man walking within six feet of it would pass it by.

They never saw him, but the police of Lake Placid became all too well aware of Call's presence. Troubled constables muttered about a "crime wave." Any year there'd be a few burglaries, but not the dozens that were occurring this summer. At first they figured they were up against a gang, but gradually evidence that they were confronted by one man began to pile up. They'd find, in cabins

TRUE

"What do they mean by 'home cooking,' Dad? Is everything going to be burned?"

that had been looted, that one bed had been slept in, dishes for one person used. A few times they found footprints—always a single pair. Fingerprints didn't help them much. They got only one good set of them, and, when they were sent off to Washington for a check against criminal files, the information came back that they weren't those of any known criminal. But they did apparently match some imperfect prints found in another rifled cottage. It was one man, all right. And one man who, as evidenced by the lack of tire tracks near burglarized cottages, was striking from the woods.

This seemed confirmed when Sgt. Dominic Valenze, of the Lake Placid Police Department, got a report from a cottager who had surprised a man in his cabin. The fellow had headed for the woods "as fast as a deer."

Soon after that Valenze discovered that a particular cottage had been occupied twice by an intruder.

"He may come back a third time," Valenze maintained, vowing to keep a watch on the cabin.

Late on the afternoon of August 5th, two months after Call had arrived in the Adirondacks, Valenze and three other patrolmen, Bernard Fell, John Fagan, and Richard Pelkey, were making one of their frequent checks. Their car was pulled off the road and concealed by foliage, but they had a good view of the cabin.

"Somebody's moving around in there," Valenze said "Let's go."

He sent the car roaring down the road, slammed to a stop outside the cabin, and bellowed the order, "Come on out with your hands up."

Silence.

Valenze shouted again. "We know you're in there. Come on out."

Call had heard the car as it screeched to a stop. He heard Valenze's challenge. He glanced out the window, saw the car full of policemen. Panic swept him. They had him trapped. *They might start firing*, was the thought that flashed across his mind. He couldn't break and run from the cabin. They'd get him that way sure. He lunged down the stairs into the basement, leaped toward the steel shower stall in the corner.

Outside the officers stood uncertainly, guns drawn. "Maybe we were just seeing things," Fell said. "Maybe he isn't in there at all."

"We'd better look," said Valenze, ordering Pelkey and Fagan to guard the outside exits while he and Fell searched the house.

Cautiously the two officers pushed into the cabin, quickly concluding that there was no one there.

"Let's check the basement," Valenze decided.

At once they caught sight of motion in the shower stall.

"Come out of there," the sergeant called. Nothing happened.

Valenze started firing, five shots in quick succession. Warning shots, he was to say later, but they all punctured the shower stall.

Call felt the bullets whipping past him, heard the ugly "spang . . . spang" as they

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"I was treating him for kleptomania."

pierced the metal walls. He was not conscious of the movement that brought the Luger out of his pocket. But it was there in his hand, the gun he had never intended to use. He stepped out of the bullet-riddled steel trap.

For a moment he confronted the startled officers, three of them now, for Pelkey had left his post outside to plunge down the stairs. Then Call was firing . . . one . . . two . . . three. . . . The three policemen went down. Call stared at them as if he disbelieved what he saw. Then, springing into action, he leaped over to Fell, who was only wounded in the arm.

"Get up!" Call ordered, seizing the officer's gun. Using Fell as a shield against the fire of other police who might be outside, Call moved up the stairs and out the door into the yard. Seeing no one he pushed Fell aside and dashed for the woods. (Fagan had run down the road to get the help of other policemen patrolling on foot nearby.)

As Call ran, his thoughts were racing too. In a few swift terrible minutes his whole situation had changed. Up to now it had been a game, and a harmless enough one as he figured it. A game of stealing from people who could well afford to lose something. But killing . . . what if those policemen in the basement were badly wounded . . . if one or both of them died. . . .

But what could he have done? Hadn't they forced him to shoot? They'd fired at him first. Should he have just stood there and let himself be mowed down? They'd made him shoot, he told himself, as he ran on deeper into the woods.

Within minutes of Call's escape, the cabin was swarming with police, summoned by radio. The state police, who had had only a minor role in the search, stepped into the picture and took command. The job now was to catch a man who had shot three policemen.

"We'll get him and get him soon!"

There was hearty assurance in the voice of Captain Muller, the veteran police officer who was picked to boss the search. A big, bluff man who took his business seriously, Muller had reason for his confidence. He had the backing of the entire State Police force. He knew the Adirondacks and the ways of the woods. He had driven other criminals to earth there. This man couldn't be so different. *Phantom,* they called him. Newspaper nonsense.

"We'll materialize him fast enough," he said forcefully as he drew a red circle onto the topographical map of the area. He spoke with the fierce determination of a policeman out to avenge an assault on fellow officers.

By the next morning Muller had 150 of his own men in the field, plus an equal number of local police and deputies. Because of the lay of the land, he knew his quarry could not move in certain directions, blocked as he'd be by water, mountains or cottage clusters. Thus he was able to deploy his forces in a way that formed a tight circle of men around the maximum area he figured the fugitive could have traversed.

The police got one bad break in the form of heavy rain which made the bloodhounds useless. And clouds, scudding low over the treetops, cut the visibility for the helicopter borrowed from the Army. Still, Muller was sure that, even without a chance of pinpointing his whereabouts, the man they sought was somewhere in the circle. Crisscross it with search parties, and they'd flush him sure.

Their man was in the circle, all right. For a time Call had run, covering perhaps two miles. In that distance he made several stops to listen carefully, but he heard no sounds of pursuit.

His first thought was to keep running. Cover a greater distance than they'd believe he could. He could fool them about that, he thought. His weeks in the woods had hardened him. He had practiced running through dense forest in a steady ground-covering lope.

Then he felt something wet strike his face. Rain. Leaden skies let go with a downpour. That knocked out the dogs. Call stopped running. Now he'd gamble it a different way. He'd no longer move away from Lake Placid, but would move toward it.

Half an hour later he stopped and stood still for a long time, his eyes searching the dripping woods. Then, satisfied that he was not watched, he bent low and burrowed his way through a tangle of branches to a lean-to he had built against an overhanging rock, cunningly concealing it with living vines he pulled loose from the rock to make a screen of vegetation.

It was in this covert that he lay when, the next morning, he heard the sound of snapping twigs and the crunch of footsteps. Peering out between the vines and branches he saw three state troopers. They were getting closer, moving in grim, purposeful silence. They were coming straight toward him. Fifteen feet. Now ten.

Call's heart seemed to skip a beat. The Luger was in his hand. Cold sweat poured from his face. If they spotted his hideaway and started firing . . . would he fight back?

He did not need to give the answer to this fatal question. The officers went on by. His camouflage had worked.

Muller angrily paced the floor of the headquarters cabin. This thing was running counter to all his experience. They should have had their man in that circle, yet they hadn't found a trace of him. Could he still be there; could they have missed him somehow? Muller quickly discarded the idea. No, he must have covered more ground than Muller had figured possible. They'd have to widen the net over a huge new area. They couldn't let him get away now, for word had come in that Patrolman Pelkey had died of the wounds received in the basement encounter.

The search became frenzied, reaching proportions "so vast as at times to be without organization," as one AP dispatch put it. The confusion sprang from the hundreds of volunteers who joined in vigilante groups to patrol back roads and cottage colonies. County sheriffs deputized scores of men, resort hotels imported private detectives, and Muller called in still more state policemen.

Many vacationers, fearful lest the "wild man," as he came to be called, spring upon them from the bush, or even murder them in their sleep, left the Adirondacks. Their fears were not helped any by a widely distributed police WANTED bulletin in which an artist, drawing on Valenze's description, depicted a bushy-haired, malevolent looking character. Unhappy Chambers of Commerce in the numerous resort communities of the area begged reporters to lay off and issued reassuring bulletins of their own to the effect that there was no reign of terror in the Adirondacks. The state police had things well in hand and would shortly

capture the desperado who was causing so much trouble.

As fruitless weeks went by, there was considerable pressure to try to get the search called off altogether. Surely the hunt would have turned up the criminal if he had not escaped Muller's net. He must be miles away by this time.

Muller shook his head. He just didn't believe that the fugitive could have gotten by him. He was somewhere inside their noose and there would be no stopping the search for a man who had killed a policeman.

Then one day in late August stunning evidence turned up that Muller was right. The man they hunted was there, still inside the perimeter of the area they were combing. There, and thumbing his nose at them.

Incredible as it seemed, right outside Lake Placid, he had calmly moved into a cottage for a night, burglarized it at his leisure, and left. It didn't take much figuring for the police to be sure that this was the work of the phantom burglar. The break-in, and others that came in quick succession thereafter, followed exactly the pattern of previous ones. No fingerprints, an uncanny knowledge of just when somebody was leaving a cottage and a careful selection of loot, including items that would be useful to an outdoor man.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The sheer daring of it was breathtaking. Here he was, giving them fresh clues as to his whereabouts, as though deliberately taunting them. Muller turned over in his mind the question he had asked himself many times before. What would possess a man to take such daredevil chances?

Call himself wouldn't have been able to give an exact answer to that one, and might not have agreed with the one supplied by the psychiatrists. They were later to opine that perhaps Call began to add to his risks because he had a secret desire to be caught and punished. He really did feel remorse for the killing of the policeman, of whose death he had learned from a newspaper he had picked up.

As it was, Call was not probing unconscious motivations. He rationalized his staying in this dangerous territory as the simplest thing to do. He also saw it as a chance to add to his loot, which he had totted up as being something short of $3,000 in cash and readily convertible valuables. He'd be satisfied if he could add a couple of thousand to that. Not much compared to what he might have gotten if he'd been able to knock off some big resort hotel, but that was probably out now, what with the extra private detectives and heavy police watches.

Beyond all that, there was excitement in the game of hide-and-seek he played. Those heart-pounding moments when all his being was concentrated on outwitting his opponents were more exhilarating than anything he'd found before when gambling for big stakes. What bigger stake than his own freedom . . . his own life?

Desperate situations confronted him almost daily as he took up the new burglaries. Captain Muller had some trump cards, and one of them was the helicopter. Call worried about that a lot. Several times the hovering aerial spy came close to spotting him, but he managed to scuttle to safety under the leafy cover of the forest.

But one day he didn't make it. He was moving down a road with clearings on both sides when the whirlybird came over. Call had long since learned to curb his impulses. He didn't run. He forced himself to stand still, look up and wave a jaunty greeting to the men above him. The copter went on. Still Call did not break into a run, and it was well for him that he didn't. For the copter came over again, this time lower, and hovered. Call waved as before, strolling along in a leisurely manner.

Eventually the officer aboard was going to learn of his mistake. But then . . . the man on the ground had certainly not acted like a fugitive. And he hadn't looked at all like a wild, hunted man.

It was not the helicopter, but men on foot who backed Call into a corner from which it seemed even he could not escape. At the time, mid-September, he had worked his way south and west about 25 miles from Lake Placid. Outside the community of Tupper Lake he boldly entered a cabin. It was one of a fairly large group, all of which appeared to be unoccupied and it was the closest to the woods. Once in the cabin by an easily jimmied window, he shaved, took a shower, and selected a suit of clothes from several he found hanging in the closet. Pretty good fit, he decided. He'd keep it. Someday he'd be leaving the woods and he'd need a respectable suit.

He'd heard no car or any sound, but the watchfulness of the hunted, sent Call to the back window. From it he could see up around a bend of the road. Four men stood there. Three were policemen, local officers, not state troopers. The fourth was talking to them and pointing excitedly at the cottage in which Call was standing. The man must have approached on foot and seen him through a window. The officers seemed to be hesitating but Call could see that they were fingering their guns.

Was he trapped? If he ran for his place of refuge, the woods, the officers would surely see him, and he'd get a bullet in the back. If he stayed here, they'd close in on the cabin.

He looked around wildly. From the place where they were standing, the policemen couldn't see the front door. Nor could they, until they moved around the bend, see the stretch of road leading

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southward. He could get out, maybe, and run down the road. The trouble was that he'd already observed that a number of boys were playing ball in a field beside the road. Their interest would certainly be excited by a running man and they would report just where he'd gone.

A running man, maybe. But what if . . . A smile crossed his face. He opened the front door and shut it quietly behind him. Fighting fear and panic, mustering every reserve of will, he forced himself to saunter down the road.

A few minutes later, the three Tupper Lake policemen, baffled by the fact that they had found no one at the cabin, ran onto the field where the boys were playing ball. At the moment the youngsters were clustered around a young man in gray flannels who was giving them some pointers on pitching a softball.

The officers moved toward him. "Where you from?" one of them asked.

"Massachusetts," the young man who looked at him with guileless eyes answered.

"Did you see anybody run past here?"

The young man shook his head. "Say, you looking for that wild man? He's sure giving you a time, isn't he?"

It was quite awhile later that the officers admitted that maybe they had been a little negligent in not doing some sharp questioning and asking for identification. But how could anybody have suspected that this well-dressed, smooth-shaven vacationer was the fearsome character they were looking for?

After the police moved on, Call played ball with the boys for another half hour and then strolled back up the road to a point where it was close to the woods. After being sure no one was in sight, he stepped into its leafy protection. . .

"In the end, the dogs will get him," predicted William Morton, the bloodhound expert of the New York State Police.

After making sure that no one was in his quarry, he would have found Call agreeing with him that the dogs were the greatest menace. Call didn't exactly fear the dogs, but he respected their abilities and spent a lot of effort thwarting them. He took cans of pepper off kitchen shelves, and, beginning a short distance beyond the cabins—he liked to give the dogs a start—he'd sprinkle the pepper on his trail. At other times he relied on eliminating his scent completely. In the cabins he invaded he often took long showers and then walked away dressed in his host's clothes, wearing footwear found in the cabin. Sometimes he would lift an extra pair of shoes and change to them at some point in the chase, on one occasion making the switch while he was up in a tree.

But he couldn't get away with it forever. Startled one day by the sound of someone approaching a cabin he had just entered, he ran into the woods without employing any of his usual strategems. Morton reached the cabin soon afterwards and knew at once that his dogs had a good scent.

Running hard, over rough terrain, Call felt rising panic. This could be it. There was a stream ahead, he knew, but the way they were coming on, he wouldn't make it. He sized up trees as he ran. Then he saw one that would serve. He shinnied up it, worked his way out on a long horizontal branch, dropped to the ground. That would give him a little time. He ran on.

His breath was coming in gasps and he knew he had to rest. He lay down on the spongy floor of leaf mold. That was the hard thing to do, to make yourself lie still when you could hear the sounds of pursuit. But it was the right way. They'd be at the tree by now. Still he made himself rest.

In five minutes he was on his feet. They'd picked up his scent again, he could tell. He climbed another tree and almost fell from a branch that yielded under his weight. Then he was running again. Up ahead he heard the sound of running water. The stream!

He clawed his way through the brushy growth around it, slid down moss-slippery rocks into icy waters that sent a shock of pain through his legs. He floundered upstream for a ways, then clambered out on the far bank. For perhaps 200 yards he fought his way through tangled undergrowth, then went back into the stream again. The chill of the water was telling on him, but he kept on. Half a mile up he found a tree with a branch extending out over the water. He leaped for it, caught it, swung hand over hand along it and dropped well in from the stream.

He made his way to one of his hideouts and flung himself down, panting with exhaustion. Had he made it? He didn't think the dogs could pick up his scent this far upstream, but this had been too close. It was time to get out of the woods, he told himself. After all he'd picked up almost all the extra $2,000 he'd wanted.

The police would be thinking they still had him bottled up here. They'd be watching buses, checking cars, waiting for him to make a break. Well, let them throw up all the cordons they wanted. In the same way that he had eluded them all this time, he'd break out of the noose.

From his various caches he gathered up his stolen treasure, carefully packing it in a knapsack, along with the good suit he'd taken from the Tupper Lake cabin and a stock of dehydrated food he'd been saving. Reluctantly he discarded anything bulky.

Then he embarked on the exploit many consider the most remarkable of Call's wilderness ventures—a strange, secret journey. What he was setting out to do was to walk hundreds of miles, avoiding roads and settlements, not showing his face to a human being until he was far to the south where no one would be looking for him.

On and on he walked, soaked by heavy fall rains, shivering through below freezing nights, fighting hunger pangs. Often he was tempted to seek shelter or turn aside into a town to get a decent meal, but he never did. He forced himself to keep to his zig-zag course, hiking miles out of the way at times to miss settled areas.

Call bore no signs of his privations when, on a crisp October afternoon, two weeks and 300 miles after he had begun his trek and more than four months after he had gone into the woods, he emerged at the town of Sloansville, New York. As he swung aboard a Schenectady-bound bus, he was clean shaven, his self-barbered hair neatly trimmed. To be sure, the suit he wore was somewhat wrinkled, but not so anybody would think twice about it. Nor would anyone have suspected that the neat bundle he carried contained the loot of burglaries in the Adirondacks.

It was weeks after all cabin break-ins had stopped that the police finally conceded defeat. Somehow the man they sought must have escaped. And it could easily have been that no one would ever have known the manner of that escape but for something that happened the following month, on the opposite side of the continent.

TRUE

"Sure, you can shoot at a picture of your wife."

In Reno, Nevada, police picked up a young man who was trying to hock a watch which had been one of the items stolen in a series of recent burglaries in the divorce capital. When they searched the suspect's pockets they found some puzzling items: clippings about the Adirondack manhunt and several wallets containing identification papers of New Yorkers. It was enough to make the police burn up the wires to Albany.

A few days later the prisoner was told, "Somebody here to see you."

The somebody was Capt. Harold Muller. The two men who had so long opposed each other in an outdoor duel of wits now stood face to face. Muller was jolted. Even though Call admitted his identity, the policeman found it hard to match up his mental image of the murderer with this gentle-looking man with the sad gray eyes and quietly courteous manner.

Call seemed almost relieved to waive extradition and go back to face trial. During the weeks he had drifted across the country, losing all of his Adirondack take in Nevada gaming halls and turning to petty burglaries in Reno, his remorse over the death of the policeman had grown. He no longer found forgetfulness in gambling.

There was a lot of public sympathy for Call as he awaited trial in Essex County Jail in Elizabethtown, New York. Many felt that the police had been trigger happy when they fired those fateful shots in the cottage basement. Psychiatrists, attorneys, and criminologists who talked to Call agreed that he was certainly not a killer at heart. Moreover, the story of the personal tragedy that had set him off on his path of crime swayed public sentiment. Justice in this case, many people felt, had to be tempered with mercy. Even the sister of Patrolman Pelkey, the slain policeman, said she "felt sorry for" Call.

A jury might have had a hard time deciding Call's fate, but no jury ever had to. There was no sensational trial. Call was allowed to plead guilty to second degree murder. The numerous larceny counts were dropped. This was no small matter, for Call had robbed over 100 cottages. There was considerable confusion about the exact value of his loot. Was it the $5,000 that some said, or was it $100,000? The high figure included the take from a hotel jewel theft which Call hotly denied but which had occurred during the period of his admitted depredations. The Air Force, from which Call had gone AWOL, gave the former major a dishonorable discharge.

Call was given 20 years to life. Before he was taken away to the State Prison at Dannemora, he took Captain Muller and several other state troopers on a tour of the rugged terrain over which they had vainly hunted him. It was quite a shock to the officers when Call pointed out the places where he had lain within a few feet of where they walked.

James Call had lost out in all the games of chance he played in civilization, but here, where his woodsmanship gave him the odds, he had won his wilderness wager with death. —Norman Carlisle

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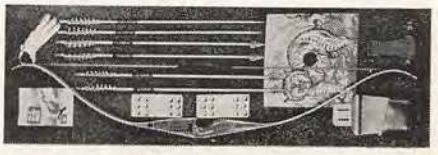

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[*Continued from page 28*]

and he doesn't feel men ought especially to envy him. Success, for Burton is fine, and so is making a lot of money, and so is the flattering attention of the women who send him mash notes and try to fling themselves at his feet; but as he says, "Right now, both Elizabeth and I are at the top of the curve of success, and so we've got no place to go but down." Awareness of the temporal nature of his fame keeps him from taking the whole thing too seriously. Some day the mash notes will stop, so there is no point in bothering with them now.

He sipped at the champagne. "The difficulty is that we can't possibly live what you call a normal life. I like the celebrity bit and I don't. I think I'd be happy either way. There's the attention, of course, and getting the best seats and all that, but it has its problems. We simply can't go anywhere in a normal fashion. We like to stop off in a bar for a drink sometimes, but we can't. There was a place across the street from the theater in New York where I was playing *Hamlet* last August. To get to it we'd have to get in a car, drive around four or five blocks and pull up from the opposite direction. Otherwise they absolutely follow you right from the theater into the bar. Another time we went into a bar in Monterrey. The place was empty when we came in. Twenty minutes later they were packed in shoulder to shoulder. To get away from it I used to ride up into the mountains sometimes. Up there you're just another gringo.

"The worst are the kids with cameras. One Sunday when we were in New York, Elizabeth and I tried to go for a walk in Central Park. It was a nightmare. We hardly got out of the hotel before they were on us, about 75 kids. They stick the cameras up in front of you and pop the flashbulbs right in your face. It's like looking into the sun. Your eyes go bad; you can't see a thing."

Miss Taylor sat up on the bed. "If you fellows don't mind, get out of here so I can dress?" she requested mildly.

Burton rose, picking up his glass. "We're being packed off. There's a room across the hall we can use."

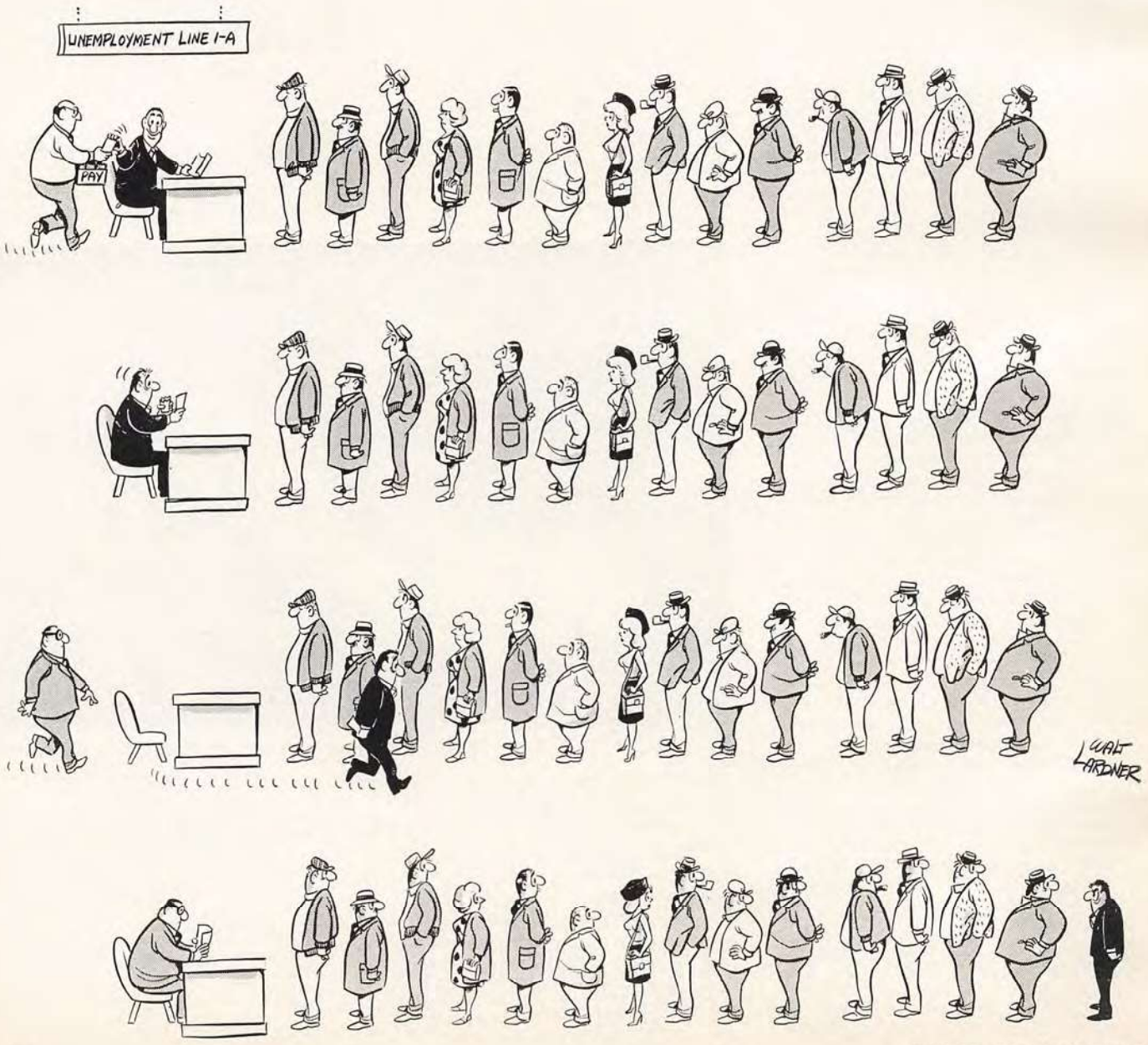
"Have you had anything to eat, Richard?"

"No, luv."

"Try and remember to have some lunch." She turned to me. "He never eats anything unless I nag at him."

We crossed the hall to a room identical to the one we had left, lacking only the cardboard box of champagne and the drift of clothing which splash over everything, and sat down on a pair of brown metal students' chairs.

"The difficulty is that you're always putting on an act. I can't do it here, of course, but in London sometimes I would get on a subway, and people would just sit there and stare, and I'd find myself doing all the simplest things with a bit of style. Say, if I were doing a crossword puzzle to kill the time I'd always be conscious of those eyes and I'd find myself writing in the words with a flourish. I think everybody is presenting an image,



trying to be all things to all men, but the actor exaggerates. I have noticed that if I play a certain kind of part I find myself becoming that character off stage to a certain extent. When I was making the first half of *Becket*, where the character is a rouser, I was off boozing it up with Peter O'Toole every night. But then when we started on the part where Becket has become a saint, I found myself staying home nights with a glass of good wine and a limp leather-bound volume of poems."

Peter O'Toole, the rising young actor who first made his mark as Lawrence of Arabia, is one of Burton's drinking companions. At one time so was Marlon Brando. They used to hang out in a bar at 55th Street and Seventh Avenue in New York, until one time Burton told Brando he was getting fat. "You're getting bald," Brando responded. They haven't spoken since. A third drinking buddy was the late Welsh poet, Dylan Thomas. "Thomas was funny," Burton says. "He'd disappear for months, and then suddenly he'd show up and move in with you. The last time I saw him was in a bar in New York. He wouldn't recognize me." Not all of his friends are celebrated, however. One of them is the relatively unknown actor Robert Webber, who appears with Burton in *Sandpiper*.

Bob Wilson, Burton's dresser, companion, and the best man at his wedding to Miss Taylor, came in carrying an apple, a hard-boiled egg, a piece of cake and an aging bologna sandwich. "She ordered a lot of fried chicken, but when it came it wasn't cooked. This is all there is left."

"Thank you, Robert," Burton said. Wilson left, and Burton began peeling the egg. "But you know, to be truthful, I like being the center of attention. I like dominating conversations if I can. In America, a star can only play leading roles, but in England it's different, especially in the theater. You play a lead one day, a supporting role the next; so at one point I signed on to play Caliban, the beast-man in *The Tempest*. I was on stage only thirty minutes each night and I was furious all the time I was off. I used to stand in the wings, fuming. I wanted to be out there all the time."

The door opened and actress Eva Marie Saint, who appears in *Sandpiper*, walked in. She stopped short when she saw us. "Excuse me, am I interrupting something?" she asked.

Burton stood and grinned. "I'm being interviewed," he said, and introduced us.

"Well, I have to dress in here," she said.

"We've been thrown out again," Burton said. "Come on, we'll see if my wife's finished her bloody changing."

He picked up the glass and the by now naked hard-boiled egg, leaving the sandwich, the cake and the apple behind, and we went back to his dressing room. His wife had indeed finished. She was wearing a pair of pale blue slacks, a little white sweater, and her black hair hung loose to well below her shoulders. She looked absolutely splendid.

"Well, Richard, what vile things have you been telling him behind my back?" she bantered.

"Oh, some perfectly splendid gossip," he said. Then, to me: "You know, we've been put through hell by the press. In Italy they were photographing us with telescopic lenses and all the rest of it. In London they went into the hotel and took the suite right under us. They had somebody down there standing on a ladder with one of these listening devices pressed to the ceiling, trying to catch us having a glorious fight. We're always wondering if somebody's listening in on us. Last night this char here couldn't sleep, and she woke me up at four in the morning to have some company. We thought if anybody was sneaking around our bungalow at the hotel we might as well give them some fun, so we put on a lot of laughing and loud talk. Actually, the American press has been the best. They've been more sympathetic. In Europe they were simply murderous."

Despite Burton's love of the limelight he refuses to see his own pictures. Since he cannot of course watch himself act on the stage, this means that he has only a vague idea of what his work looks like. Painters hang their own paintings, composers play their own songs, and movie actors especially are fond of rerunning their old films for their private edification. Burton is thus an oddity. "I saw the first one I made," he told me one day. "It seemed to me as if I were watching one of my own brothers. I thought I was awful and I decided never to go again.

"Then years later somebody convinced me I had to see myself in *Look Back in Anger*. They said, 'You're superb, you must see it,' and all that, so I went. I walked out after twenty minutes." He grinned wryly. "Actually, I'm not much of a theater goer. I only go if there's a friend of mine in it, and I'd never go at all if I weren't part of it. In fact, I have very little tolerance for any of the arts, except for books. I love books, I love to read, I read everything from detective stories to the metaphysical poets. The other arts don't much interest me. Ballet and the opera, with all that posturing and bellowing around the stage makes me burst out laughing. I can't help it.

"But then, you must remember I'm from the working class. I have the typical working class attitude toward masculinity. I don't like anything fey. I like any role I play to be a man. For example, I'll never play Romeo. I think it's a terrible part. He's so mealy-mouthed. I don't like him. I don't like ballet. I like Dixieland jazz, I like the old New Orleans players like—what's his name? *Snake Rag?*"

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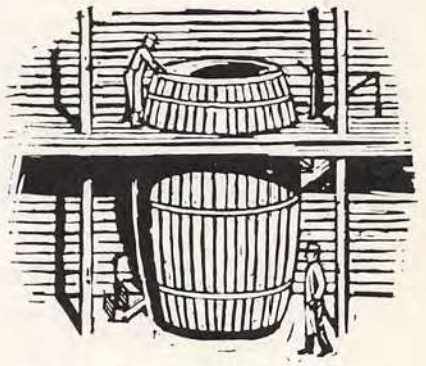

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"Joe Oliver," I supplied.

"Yes, Oliver. Then another part of it is sports. I ride sometimes, but I fall off a lot. I used to be a pretty good rugby player, though. Not professional—in England it's the way your football was twenty years ago. We have professionals, but everybody goes to see the amateurs, the way they used to concentrate on your college football. I was pretty good, as I recall."

"As I recall, my foot," Miss Taylor said. "He was written up in a couple of sports books and he's always got his face pressed to them to see what they said about him."

"Come off it, luv."

"It's true."

Burton laughed. "I used to do a lot more. I like squash and I used to shoot golf in the sort of 80's, but I have this arthritis in my back and it acts up sometimes. Once last year playing *Hamlet* I was tearing along waving my arms and ripping out the lines when it struck me. I stopped absolutely rigid in midflight, one arm raised up over my head. You can't imagine the pain. I reached up

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gingerly with one arm and pulled the other down, and then I shuffled off-stage sideways like an old man. Fortunately Elizabeth knows all the doctors in the world—she's had more operations than a char woman—and she got me a man who fixed me up so I missed only a couple of performances. But I don't get as much exercise as I'd like to, because of the arthritis. I drive everywhere. I've given up horses."

I asked him if he owned a lot of cars.

"Not now, but once I had a thing about them. I wasn't satisfied with anything that went less than 160 miles an hour—until I smashed one of them up. I wasn't scratched, but when I got a look at the car I nearly collapsed. So I decided to play safe and stick to bigger cars, and I went in for Rolls-Royces and such. Finally I noticed that I was beginning to show them off and I decided it was bad for me. The pride of possession and all that. So I got rid of them. Now I have only a small Mini-Cooper." He grinned. "Of course my wife has a perfectly magnificent Rolls, haven't you, luv?"

"We never get to drive it," she said. "We keep it in Europe."

"But I still have a thing about houses. That's part of my beginnings, the working class thing, too. You know, land is safe, never mind these stocks and bonds and all that, give me land, land. I have a farm in Ireland I've never seen, and we have a house in Mexico. And Miss Taylor here has a vast place in Switzer-

"George! You were coaching him last night!"

land with the only private bomb shelter in the country. She's got it full of clothes. You can't get into the bloody place."

"Some Texan built it. It's ridiculous, an atomic bomb shelter in Switzerland," Miss Taylor explained. "It's a perfect cold storage place for clothes."

"Land," he mused. "It's permanent."

"Not like acting," I suggested.

"No. Acting's gone, once it's done. Even film doesn't make it permanent. Somehow, film performances get dated, I don't know why. Only very rarely does a movie performance hold up over the years. Your only permanence is what somebody remembers about you, the way they remember Kean, the way they remember Barrymore. It used to bother me, this lack of permanence, but it doesn't so much, any more. I suppose that's partly why reviews are so important. I get absolutely suicidal over bad reviews. You never get over it. Of course if you get one or two bad ones in a lot of good ones it's all right. There were a couple of bad ones for *Hamlet*, but there were thirty good ones and it didn't matter. But once in England I was really panned for *Henry V*. I was absolutely suicidal, depressed beyond anything. I had always been the golden boy, I had never had bad notices. I was always the one with the great potential, and those bad reviews really got me down."

I asked him how he felt about the comments that he had sold out.

He smiled ruefully. "Potential. I'm never a great actor, always a *potential* great actor."

Somebody stuck his head in the door. "Mr. Burton, they want you on the set."

Burton rose, absently pulling up the waist of his trousers and tucking down his shirt. "You never get to *be* a great actor until you're dead, I suppose. Well, come on, you want to have a look at this?"

We went through the doorway and down the stairs into the heat. The 200 supporting players and technicians milled about under the sun, and the great cameras were being jockeyed into place outside the door of the school chapel. Burton meandered through the confusion, apparently oblivious to the technicians and bit players, who stared after him as commoners observing the progress of a king. We entered the chapel, and Burton submitted to being dressed in coat and cassock of the cleric he was playing. In the scorching southern California heat I didn't envy him.

He had been drinking champagne fairly steadily, if slowly, for perhaps four hours, but if the bubbly had any effect on him he didn't show it. As he stood inside the chapel, enduring the inevitable wait for director Minnelli's order to start, he continued to talk. Somebody brought him a tall water glass of champagne, which he sipped from slowly, tucking it down behind a corner when the shooting began. The scene involved a mob of school boys leaving the chapel with Burton, Taylor, and Eva Marie Saint; they did not satisfy Minnelli and the retakes went on and on. Burton accepted it calmly, returning to the champagne glass at each break.

"You know," he said, staring moodily at the uproar, "sometimes I think I can't live without it; but there are times I'd like to kick it in the teeth."

—James L. Collier

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JOURNALISM'S SEXIEST SCOOP

[*Continued from page 37*]

Sometime around 3 a.m., Rosina Townsend, the madame of the City Hotel and mistress of a high-ranking police official, rushed out of her brothel calling for help. Upstairs, Ellen Jewett lay dead on an ironically suitable funeral pyre—a flaming bed. At 7 a.m., on Rosina's word alone, the police arrested the man she knew as Frank Rivers in his furnished room.

Bennett never revealed exactly how he first heard the story, but it was probably in some crowded bed on Duane Street, spent and hung-over. His thin lips must have peeled back from his strong white teeth, giving him the appearance of a horse laughing. Then, after bullying his way into the whorehouse, Bennett rushed back to his damp cellar. On Monday morning, April 11, New York read its first sensational crime story.

Bennett pulled out all the stops. "Our city was disgraced," he wrote, "by one of the most foul and premeditated murders . . ." and he went on to accuse Frank Rivers of splitting Ellen's head open when she refused to give back his letters and jewelry.

But it was his description of that visit to the City Hotel on Sunday morning that set the pulses of New York moving.

". . . half uncovered, the ghastly corpse. Slowly I began to discover the lineaments of the corpse as one would the beauties of a statue of marble. It was the most remarkable sight I ever beheld. . . . The body looked as white, as full, as polished as the purest Parian marble . . . the full arms, the beautiful bust. One arm lay over her bosom. . . . For a few moments I was lost in admiration at this extraordinary sight—a beautiful female corpse that surpassed the finest statue of antiquity. I was recalled to her horrid destiny by seeing the dreadful bloody gashes on the right temple. . . ."

A new era in American journalism had been born. On the streets, respectable citizens cursed the *Herald*, called it a "foul and indecent sheet," and bought it. The second-hand presses smoked and broke down trying to keep up with the demand and dozens of extra newsboys were hired. For the next two months Bennett kept the city in a frenzy, keeping the story alive with thousands of words of truth, half-truth, and plain misinformation. He played out the story slowly, an inch at a time, titillating, shocking, offending.

Once the initial interest over the murder itself had died down, Bennett began delving into the life of Ellen Jewett, playing it for pathos now, the sad, trite story of a well-brought-up orphan, seduced at 16, turned out of her foster home and pointed down the primrose path. When this began to pale, he dug his pen into Frank Rivers, a young dandy who had seduced and impregnated a 15-year-old girl. According to Bennett's stories, Rivers had decided to marry the youngster rather than leave town and a big future in the hardware business. When Ellen Jewett refused to release him and return such incriminating evidence of their affair as letters and jewelry, Rivers hacked her to death.

By now the story was too big for the other papers to ignore and they started calling for a quick trial and a satisfactory hanging. The *Herald* began to lose circulation as people returned to their usual newspapers. Good old Jemmy did an immediate about face. In print, he began to question Robinson-Rivers' guilt. He intimated that the young clerk was taking a false rap.

"There is some mysterious juggle going on . . . look to it. The various circumstances showing the probable guilt of Robinson . . . can they not be shown to naturally flow out of other person's guilt —of a deep laid conspiracy of female rivals?"

The other newspapers jumped on Bennett now. The *Sun* accused him of taking a bribe of $50 from some friends of Robinson-Rivers to create a public rumor of his innocence. Bennett accused the *Sun* of impeding justice.

Then he visited the City Hotel again, and this time he reported finding an important clue. On one of the parlor walls was a large painting of a beautiful, half-naked Indian maiden on her knees. Standing above her was a savage, raising a tomahawk. Bennett wrote:

"If a rival in the same line of work wanted to do away with such a troublesome competitor, would not the picture perpetually hanging there—visible at all hours suggest to female vengeance or female design the very act that was perpetrated?"

He let that sit for a couple of days and then he went to visit Rosina Townsend, the 39-year-old ex-whore who ran the City Hotel. Rosina, a hawk-faced red-head, had been the only one to see Rivers enter the brothel the night of the murder (and she admitted that his face had been covered by his cloak). While Bennett couldn't crack her story, he spread her out in the *Herald* with all the deftness of a practiced character assassin.

"She is reputed to have been kept by an attaché of the very police who have this affair in their hands. She has an eye —a pair of them—and they are the eyes of the devil. We looked at them—we looked through them—we caught as we believed a glimpse of the very soul within. It is passion and malevolence.

"That hollow cheek—the deep-set eye —that perturbed spirit we did not like. When I cross-examined her, she could hardly look me in the face. She scowled, and averted her flashing eyes. In temper, I hear, she is a perfect devil. . . ."

Circulation doubled, circulation tripled, the presses broke down and there weren't enough newsboys to hawk the *Herald*. The other papers couldn't keep up with Bennett now and the lantern-jawed Scotsman started putting out 8- and 12-page papers. He accused the police department of withholding evidence to protect important bankers and public officials who had slept with Ellen. He accused Rosina of stealing Ellen's money and jewelry. He predicted that the trial would split New York wide open, revealing graft, corruption and, incidentally, the frame-up of an innocent, kindly young man.

While Bennett continued pounding away at Frank Rivers' innocence, the other papers in New York began pounding away at Bennett: He had begun to shake the tree.

The rival newspapers were less concerned about the "indecency" and lack of truth of his reporting than they were with the innovations Bennett was making in journalism. His visits to the City Hotel, for example, were among the first times a journalist went to the source for news, rather than merely taking whatever the officials wanted to hand out. His inter-

TRUE

view with Rosina Townsend was the first actual printed newspaper interview. And his espousal of Rivers' innocence—for whatever reason—was the first real American example of the crusading detective-reporter, a type later run to death in books, movies and television.

The biggest rap the rival papers had against Bennett's innovations was that it was taking money out of their pockets: readers were beginning to find out that swashbuckling journalism beat ship news any day and they were buying the *Herald*.

The attacks against Bennett became vicious and personal. The *Sun* charged that the *Herald's* publisher was a habitué of whorehouses, including the City Hotel. Bennett cheerfully wrote in reply:

"I always preferred young, pretty, virtuous, educated girls at the Springs, Niagara Falls, Washington and elsewhere. I well remember the first and only time I entered a house of that kind in Halifax, Novia Scotia, when the girls told me: 'You are too ugly a rascal to come among us.' "

As the trial approached, the *Herald's* circulation spiraled upwards, long past the break-even point of 5,000 copies a day, moving past 10,000. With money pouring in, Bennett moved his offices to Nassau Street, hired some reporters (whom he advised: "Be as lascivious as you want, but, dammit, don't be vulgar,") and continued to tease his readers with such significant developments in the case as a report that some local medical students had disinterred Ellen's body and dissected it.

COMING . . .

With a murderous sense of humor and an unquotable vocabulary,

A RAVEN RAPS AT DAN MANNIX'S DOOR

Don't miss this razzle-dazzle story of a fine feathered fiend

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The trial opened on June 2, 1836, in a driving, pelting rainstorm, but thousands surged at the doors of the court. (With characteristic righteousness, Bennett called the mob scene "a disgrace.") Housewives clutched colored lithographs of Ellen and Rivers. Half the Stock Exchange was there, predicting each other's social ruin. After all, who *hadn't* spent time in the City Hotel? At least 15 prospective jurors defaulted, at a staggering fine of $25 each, obviously afraid of being caught in the possible political implications of the trial.

If the case itself was a juggle, the trial was a confused juggle. While Bennett sat in a front-row seat with the amused satisfaction of a producer watching his own smash hit, Rosina, her maid, and two police officers (who turned out to be on the City Hotel payroll) alternately lied and changed their stories. Finally, a grocer named Furlong stepped out of nowhere and broke the prosecution's case. He said that at the time of the murder Frank Rivers, the defendant, had been buying cigars at his store.

The jury needed exactly eight minutes to bring back a verdict of not guilty and on June 8, 1836, an extra edition of the *Herald* thundered: "TRIUMPHANT ACQUITTAL. Now the duty begins to search for the real murderer—and the first step is the instant arrest of every man, married or single, who was caught in the arms of love and licentiousness in that house of infamy.

"We know the name of him who luxuriated with the lovely Emma French—of him who fondled the thin lips of Rosina Townsend—of him who was caught by the watchmen in his shirt and drawers. . . ."

Robinson-Rivers went free, and the *Herald* began to climb to the top of New York journalism. But the case was hardly closed. Even as Bennett went on to change the face of journalism, to introduce such modern-day techniques as local and home news coverage; foreign correspondents; the emphasis on crime and sex news, and human interest stories, the lanky Scotsman continued to write about the Ellen Jewett murder.

In 1837, when Joseph Hoxie, Robinson-Rivers' former employer, was nominated for Clerk of the County, Bennett accused the hardware man of paying witnesses to lie under oath for the young clerk. In 1838, when Furlong the grocer committed suicide, Bennett implied that the man did it out of conscience for having lied on the stand.

No one was ever sure whether it was conscience, or just the desire to sell more papers, that made Bennett reverse his position once again, this time to assure the world that Ellen's acquitted lover had actually murdered the prostitute. In 1839, he wrote:

"Robinson, with a friend, entered the Texas army under the name of Richard Parmelie and his right hand was wounded in some engagement. His arm became paralyzed. And strange to say the arm that in all probability committed the bloody deed is now completely paralyzed . . . the seducer, the murderer, the horrible reprobate."

The case was never officially re-opened, but years later, Bennett was accused of having extorted $13,000 from a prominent citizen who was in the whorehouse on the night of the murder.

Rosina Townsend eventually disappeared. Ellen Jewett's bed was ultimately chopped up and sold for souvenirs. And James Gordon Bennett, drunk, liar, whoremaster, scandal-monger, alleged blackmailer and accused bribe-taker, climbed upon a pedestal in American journalism. His coverage of the Mexican War and the Civil War revolutionized combat journalism. His advertising, reporting and editing techniques are used today.

James Gordon Bennett is what today's college textbooks call either a pioneer, giant, or father of modern journalism. The cynical Scotsman who climbed to immortality over the body of a dead whore would have roared with laughter. Better to learn just that he peddled his papers. **—Hy Turner and Bob Lipsyte**

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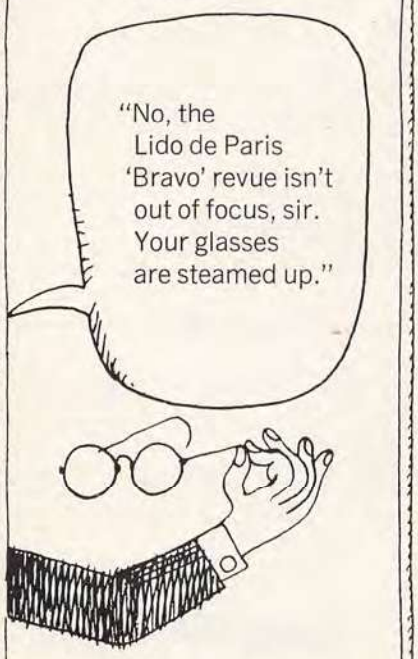

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TIN LIZZIES ON A TEAR

[*Continued from page* 48]

busts on our 50-year-old heaps, maybe even do it as we drive. No relief driver, either."

That speech sold me and as we started out now to catch up with the race, Bill Browning said, "Buckle your seat belt," and jammed his foot to the floor. We wanted to get into the middle of it, maybe even catch the front runners. Some were bound to creep up on others. We soon found there were small knots in huddles, each car jockeying to get around the others. We rocketed past several of the last starters, waving and shouting encouragement. We were held up by regular traffic and realized what hurdles these racers have. One, along with us, was wasting precious time trapped behind a big truck on a hill.

"This first run is the big shake-out," Ray Habel had told me. Ray, a farmer from Dutton, Montana, is current president of the Association. Ray had just lost almost everything he had in a violent Teton River flood. But it didn't keep him from mixing it in the big race. "It's about 80 miles to the first time-out stop, Miles City," he said. "That first couple of hours will pretty well sort the cars and the drivers."

We didn't have long to wait for the first casualty. We zoomed over a rise and there ahead on the flat, smoke was billowing around a T. The driver, Cliff DeJong, who had come clear out here from Oskaloosa, Iowa, to enter his car, was out on the shoulder jumping up and down. We barrelled up to a sliding stop and rolled out.

"No, no!" Cliff yelled.

There's a rule: no outside help while under time on the road. Should we let Cliff burn up? If we helped and he got going, wouldn't he be heavily penalized? Bill and I ran into the ditch and shot pictures while Cliff fought his fire alone.

"Gas line sprung a leak," he yelled. "Caught my clothes and some other stuff afire on the floor."

"Great picture," Browning muttered to me, grinning.

We thought surely Cliff was out for good. But at that moment he cranked up, leaped into his topless T and shoved in the clutch. "She ain't leakin' bad," he called back, and was off again. Bill and I scrambled up the bank and stomped out the rest of the fire so the grass wouldn't catch. Presently we were hurtling across the plain again, fastening safety belts as we went.

Soon we caught and passed Joe Walsh. Joe is from White Sulphur Springs, Montana. It was Joe who had fathered Model T racing in the state. How did it happen?

"Some of us grew up driving Model T's," Joe told me. "Several of us stayed interested, I guess, and reconstructed T's as a hobby. I got a little race going there —you know, my T against somebody I knew. It spread and we began having longer races, with T owners from other towns coming over."

Later on, Ed Towe, a banker from Circle, Montana, hatched the idea of the cross country as an added annual big-time event. Ed, who was up ahead of us somewhere, was to come in third in this endurance race. The Association and its rules, evolved from among the enthusiasts who began to hear about the cross country and gather from all parts of the state. The rules are severe. The T enthusiasts didn't want this to be a group of souped-up cars, or of "classic" cars such as one sees in museums and at Old Time Car Meets. Sure, you can have a brass radiator and polish it if you wish. But the idea here was *authentic* T's, just like granddad drove, for all-out highway driving. They were to have all parts authentic, and the rules carefully covered additions or subtractions of any parts or equipment.

A racer is allowed to build up his car from parts scrounged from several others. Usually he has to, in fact, because parts are so difficult to find nowadays. Ken Cook, of Bozeman, who ran last, located his fine brass radiator from a man who'd found it in an old mine shaft abandoned years ago. But no modern soup-ups are allowed, although some stripping down is. The boys like to get 'em as light as possible. Every little bit helps. Some even run without a fan belt, to save a bit of drag on the motor. After all, these old T motors are only 20 to 22 horsepower—which makes their final elapsed times the more astonishing.

"Most of the cars never had self-starters, of course," one driver told me. "But if they did, we take 'em off and crank. Saves weight. Most drivers remove the hood, too. That's allowed. Some of the boys get their cars down to about 1,300 pounds."

Visiting with Ed Towe at one stop, I asked how many Model T races there are in the U.S. "Just us," he told me. "There's a small-potatoes hill climb in California, but no real T racing anywhere except in Montana. And this cross country is the only race of its kind in the world." Montana fans would be glad to go out of the state to race, he explained, but there are no organizations or challengers. They do, however, draw some entries from other states and more are always welcome.

Before we got to Miles City, several cars broke down. We came upon one crippled T with its follow-up car and trailer already loading to haul it in.

Soon after we came to a crossroad. Several modern cars were parked here, the occupants gathered from their ranches and farms to watch and cheer as the race went by. It was a scene to be repeated hundreds of times. Montana is a friendly and refreshingly unsophisticated hunk of country, still a little bit frontier. Because of this, we found it tough to get into and out of any time-out rest stop village on schedule. At every pause, there was some kind of banquet, or a barbecue in the town park, or an impromptu main-street parade, at which the local sheriff and his deputies unsnarled, and sometimes snarled, the piled-up traffic.

Miles City's one-hour rest stop produced a welter of excitement, disaster, exasperation, and hilarity. A dozen cars homed in to a privately owned old-car museum, desperately seeking parts and

"Mr. Joplin can't see you now. He's busy burning some records."

repairs. Bill and I hurried on downtown, where cowboys on horseback were gathered around parked T's. Characters straight from Charlie Russell canvases swarmed out of the local bars—looking like many yesterdays—and offered to set 'em up, a pastime officially ruled strictly taboo for racers.

Suddenly into this melee somebody shouted, "There's a T up the street on fire!"

Flames were shooting high. Before help could arrive, it was a burned-out shell. The owner, Dick Schuler, from Dutton, said dejectedly: "Chunk from the magneto broke off and went through the hogshead. Punctured the gas tank and poured gas over the motor. It was gone almost before we could begin to get away."

Bill and I had to hurry on out to the stockyards, where the first-off racers were about to be checked out for the next leg of the run. Just as we arrived at the take-off point, with the T's beginning to line up and the front runners under the flag, a group of cowboys appeared, hazing a herd of long-horned steers across the highway to the yards. Away through the Lizzies they bolted, bawling and kicking up. The race starter lowered his flag and swore. The driver under the flag chimed in with polished accompaniment. I was sure I saw one cowboy, cud in his weathered cheek, smothering a howl of laughter.

"The longer this race goes on," Bill Browning murmured, "the wilder it's going to get."

Bill was right. The next day, after a stop-over at Laurel near Billings, the country became more mountainous. With some cars out, others lagging, competition boiled up in intermittent flurries of high excitement whenever little groups closed up. On a washboarded gravel stretch of detour, we watched three T's come neck and neck, fenders almost touching. At full speed, their front wheels shimmied and bounced clear off the road. They wobbled and sashayed, each driver grimly hanging on. Others behind emerged out of the dust cloud, standing up while driving with gas levers clear down, trying to see where they were going.

There's a good deal of danger for drivers in this race. The ancient cars were never intended for such grueling high-speed punishment hour after hour, even way back when. They catch fire easily. Because they're so light, they're hard to stop, easy to skid and to roll. We saw several take to the fields and ditches on tight turns. An old wheel may break, a skinny tire blow. The ordinary hazards that lose time are legion, too. We got used to seeing a T driver leap out and run to a creek to scoop up water for a steaming radiator. Or frantically wire something together with baling wire. Once we caught a fellow hastily sneaking a hunk of wire from a ranch fence for rush repairs.

Normal highway traffic is, of course, always a serious hazard. And sometimes the racers, in their determined competition, are a holy terror hazard for other traffic, too. All traffic rules are supposed to be obeyed. A citation costs a one-hour penalty. But when a little pod of three to five drivers found themselves crank to tail light, the heat of a "race-within-a race" always flared into flame. Bill and I followed one such group darting enthusiastically and precariously in and out around each other. Suddenly there was a snug moment. A right front fender and a left rear on the car ahead of it touched with a "ping" at almost 60 miles per hour. Another inch would certainly have rolled both, end over end, into the path of the following T's.

There was much banter at the rest

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stops about who'd be first to run over one of us. Bill and I lay with cameras at pavement's edge below a rise and watched four T's come over the hill abreast. They roared down on us, taking up the whole road, and missed us by inches.

"I swear," I quavered to Bill, "those crazy devils would run right over anything that got in the way."

Bill's reply was the understatement of the run. "I think," he said, "they're out to win."

But the most dramatic instances of super Teemanship occurred when a coil acted up, or a small gas leak started, or a car started missing but didn't quite quit. Nobody wanted to stop and lose time repairing. So the driver simply climbed out onto his running board. While steering with his right hand, he knelt and stuck his head into the motor area, looking up occasionally to make sure he was still in Montana. He'd fiddle with this or that, get her putting evenly again. One racer we followed was at it for over a mile and still traveling 40 by our speedometer. Then, patched up on the run, he climbed back in and poured the coal to her.

Each evening before and after local banquets, and again at dawn, the guys all huddled over their cars, tuning, fixing. They cannot, of course, make any major repair such as an engine change, or removal of head or pan (two-hour penalty for that unless you are under the time clock). The engines must be officially sealed before the race. This is done by drilling a left front head bolt, second or third large pan bolt head, and first or second small pan bolt head. A safety wire with a lead seal is then attached. At the finish, the first three cars placing have the seals broken, and they are torn completely down for inspection by three or more appointed inspectors. No. 4 must stand by for inspection, in case one of the others should be disqualified.

At one of our last stops, the bugs had been bad and drivers were nervous. Bugs plaster windshields so a driver can't see. No electric wipers, remember, on a T. Then just as the cars were getting away a shower came up. Bill and I drove hellbent behind a pod of jockeying racers all reared up squinting over their rained-out windshields. They were taking a beating from the cold, pelting rain. But the windshields can't be opened. They, too, are sealed shut before the race, so everybody is even on wind drag.

Suddenly on a wet curve we found ourselves boxed in. T's surrounded us. Two more whose motors were stammering loomed up in front. "Take her to the barn!" I yelled to Bill. He hit the shoulder skidding, leaving it all to the wildly wheeling racers. One shot past us on the right, went down into the ditch and back up and never lost his place in the formation. Another skidded broadside, somehow shaped up and roared on. An oncoming tourist car had heads stuck out every window. My impression was of bunches of eyes on stalks. I didn't blame them.

After that there was no letup. Adrenalin flowed freely right on down to the Helena finish line. There spectators were packed solid at the city limits to see 30 T's cross the finish line. Winner John Frick, Dutton, Montana, made the run in the almost unbelievable elapsed time of 10 hours, 9 minutes, 11 seconds. Even more amazing, the first 10 T's were separated by a bare 25 minutes. This means the winner made roughly a 50-mile-an-hour average. As everyone knows, this means running 60 much of the time. Pretty good going for a bunch of elderly Tin Lizzies. The Association is already taking applications for next July's race from proud T owners who think they can do even better. —**Christopher Michaels**

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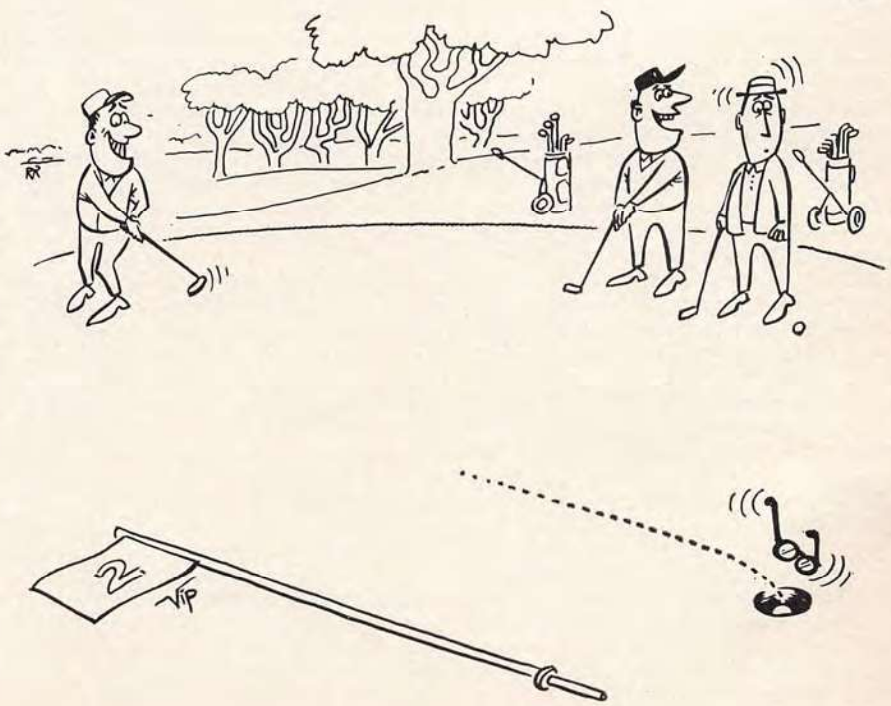

"That ball acted like it had eyes!"

FLY FISHING'S SUPREME TEST

[*Continued from page* 57]

along tirelessly over the ocean waves.

The entire 30 yards of fly line shot through the guides followed by the pale tracery of the backing line under preset tension from the husky salt-water fly reel. Yet even against the combined pressure of drag and rod, the fish very nearly stripped the entire 200 yards before Captain Schmidt brought the big *Caiman* laboriously about in response to Robinson's cries of: "Let's get after him!"

Quartering toward the distant prize, the boat built speed as Robinson began cranking furiously to regain a supply of backing. Operating under regulations of the Miami Beach Rod and Reel Club, Robinson was bound to the use of a single-action reel whose spool revolves once for every turn of the handle. Line which goes out by the galloping yard comes back by the creeping inch. When fast recovery of line becomes necessary, as it so often does, nobody's wrist and elbow are geared to long survive a speedy pickup job with a single-action.

When at last the run stopped and the sailfish switched to a circling series of slow jumps, Robinson gratefully dropped his right arm to flex cramped fingers and bask luxuriously for a few moments in an ecstasy of inactivity while rod and drag did all the work.

A husky nine-foot fly rod packs far more power than many people would guess. Robinson maintained full rod pressure constantly, then began to "pump" rhythmically (haul back, then reel on the drop of the rod) when he could. Over the next half hour there were several more jumps, considerable sulking and additional runs —but not for such distances that the reserve of backing line was seriously threatened. Through it all the stout rod administered its unyielding punishment and the single-action reel had no trouble sucking in the short bites of line produced by pumping. Slowly the sailfish was drawn in.

Another critical phase of battle approached, perhaps the most critical of all. Ordinarily, the landing of a sailfish is accomplished by gripping the wire leader with gloved hands and hauling the fish close enough to be lifted aboard by its bill. Should a fish be too large to invite manual "billing," the leader still must be handled to afford a proper target for the flying gaff. But Robinson's leader was of monofilament nylon—not the tough piano wire of conventional gear—and included a tapered portion testing only 12 pounds. True, a foot of nylon-coated woven-wire cable tipped the leader to prevent abrasion at the hook, but this did nothing for overall strength. The leader could not be safely touched—and the gaff would have to be swung at a free-moving target.

Robinson pressed his thighs against the railing for support, holding his rod high and cranking slowly. Stinging sweat filled his eyes. Suddenly the sailfish saw the boat, leaped and attempted to spin around in the air, its supple body literally drawn double. But Robinson stepped backward across the deck, allowing the whippy rod first to absorb the sudden jolt, then to flex and lift the tired fish once more.

The gaff flashed and sank into solid flesh. As Robinson gawked, deft hands hauled at the gaff rope, gripped the bill and heaved the sailfish aboard. At the base of its bill, the white fly hung like a rumpled exclamation point to emphasize this new milestone in fly casting.

At 74½ pounds the sailfish seemed a bit on the scrawny side for the role of vanquished titan, but the twinkle in Webster Robinson's deepset eyes and the tight smile under his snowy mustache beamed appreciation at the *system,* not the fish. He had not lucked out and found a foolish, fly-eating sailfish among the thousands which would have passed up the lure on a "cold" approach. Instead, he had devised a system for breaking down a billfish's inherent guards against gulping anything phony.

Strangely, the foundation for this unprecedented feat was laid as the by-product of a plan to *avoid* sailfish.

Robinson, whose white hair seems oddly out of place over his bronzed face and erect, muscular physique, told me recently that sailfish were, at the time, driving him crazy.

"Right in the middle of a hot black-marlin streak, sailfish started swarming like a plague of locusts. They were ruining every marlin bait we put out. Louis Schmidt grumbles about sailfish anyway, the way we moan about barracuda in Florida, and he was pretty close to the boiling point.

"We tried putting out a small bait just to lure the sails away from our marlin rigs. They fell for the bait, all right, but often would get hooked and then proceed to tangle up both marlin lines.

"Finally I retired the bait and substituted a seven-inch wood casting plug with the hooks removed. This I trolled from the center on a heavy outfit."

The diversionary tactics worked well. Sails did indeed focus their attack on the gyrating plug and, after snapping at it, usually left in a pout. Robinson went on to land 24 black marlin during the month-long cruise and Captain Schmidt regained his tranquility.

But there was to be another result of the decoy system. Robinson noted with mounting enthusiasm that many sailfish refused to accept the fact that this dancing delight of a plug was anything less than a live tidbit. Whenever a reluctant fish declined to leave the premises, Captain Schmidt ordered the plug cranked up, figuring the sail would follow, spot the boat and flee in terror. But more often than not Robinson was treated to the spectacle of a lithe sailfish rippling through white water to within 25 feet of the stern—plainly enraged at the elusiveness of its fancied meal.

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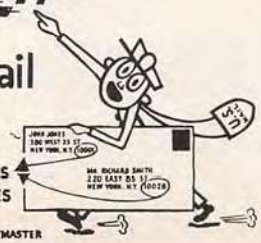

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POSTMASTER

Robinson suddenly felt the overpowering urge to reach for a fly rod.

Unlike Captain Schmidt, who has dedicated himself to black marlin for so long that he thinks all lesser species were dumped into the Pacific straight from Pandora's Box, Robinson had tasted—and enjoyed—just about every conceivable form of angling.

"I knew right then," he states flatly, "that those fish would jump a fly."

With discretion born of his close marlin-fishing association with Captain Schmidt on the *Caiman II*, Robinson made no immediate disclosure of his ambitions. At trip's end, he returned to his Key West home and approached the task from an academic viewpoint. By the time he again boarded the *Caiman* a year later at Balboa, Canal Zone, he was loaded with ammunition that included a refined teasing system and a specially designed popping fly.

Even then he did not suggest to Captain Schmidt that fly casting for sails become a major campaign at the expense of marlin time. On the contrary, he proceeded to do even better on blacks, capturing no fewer than 29. In consideration of those elevating accomplishments, the skipper not only agreed to a reasonable amount of fly fishing but even became infected with a bit of Robinson's zeal.

First idea from the off-season planning board was replacement of the wooden plug by a strip of meat cut from the belly of a bonito. This always had been an excellent producer of sailfish. But rigged on wire without a hook it would serve as a teaser rather than a bait.

"We know the plug brings fish up," he pointed out to the captain, "but it doesn't keep all of them interested. My idea is to give them a taste of this belly strip, then yank it away and keep pulling it closer. What do you think?"

With recollections of mangled marlin baits dancing in his head, Captain Schmidt concurred. "When a sail *tastes* something he likes, you can't run him away with a depth charge. Watch out or you'll have them crawling into the cockpit."

They tried the teaser first off Pinas Bay, which is a good two-day trip for the *Caiman* from Balboa. Sailfish responded like hogs. In their excitement and frustration they chased the teaser, sometimes to the point of sticking their beaks above the surface and fencing for it as it was cranked aboard.

In this way the first fly-caught sailfish was delivered into casting range and prodded into the appropriate state of mind.

On subsequent attempts, five more sailfish were hooked. A second catch raised the newborn fly record to 97½ pounds. The other four twisted their way to freedom, usually by wrapping the flimsy leader around their rough bills and fraying it. Six additional sailfish struck the fly but eluded the hook.

"All the hookups," Robinson told me, "came when the fish struck at right angles to the fly. I never managed to stick one that hit directly from behind."

With his fly-casting system firmly established, Robinson considered new goals. "I could try for bigger Pacific sails, or shoot for some other billfish. But what kind? Atlantic sails and white marlin were logical prospects, but neither grows so large as the Pacific sail. Blue marlin and black marlin seemed far too ambitious.

"I fretted for a long time and finally decided on striped marlin. They are bigger and tougher than sails, yet small enough to offer at least a chance on my fly tackle."

His tackle, of course, would remain the same—down to the 12-pound breaking strength of the leader. His club rules required it, and similar standards prevail in salt-water fly-casting competition most everywhere, including the public birthplace of this competitive form—the 29-year-old Metropolitan Miami Fishing Tournament.

Though he had never fished there, Robinson selected Baja California for his striped marlin fling, settling first at Rancho Buena Vista, 40 miles from the tip of the fish-famous Mexican peninsula.

There were some doubts as to how native crewmen might react to the sight of a fly rod or the suggestion of throwing a wad of chicken feathers at striped marlin. Besides, the elaborate angling system could scarcely be expected to sail smoothly over a language barrier. So Robinson wisely undertook his expedition in the company of Capt. Lefty Reagan, Key West's most versatile charter skipper and an old angling crony of Robinson's. Ted Smits, also a fishing skipper, was along too.

"Robinson got a real jolt when we found our first striped marlin at the surface and tried to tease it up," Lefty told me. "Ted had rigged up a belly bait so perfect I almost swallowed it myself. We all expected the marlin to break its neck when we trolled it past, but the fish showed barely enough interest to follow at a distance.

"The striper stayed behind the teaser for several minutes. Then it moved up, looked, and dropped back again. Three more times it approached before it finally took."

Happily, the marlin proved as stubborn about changing its mind as it had been about making it up. Once it tasted the teaser the fish kept boldly on the trail until the teaser disappeared and was replaced by the fly. Then the marlin launched a quick charge—only to wheel away at the last instant and fade from sight. It did not come back.

Robinson turned, his face etched with suspense, yet smiling. "These are tougher than sailfish," he said with exuberance, "but we can take them."

Once more, his outlook was one which only an inveterate fly fisherman could understand: he relished the intellectual challenge of coaxing strikes from wary fish far more than the physical challenge of catching them.

The reaction of that first marlin was typical. They habitually approached even the choicest natural strips with great care. But once they tasted and approved, they responded well to the teasing tactics.

However, stripers continued to pass up the fly until Robinson worked out, through lengthy experiment, a different

"I never saw anyone enjoy delivering alimony payments like you, Bob."

retrieve. The slow stripping that had hypnotized sailfish was junked and replaced by fast hauls of the line blended with lateral sweeps of the rod. This kept the fly in constant darting motion and gave the marlin only the opportunity to accept or refuse.

They began accepting.

"The first time I hooked one of them," Robinson told me solemnly, "I remember telling myself I would be damned lucky if I managed to salvage any part of my equipment—from the fly right down to the rubber butt cap of the rod."

After two hours of incredible runs and jumps, the fish succeeded in parting the 12-pound leader. There were no signs of fray; despite superb boat handling and a silky drag, the extended strain of long-range battle proved too much. When used as line, 12-pound monofilament can absorb much punishment by distributing its stretch over its working length. A short leader, though, must eventually reach its ultimate stretching point.

Robinson continued to try. Four more marlin accepted the dare. Each in turn blistered the water for more than two hours and broke away. One of them, however, came within two feet of a rendezvous with the gaff.

Then one day at high noon Smits sank the flying gaff into a striped marlin which had struck three hours earlier and in a gallant battle had expended all its strength.

This first marlin, another pinnacle for modern fly casting, weighed 145 pounds.

The safari led next to Cabo San Lucas, which is as far as you can go on Lower California without getting your feet wet. And it was there that Webster Robinson graduated from his own school.

He had nursed, developed and polished fly casting for billfish. Now for two weeks he proceeded to do nothing but enjoy the sport he had created. As matter-of-factly as a trout fisherman going down to the stream, he picked up his fly rod each day and with it fished for striped marlin and sailfish—not caring how many he might land, or how big they might be, or what new plateaus might be reached.

During the two weeks he made no count of the strikes missed or fish that threw the hook. But billfish stole 19 flies. Most fish simply outfought the tackle. Others escaped only with the help of heavy seas which made it impossible to hold them at gaffing position. With extra flair, he lost one when loose line wrapped around a shirt button, and another when a commercial fishing boat misunderstood his frantic waving and turned the wrong way, cutting the line.

After ignoring sailfish for so long in favor of marlin, Robinson tried them for the first time in Mexican waters—and caught two fly casting in a single day.

Three more striped marlin were victimized. Two were on "regulation" 12-pound leader and another—which he ignores for the record—on 20-pound material (his supply of 12-pound monofilament ran out). Even so, the last catch ranks as the outstanding fly-casting achievement of all—a 178-pound striper.

Will larger game ever fall to the fly rod? Robinson claims no more ambitions and scarcely dares speculate. What about black marlin? He shudders at the suggestion, but you can spot a dreamy look in his eyes. For one morning, as the *Caiman II* trolled a hookless belly bait offshore from Panama's remote jungle coast, the teaser conjured up a huge black marlin. Spellbound, Robinson managed to flop out the fly with a trembling cast. At once the black spun and with the force of 40 sailfish smashed the fly so viciously the leader literally exploded.

Silent and limp, Robinson stood and stared at the diminishing froth of the marlin's attack. The spell was not broken until Captain Schmidt's voice boomed loud over the cockpit:

"I never expected to see the day when somebody would deliberately feed a black marlin a doggone dust mop."

—Vic Dunaway

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DAM GOOD WAY TO QUICK MONEY

[*Continued from page* 44]

because we had the land, with the proper creek and dam sites. Garbage! We went *hunting* such a place because we knew that land with water on it, or a situation where water can be caught and held, is today extremely valuable real estate, and will grow more and more valuable as time goes by.

There is the story, you know, about the husband who found a man hiding in his wife's bedroom closet and was told by the interloper: "Everybody's gotta be some place!"

That's violently true in the U.S. today. Our population is bursting at the seams. City dwellers, who are in the large majority, seek places in the country. Public places for outdoor recreation become more and more crowded. The lake fronts are swiftly being bought up. With the tremendous emphasis nowadays on outdoor recreation, and the exasperating crowding of public places, there is great merit in a man—or two or three friends together—purchasing a piece of land in the countryside and making their own privately owned, uncrowded recreational waters.

To show that it can't be too terribly difficult, there are in the U.S. today several *million* so-called "farm ponds." A lot of these are owned by nonfarmers—like Young and me. Last year a Soil Conservation Service survey showed that there were over a quarter million of these that had been built with assistance from that department. In densely populated areas there are still many spots to be found where such small lakes can be built. New York State, for example, has over 15,000 SCS-assisted ponds. Virginia has over 21,000. Our own lakes are only an hour away from a city of over half a million—San Antonio.

First, of course, you must buy the land. It is paradoxical that numerous small pieces of the least productive (and often the least desirable land) are the best spots for lake building. A tiny spring creek in an eroded gully, a swampy spot with a trickle of water, a small rocky canyon with no creek except when it rains, a stretch of near-barren semidesert with soil that will hold water—all these are possibles.

In south Texas, just as an example, small lakes are made by scooping big holes with a bulldozer out in the middle of the cactus (it happens our particular soil holds water well). These form the so-called ranch "tanks" where cattle drink. Infrequent rains fill these tanks, and with luck they last many years. This is an illustration of what can be done, given proper soils, in many other regions. The bass fishing in the south-Texas tanks, incidentally, is the best I have ever experienced anywhere.

Just outside the city limits of Kerrville, Texas, I was able to buy four additional acres behind our house (not the same property as our Bushwhack Creek operation). A "worthless" gully chopped down through the middle of this place. I had designs on that gully. I had discovered that a fairly good rain made a foot-wide creek out of it—for a day or two. Subsequently I had a small, cheap dam built to see if I could catch any water and, hopefully, to make a watering place for a couple of riding horses.

Rain in our area is news. Rather often it's news because it either doesn't occur, or else comes in a gully-washing torrent. Shortly after the small temporary dam was built, at a cost of less than $100, we got a three-inch rain. Miraculously this makeshift dam held. We awoke next morning with a one-acre pond 12 feet deep on our "back four."

I really wanted some fishing here. That was a pet idea. I took my fly rod, went to a neighbor's, caught a few sunfish from his pond, put them in a water-filled ice chest and brought them back to stock this small home pond. It has watered our horses, and furnished a modest amount of back-door fishing for three years. The extra land cost me about $200 an acre. A real-estate developer who saw the little pond urged me last year to spend about $1,000 on a permanent dam and enlarge the water area, then let him build five houses on the high ground surrounding it.

"Because of the water," he told me, "we can easily get you $1,500 per lot."

Figure it out. The original $800, plus $100 for the temporary dam, plus $1,000 for a new dam. That's $1,900. Five lots at $1,500 each is $7,500—a mighty neat profit. I didn't do it—yet—because I want for a few more years at least to enjoy the place. The profit potential is still right there, however, and will annually grow larger.

It was with this home pond that the idea for something bigger was born. Paul Young and I talked about it and began the Bushwhack Lake experiment by shopping around for a piece of rough, unimproved creek-bottom land to invest in. What such land will cost you depends a lot on geographical location, how close to a city, whether or not on paved road, ease of accessibility, and so on. Thousands of locations can still be unearthed (but not for too many more years) almost anywhere in the U.S. within reasonable driving distance of city or town. These cost from $100 to $1,000 an acre.

City and suburban people will probably have to figure, at the very least, on $300 per acre. Suppose a 100-acre chunk of rough land is located, with even the smallest creek, canyon, or basin. Wow! That's $30,000. It's a lot for the average gent. But six people might be able to rake up $5,000 each, a thousand apiece in cash and the rest on a contract. They might buy the plot in a group deal, with undivided interests. Cost of building a lake, or lakes, will be peanuts compared to the land investment. And, a single $3,000 lake will immediately raise the land value at least $10,000 and possibly twice that.

However, let's say you want to go it alone. Okay. Look around for a small

TRUE

"I'll bet there's quite a story behind that!"

piece of land somewhere. The lake does not *need* to be large. You may have to settle for a small one. Keep in mind that of the several recreational uses you will put it to, probably fishing will be most basic and important. Conceivably you might build a wonderful fishing pond that would not be too good for swimming. It would be extremely fertile, thus full of "bloom" and, though this grows fish fast, it makes the water cloudy.

A good pond of one acre, or even less can furnish all the bass and bluegill fishing, or trout if located in the proper clime, that you can utilize. One acre properly fertilized can *yield* an annual crop of up to 200 pounds of bass and bluegills, while keeping a steady poundage population of double that.

Choice of the land, whether for one-man or group investment, is somewhat crucial. Certain soils hold water; others don't. Clay soils, for example, hold water well in their natural state. That is, they don't readily seep. But by themselves they are difficult to compact, and they do not support heavy water loads very well. They need to be mixed with sand or other material. We were fortunate at our Bushwhack Creek site in having a solid rock bottom over a long stretch of creek, plus rock bluffs on both sides. This situation was a natural for installing a concrete dam. This type of dam, it could be said, was fitted to our "soil inventory."

It isn't absolutely essential when building a dirt dam to have the proper soil right at the dam site and over the area of the pond. Material can be bulldozed in from a "borrow pit" opened elsewhere. But deep core samplings should be made to ascertain what soil types are below the immediate surface in both the borrow pit and pond site. Then a dam design can be selected for the particular situation.

All of that sounds rather complicated, but isn't. The U.S. Soil Conservation Service in any area can give expert advice. In most instances they can also offer some actual on-the-spot observations and help. In others, a property may qualify for some SCS financial assistance. The best way to begin the whole project is to get from the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture various booklets about building and maintaining farm and fishing ponds. All the essentials are there.

We did not qualify for financial help. Since we were also a pair of those out-of-step people opposed to all such federal payments anyway, we were just as well satisfied. However, one of the SCS men did go to the property with me and give excellent advice about where to place the dam.

This is most important. For example, on a stream with large flow one should, if possible, divert water to keep the lake off the main channel. And the entire watershed, for best results, should be of modest size. Both these points avoid fast silting and the chance of losing the dam in an unusually heavy rain. In our case, we built our dirt dam, which is not too satisfactory because of the rocky ground (it leaks), upstream from our concrete-dammed lake for the basic purpose of catching silt.

Sound engineering advice is needed, too, when it comes to building the dam. It does not pay to hire an inexperienced bulldozer man, or concrete worker. Someone with solid experience in dam building is needed. Here again, although SCS is forbidden to recommend a particular contractor, they can furnish a list of those in an area whom they recognize as satisfactory.

Size of a dirt dam, for example, must be computed for the amount of water the lake will hold. It should be at least 10 feet wide on top to make it safe from animals such as muskrats burrowing through. This minimum width also allows it to serve as a road when necessary. It must be "cored," that is, a layer of soil material impervious to water must be used deep down as a shield against seepage. There are several core designs. All good bulldozer men with dam-building experience know how to do this. And most know which design of the several in common use is needed for a particular local situation. The SCS people have charts showing sizes needed for dams, and spillways computed on acreage of the watershed. You can't go wrong abiding by these.

One of the most pathetic mistakes the inexperienced can make is to let someone build a dam without knowing precisely where the water will back up. I have a friend who got a cheap job. The dam builder took a squint at the site and decided "about" where the water would come. It rose two feet higher than his guess and inundated the road to the property! Proper "shooting" of elevations could have avoided this.

Consider our own example. I personally had the concrete-dam location all picked out. But the SCS man who went to look with me argued me out of it. With his transit and poles we spent two hours shooting elevations. There was a sharp drop in the creek bottom between where he suggested placing the structure, and the spot 30 feet downstream where I wanted it.

"Using your location you'll get a lake 30 feet longer," he explained. "At the dam it will be three feet deeper. But for that small added chunk of water the dam must go up correspondingly higher if you want to back the water to where we'd decided. There goes another thousand bucks, and maybe more. Ten yards more of lake is hardly worth it. Also, you'll be taking on a lot more stress from a big head of water."

The first expert you talk to will give you the impression he's crazy when he tells you how wide a spillway you should have even for a small dirt dam. He's crazy like a coyote. A wide spillway, when a big deluge comes and the pond suddenly rises, will save your dam. And being wide, it won't erode because it spreads the flow thin. In addition, for dirt dams (most common because so few good concrete sites are available) he'll advise you to grass over the spillway and use a "dribble pipe" to take care of normal pond overflow. The spillway thus is saved from constant erosion by overflow, and is actually only for emergency.

In all dams, dirt or concrete, the good engineer will place a gate valve or other

[*Continued on page* 120]

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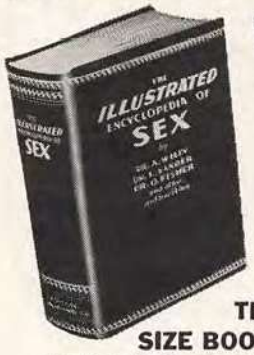

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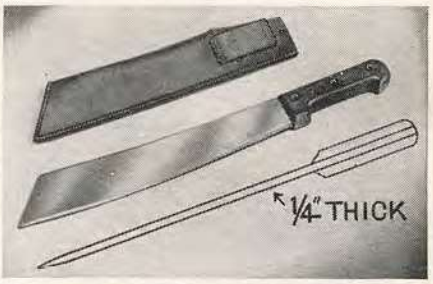

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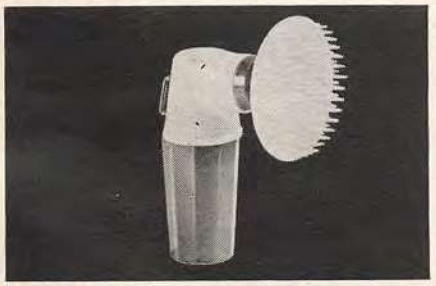

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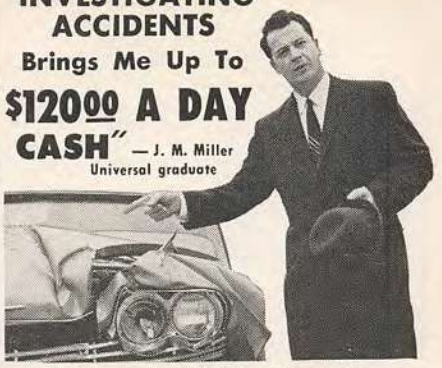

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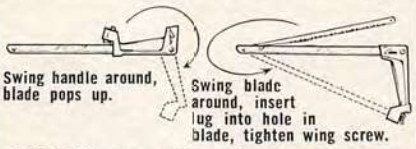

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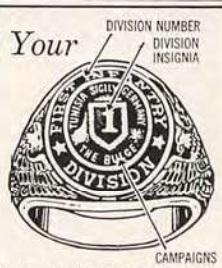

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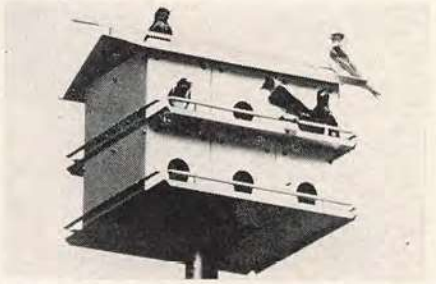

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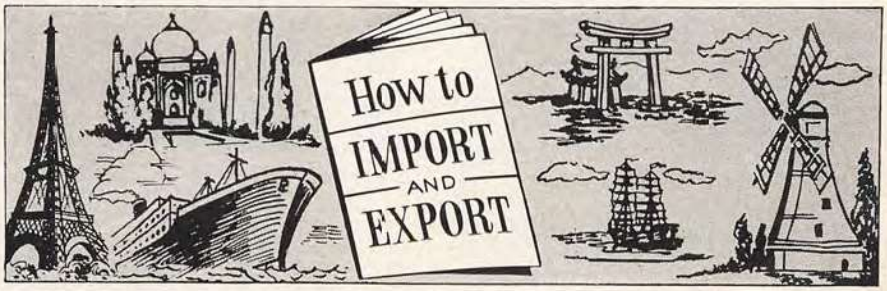

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[*Continued from page* 115]

draining device. This is rather expensive. Ours—the valve alone—cost over $100. But suppose you eventually find your pond is full of rough fish, or is overstocked and thus full of stunted fish. Or it becomes weed choked or badly silted. All you have to do is open the gate valve to drain the lake. When weeds are dead, or you've had the silt cleaned, or removed the fish, you close the valve, fill the pond again and restock.

Recently I took a man from another state out to our lakes for overnight. We keep a small trailer there as a "cottage." Next day we fished.

"Don't put anything back," I told him.

He seemed puzzled. "What about the law?"

It is true that some states do have laws pertaining to limits, seasons, and general building and management of private ponds. It pays to check before you build, stock and fish. Here we have few. There are no limits, and we keep everything caught because a private pond is productive and requires hard fishing to keep it in balance.

Because fishing will undoubtedly be the basic recreational use of your lake, how you stock it will be extremely important. We are always being asked: "How did you know what and how many fish to put in?"

Truth is, we didn't know exactly. We studied, and asked the hatchery people. If your pond is near a federal hatchery, you can sometimes get free fish for stocking. State hatcheries in some places are allowed to stock private lakes. If not, you can buy fry or fingerlings cheaply. Stocking adult fish is too expensive.

There is a little booklet *Managing Farm Fishponds for Bass and Bluegills* by Verne E. Davison (Farmers' Bulletin No. 2094, USDA), and another *Trout in Farm and Ranch Ponds* by Borell and Scheffer (Bulletin No. 2154) that are invaluable to the beginner. These tell you that the bass-bluegill combination has been found, over thousands of ponds, to be the best warm-water fish combination. The trout booklet explains what conditions you must have and what water temperatures to be successful with trout. Your own state conservation department undoubtedly also has pond-management publications.

Besides the recreational uses so far mentioned, we get bonuses. There is some fall dove shooting. And winter duck shooting. Both from birds drawn to the lakes. We have bullfrogs started. Shortly we'll be hunting them and laying their delicious legs in the skillet. A few nutria have appeared. We get some varmint hunting and hides from these introduced pests. In our particular location, many deer and wild turkeys come to the lake. You may find, even very close to a city, that your little lake will draw deer and other game like a magnet.

I was asked recently, "Could I make money from a lake like yours without selling it?" Indeed one can. We could lease fishing and hunting rights easily for several hundred dollars a year. A neighbor up the road from our house does just that—a small group leases his two lakes for fishing. Rules stipulate how many people, and when. The owner reserves fishing for himself, of course. Actually he is getting paid $600 a year for the privilege of keeping his own fish crop harvested!

In the Black Hills of South Dakota, in Michigan, Wisconsin and several other places, I have tried the fishing in commercial trout ponds—simply small lakes like ours in which trout are raised. You catch 'em at so much per fish or per inch. Other ponds—I once tried one in North Carolina—charge usually a dollar a day or half a day per rod for fishing rights. This is for warm-water species. Rules are laid out as to limits and methods.

Today an even better new slant for the prospective commercial lake builder is in evidence. The Federal Bureau of Recreation is beginning to give loans to persons who will utilize land for recreational purposes at a fee. It is difficult to find a whole natural lake to buy up, and the price would probably be prohibitive. But one can reclaim marginal land, create a lake or lakes, and have water on and around which all kinds of recreation are based. The fishing pond becomes a private fee-per-night campground also, and if you qualify the government helps put you in business. I suppose if you want to fish a little on the side yourself, along with your paying guests, Uncle won't object.

Aside from outright commercialization, there are some other money-making and money-saving angles. In most instances you are allowed to depreciate your dams, access roads, fences, buildings if any, for income-tax purposes. That may turn into a substantial saving, depending on how heavily IRS whacks you. If you have a reasonably large tract, you may be able to pick up a few dollars with livestock. By making water available in a cement trough outside the fenced pond, but routed in flow from the pond, you can raise and fatten a few steers, or sheep. Or especially near cities where the horse fad has caught on lately, you can perhaps board riding horses profitably, and maybe even allow their owners a place to ride, for a fee.

For Paul Young and me, out-and-out commercialization is not the dish. But we do have one little gimmick that well illustrates what can be done. A man who raises registered quarterhorses came to us and asked if we had any livestock in our pasture. We don't. But this man needed a place to graze a few of his handsome horses . . . and we had grass knee-deep. So we made an arrangement whereby he limits the number of horses on the pasture to make sure it's not overgrazed. We can ride them if we wish—and if they don't object! He pays $40 a month, keeps the fences in repair to boot. The money pays our taxes, builds small pieces of road as we decide we need them, lays some aside for the day when the dams might need repair or the lakes may have to be drained and cleaned. We don't have to spend one thin dime out of our pockets on the place. One afternoon last spring Young and I sat on the bank of one of our lakes, having a cold one and cleaning a mess of fish.

"Do you know," he mused, "that the time will come, maybe even in our lifetime, when a small chunk of land like this with water on it, or water possibilities, will be almost impossible to acquire?"

I have lived in hill-country Texas only eight years. In that time almost every small year-round running stream in the area—and they're at a premium in this region—has been bought up.

Young went on, looking out over the concrete dam. "They aren't making any more streams or natural lakes nowadays, you know."

Fortunately it's still not too late to find a sorry-looking gully, a little patch of cattails, that isn't much but can be transformed by modern know-how into a miniature paradise. The cost is not great. The result is as sound as money in the bank—and one hell of a lot more fun.

—Byron W. Dalrymple

TRUE

"It's the welcome wagon."

[*Continued from page* 60]
him about county agents. He hurried back to New York, and Dorso, Cooper, and I went to Aubrey with the county agent idea, and that's how your name came into it. . . .

"Merle," said Bob, "you and I are going to have a great time on this one. . . . Writing a pilot is no different than any other kind of good dramatic writing."

Bob said, "Sure the pilot will suffer some from the disease of the committee system—every vice-president will want to get his two cents in—but just keep one thing in mind, you'll be writing about a man you understand, a dedicated man. . . . At 3 o'clock Dick Dorso wants to talk to you. When I told him you were going to do the pilot, he was delighted."

"Would you mind telling me when that happened?"

"I told him after I spoke to you yesterday afternoon."

"Of course. By the way, what's Dorso like?"

"You wouldn't believe it if I told you," said Bob. "Another phenomenon. And he's a friend of Jim Aubrey."

As I walked away I decided that in addition to a swimming pool, which would look nice to the right of the front of my glass house in Brewster, New York, I would have a few tastefully arranged cabanas the color of money.

About noon, I called Hope Taylor, a friend who had worked in the industry in various capacities including that of an agent. I knew that she had been Dorso's secretary briefly when he was vice-president of ZIV, which later became part of United Artists Television.

Hope and I had lunch at Louis and Armand's, the only restaurant in New York where I am recognized as a prince traveling incognito and where I have a charge account.

Over the second Gibson, Hope said, "Well, I wasn't there long, you know, but at that time Mr. Dorso entered—and I mean entered—the office every morning at 9, on the nose, and he always wanted a container of hot tea, *really* hot, waiting for him. With lemon on the side.

"Also, I had to have waiting for him an order of toast, as he said, 'not black toast, burnt toast.'

"The minute I saw him open the front door I had to race to the water cooler and put two teaspoons of *cold* water in the hot tea, no more and no less. The cold water made the hot tea lukewarm, but mine not to reason why.

"Another thing. He always used the royal *we*. Like Queen Victoria. 'We are not amused.' In Dorso's case every morning as I trotted in with his tea he would say, 'My, don't we look pretty today.'

"For reasons I won't go into there wasn't a single day there that I looked pretty, and I think that was one of the reasons that I quit and started collecting unemployment insurance . . . and if you want my advice, Merle. . . ."

"I'm not eligible for unemployment," I said, "and when Dorso sees me I am practically certain that he will not say, 'Don't we look pretty today.' "

"What time is your appointment?" Hope asked.

"Three o'clock."

"Well, you count on him being 15 minutes late," she said. "He always is, even if he could be on time. It's a matter of principle. And he'll have just come from someplace very important or seen someone very important.

"Whenever he went to lunch with a client he'd tell me the restaurant where he'd be and I'd have to page him there. Whether there were any messages or not I'd have to page him. I think that was one of the reasons I quit."

Actually, Dorso was only 10 minutes late; but he did make an entrance, and while he paused at the door as if to wait for the applause of recognition that greets the star, his secretary, looking harassed, handed him a great many messages. A great many people apparently wanted to get in touch with Dorso *immediately*.

He was wearing an Ivy League-type suit of summer weight, gray; the jacket was thrown over his shoulders, and he had on a red, white, and blue belt.

Dorso is a man of medium build with light brown hair combed flat on his head; he is wiry and thin, has dark brown eyes, what appears to be a perfect set of good-sized teeth, and the expressive hands of a performer.

"I'm delighted that a writer of your caliber is interested in the Jackie Cooper Project," he said, "though I'm not surprised. We are all very, very excited about it."

He shook my hand, still smiling.

"I just saw Larry White, at CBS," he said, "and I told him about you. He was delighted. He wanted to know how we were able to get *Merle Miller* to write for television."

"If the subject comes up again," I said, "you might tell Larry White that perhaps the major factor is malnutrition."

"I'll tell him that," said Dorso, laughing. "Sit down, sit down," he said. "Make yourself comfortable.

"I guess Bob Aurthur has told you," he said, "this is what I call our cultural hour. In a minute I'll get into my lecture on the nature of a pilot.

"I'm a writer too," said Dorso. "I won't say I was as good a writer as you, but I *understand* writers. You'll find that out. Not that you're always going to love me.

"Actors, writers, most creative people have to be loved," said Dorso, "but I don't. You won't hear anybody say, 'I love Dick Dorso,' except maybe my daughters"—he pointed to photographs of two dark-haired girls—"and maybe my wife. But as I say, I don't have to be loved. That's one of the things I learned during my analysis.

"A writer and I made a pilot in Hollywood, and when we finally finished cutting it, the writer said to me, 'Dick, you and I have been through a war together, Pearl Harbor to V-J Day.' And it's true. There's no other experience comparable. You never really find out about people until you've been down in the crucible with them."

I nodded, although I had at that time never been down in a crucible, even alone.

"Only one out of every four pilots made goes on the air, and of those, 50 percent fail. If you win one out of five you're doing great. It's like Willie Mays at the beginning of every season.

He's nervous, tense. He knows that he can't win them all.

"Well," said Dorso, "I promised you my lecture on the nature of a pilot."

He rested his elbows on the arms of the leather chair, his hands making a temple in front of his face.

"In the first place a pilot is not entertainment. And it's not for the public," Dorso went on. "It is definitely not for the public. Its success or failure depends solely on five *very* bored men in a projection room.

"These five men have seen hundreds of pilots, maybe thousands, and they would much rather say *no* than yes. If they say yes, they're committed. They're in trouble. They've made a decision. Their ulcers start acting up.

"If they say *no*, they can go out and get drunk, play golf, anything. No problems."

I wanted to ask who the five men were—network executives, possible sponsors? I didn't, though. That was the first of many times in the months to follow when, if I didn't know, I didn't ask.

"You can't give them time to *think*," said Dorso, making *think* sound like a pretty unpleasant thing to do under any circumstances.

"In the first 30 seconds the pilot should go like this, 'Fifty thousand murderous Berbers are headed toward Cairo, and only you, Dick Daring, can stop them.' Dick Daring, that's our hero, in this case Jackie Cooper, county agent. 'Only *you*, Dick Daring, can stop them.' "

I pictured Jackie Cooper, unarmed, wearing a Stetson and khaki pants, driving a dusty pickup straight through a howling, murderous mob of Berbers.

"Of course there's an antagonist," said Dorso. "*He* wants to let the Berbers into Cairo; he wants to stop Dick Daring, but he's not a stupid antagonist. He's not a jerk. I don't like a stupid antagonist.

"Now by the end of the first act, *everything* is in jeopardy. Dick Daring's job, Dick Daring's integrity, Dick Daring's everything. But by the end of the third act he has won, and in the fourth act you wind up the loose ends. . . . In a pilot, of course, you also have to introduce all of the continuing characters, show who they are, what they do, what their relationship is to Daring, and you have to keep everything moving at all times, moving, moving. Fast, fast. Action. No studying of the navel, no introspection.

"These five men in the projection room, they must feel when it's over that they can't believe it's over. That's why we shoot some of our pilots just a little bit short and cheat just a little. Are you with me, Merle?"

I nodded.

"Any questions?" asked Dorso.

"Couldn't be clearer," I said.

Dorso smiled and stood up, and so did I.

I spent the rest of that day and all of the next two on the phone and ran up a bill that will keep AT&T solvent for years. Most of the time I spoke with people in the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), in Washington and in the field.

I learned a good deal about county agents, the kind of jobs they do, the kind of people they work with, the kind of men they are.

There is an agent in almost every county in the United States, and he has three bosses: the land grant college of his state, the Department of Agriculture, and the commissioners of his county.

He never makes much money; the top salary in most states is $12,500.

The agent is a college graduate, usually in one of the agricultural sciences—agronomy, animal husbandry, plant pathology. After five or six years on the job he is encouraged to come back to the university for a Master's degree, and after 10 years for a doctorate.

I gave everybody I talked to a shortened and, I thought, realistic version of what a good pilot ought to be. I did not mention Dick Daring.

I said, "The story has to be a single dramatic incident—a man, the county agent, has to be in conflict against some one person or some one thing."

"How about the agent against nature?" asked Ed Roche of the USDA. "The agent against drought, against insects, wind, winterkill of crops, fire, erosion, animal diseases, crop diseases, floods, and other things like that?"

I didn't go to bed at all that night—the first of many in the months ahead—but by morning had what I thought was a fair four-page outline for a pilot script. No murderous Berbers, but the basic idea demonstrated what the series was all about—the public good versus the private interest.

That idea is fairly basic to our society, and it has concerned more than a few philosophers.

The outline went like this:

A heavy drift wind is predicted for the county, and the agent, the protagonist, knowing what the wind might do, gets on the radio to warn people.

The antagonist, a wealthy rancher and farmer, has arranged to spray his crop the day before the drift wind is scheduled to arrive, and he is going to do it no matter what. Try and stop him.

The county agent does try.

"Do you realize the harm that might be done?" he asks the antagonist.

"Sure, it *might*," he says, "but I'm gambling that it won't. I'm taking that gamble because if I don't spray tomorrow my entire cotton crop *might* be wiped out."

"It's the future of your cotton crop against the future of this county," says the agent.

"Maybe."

"In that case," says the agent, "I'm on the side of the county. . . . I'm going to court to try to get an injunction to stop you."

The wealthy rancher-farmer also happens to be one of the county commissioners, so that the agent's job is at stake.

There was more, but that will do.

I was waiting in Bob's office when he got there a few minutes after 9. I gave him the outline; he read it and made a few suggestions for changes, and at around 11 he and I met with Dorso, who was wearing either the same or an identical red, white, and blue belt.

"I understand you've come up with a wonderful idea," he said, seating himself in the black leather chair.

"Pretty good," I said, nervously backing into a Chippendale.

"Merle," said Bob, "in the language of television, you say, 'Dickie, old buddy, this idea is going to send you. It will absolutely rock you off your bonanza.' "

Bob looked at me, and I nodded. We had already agreed that Bob was to *tell* the story.

First, because people in television are like people in Iowa. Iowans are 99 percent literate. Can read but don't.

Second, I am struck mute when faced with presenting an idea I have had anything to do with.

Third, Robert Alan Aurthur happens to be one of the great actors of our time.

When Bob had finished his performance, Dorso sat quietly for a time, his hands once more making a temple in front of his face.

"It might work," he said. "We'll see what Jack says, and if he likes it we'll have to see what Larry White at CBS says. . . ."

Bob walked me to the elevator.

"I have witnessed more than a few memorable performances in my time," I said. "Richard Burbage on the opening night of *Hamlet*, Julian Eltinge in *Mother Courage*. . . ."

The elevator arrived on a lilt of song.

"I hope Jackie likes the idea," I said.

"He'll be in my office at 9 o'clock on Tuesday," said Bob. "You'll be there."

I was a few minutes late, having walked around the block four times.

Cooper was already in Bob's office; he is always, I found, a punctual man.

He rose, smiled shyly, and we shook hands.

He said that he was delighted that Bob had succeeded in interesting me in the project and that Bob had told him some of the things I had found out from the Department of Agriculture.

"It's wonderful," he said, "just wonderful. This is going to be a great series; the talk in Hollywood already is that it's going to be next year's *Defenders*. I can't wait to hear the story line."

I said, "I'd rather Bob told you."

Bob did, acting it out in much the same way as he had for Dorso on the previous Friday. This time, however, instead of saying, "And then the county agent hears about the storm," Bob said, "*You* hear about the storm that's headed *your* way; *you*

have a daily broadcast anyway, you know; Merle's found out that most county agents do, and some of them have weekly television programs, too; *you'll* probably have both. Anyway, *you* hear about the storm, and *you* call the radio station and say *you* have to get on the radio and warn people and because *you're* a scientist and know all about insecticides *you* realize. . . ."

Cooper listened intently, but every once in a while he turned to me and smiled.

He is a man of medium height with an overlong torso, a bit short in the leg. His light brown hair is wavy, and he has a pronounced widow's peak. His brown eyes are dark and don't seem to be happy. He has a straight nose, his mouth is wide with a thin upper and a protruding lower lip.

It is an unactorish face. Frank Sinatra and Lee Marvin, two actors with whom I have worked, have faces that are by no means handsome, but there is something in their appearance and manner that demands that they be noticed.

Cooper, on the other hand, seems to plead with you to like him, which is appealing, whether on the television screen or in real life.

He listened with close attention to what Bob was saying, and when Bob finished, he smiled and said, "That's wonderful, just wonderful."

He turned to me and said, "It's just beautiful, Merle; you've certainly done a lot of work. . . . I'm very excited. This is really going to make them sit up and take notice."

Bob said, "Merle thinks the two of you ought to go to New Mexico and talk to some of the people at the State University and maybe some county agents. Besides, the more you two get to know each other, the better."

"I couldn't agree more," said Cooper. "I'm always for taking a look at the real thing. The real thing is always better than *any*thing you can make up. Merle and I certainly ought to fly down to New Mexico and take a look. When could you leave, Merle?"

"Tomorrow."

"Wonderful, just wonderful. I was hoping you'd say that."

John White, who was waiting at the El Paso airport, drove us to Las Cruces.

John, agriculture expert with New Mexico State University, is a gentle, friendly man, and the three of us were on a first-name basis from the first few minutes on.

"Cotton's a big product around here," said John, "and pecans; we grow a lot of pecans; there's one fellow makes maybe a quarter of a million dollars a year just from his pecans alone. And chili peppers; we've got a lot of Spanish-Americans. They don't like to be called Mexicans. . . . Agriculture used to be the biggest industry before White Sands Missile Range came along."

Next afternoon John drove us to Deming, about 40 miles west of Las Cruces.

Although the yucca was in bloom, tens of thousands of white blossoms as far as the eye could see, the countryside looked bleak. There were occasional herds of cattle feeding on sparse outcroppings of grass or huddled near watering spots.

The office of the county agent, Leonard Appleton, is in the courthouse, a dark, unlovely building with the smell of disinfectant, urine and stale air. The sign outside Appleton's door said, "County Extension Service. New Mexico State University and United States Department of Agriculture. Agriculture—Home Economics—4-H clubs."

The office was small and businesslike without an inch of unused space. Appleton—everybody calls him Ap—sat behind a scarred desk, and his secretary sat behind another. Luna County is not rich. Ap has no assistant.

I asked Ap a great many questions, and at the same time Cooper made notes on his dress—khaki pants, sport shirt, rubber-soled shoes, fishing hat. Ap drove a 1956 Ford pickup.

Later the four of us—Ap, John White, Cooper, and I—went for a drive in and around the town.

Of the 1,800,000 acres of land in Luna County only 36,000 are irrigated, most of them around Deming. The irrigated land looked rich and fertile and was green with tender plants of cotton, the principal crop of the area.

We stopped at the farm of Grover Xavier McSherry. Xav is an enthusiastic, big-boned young man with a ruddy face, light blue eyes, and thinning blond hair.

His fondness for Ap was immediately apparent.

"We turn all our problems over to him," said Xav. "He's our brains this one is." Ap merely smiled.

As we walked around Xav's bountiful 400 acres of land and inspected his barns and other outbuildings I remembered something my grandfather, who had farmed 640 acres of land near Montour, Iowa, once said. "You don't have to look at a man's crops to know whether he's a good farmer. All you have to see is how well he takes care of his equipment."

My grandfather never had a tractor, but Xav had six, polished and under lean-tos. All his machinery was in good shape; the barn was large and clean; there was a neat-looking shack in which Xav's workers—most of them from Mexico—were housed, and Xav's own house, which was not impressive.

That much hadn't changed. It was the same when I was a boy. The house was always the most modest building on the farm. No profit in it.

Xav had a $250,000 operation, which placed him economically among the upper five percent of farmers in the county.

"I specialize in the three *c's*," he said, "cotton, cattle, and children."

He had seven children, a herd of 50 cows, and more than 300 acres of cotton.

Xav seemed by nature to be a cheerful man, although that day he had discovered a blight of some kind in one field of cotton. Ap promised to return the next day and make tests to find out what it was.

In addition to a cotton blight three of Xav's Herefords had pneumonia, and, "All of a sudden dwarfism has stuck its sneaky old nose up with some of the new calves."

Ap thought the latter might be the result of too much inbreeding in the herd; he said he'd get in touch with some of the animal husbandry people at the university and try to find out what was known about dwarfism and what caused it.

I mentioned Xav's seeming cheerfulness in the face of these combined disasters.

"I leave the worrying to Ap," he said. "If *I* ever started worrying I'd sell this place and get a job in town. I don't have the time to worry, too busy with the three *c's*."

Cooper and I flew to Los Angeles primarily to attend a meeting at Television City the following Monday. James T. Aubrey, Jr., was, as I understood it, to play the double role of presiding judge and executioner.

We had lunch at my hotel, and while we ate, Cooper read the notes from our trip that I had put together, looking up every once in a while to smile encouragingly.

When he finished he said, "They're just beautiful, Merle. You certainly have the knack of being able to think on the typewriter. Everyone is going to be excited by these."

He thought a moment, then said, "I'll tell you what let's do. Let's read the notes to them. We'll just take these two copies, and I'll tell them if they've got any comments or suggestions they should hold off until we've finished. Otherwise, they'll be interrupting us every two minutes."

"I've heard Aubrey doesn't like people over 40," I said.

"He's going to love these beautiful notes you've written," said Cooper.

Dick Dorso had flown in from New York and was in the office of Hunt Stromberg, Jr., when Cooper and I got to Television City, a Los Angeles provincial modern kind of building.

"Jim is on his way," said Stromberg, somewhat uncertainly, as if he weren't sure whether he was announcing good news or bad.

Cooper, Dorso, Stromberg, and I talked about this and that; Stromberg kept saying he was a great admirer of mine, but he never got around to saying why, possibly because we were all eyeing the door, pretending we weren't.

Aubrey stood just inside the door for a moment, his ice-blue eyes fixed on some distant object.

Cooper introduced us.

Aubrey has a hearty, disinterested handshake, and he carries himself with the air of a man used to authority and a lot of

push-ups fairly early in the morning.

I was reminded then and throughout our brief encounter of the Muscular Clergymen who used to appear so prominently in so many late 18th- and early 19th-century novels.

It was easy to imagine Aubrey delivering one of those hell-fire and brimstone sermons that used to be so popular on Sunday mornings, before ministers turned therapists.

Dorso said, "Jack and Merle Miller here have been down in New Mexico, Jim, doing some research."

Aubrey received this information without comment or show of emotion.

"We had a wonderful, wonderful trip, Jim," said Cooper.

"We've been talking about their wonderful trip," said Stromberg.

"Everything is falling into place, Jim," said Dorso.

Aubrey lowered his muscular body into a regulation leather chair; he placed his highly polished black shoes on top of a low table.

Cooper said, "Merle has written some beautiful notes on our trip; we learned so much, and Merle has written it so beautifully. We're going to read it, and if anybody has any questions we think it would be best if you just jotted them down and we'll discuss them when we've finished reading."

Everybody except Aubrey nodded a lot at this enlightening information.

After a moment, Cooper started reading. He read well and with enthusiasm; Aubrey reacted not at all in the beginning, but after a while what might, I suppose, have been construed as a smile lingered briefly near his lips, and once or twice he even seemed pleased, as if he had known all along that in the beginning was the word, "I see a man in a dusty pickup."

Aubrey is a graduate of Princeton, *cum laude;* he is also a graduate of Phillips Exeter. I thought of him listening to and looking at *The Beverly Hillbillies,* the most popular program on the CBS network for two straight years and a series for which he takes personal credit.

I read several pages of the notes, not well. Cooper read some more. As I listened—and God knows the sound of my own prose is less likely to offend my ear than that of any other living writer under 70—the more I started to think, You know something. It could be good. It could be exciting. It could be honest. It could be important. . . .

At the end of page 13, a little less than halfway through the notes, Cooper paused, lighted a cigarette, and said we would go on in a few minutes.

Aubrey nodded, waited a moment, and then rose and without a word left the room.

Stromberg scurried after him, and Cooper, Dorso, and I talked of this and that, keeping our eyes on the door, pretending not to.

A few minutes later—maybe five, maybe less—Stromberg bustled back into the room, sat down behind his desk, and said, "Shall we go on?"

"Shouldn't we wait for Jim?" asked Cooper.

"Let's go on," said Stromberg.

The performance continued, but from then on it seemed to me deadly and pointless. The audience shuffled its feet, coughed, cleared its throat, and made meaningless doodles on pieces of note paper.

I felt that Cooper was pushing too hard, hamming it up; he was perspiring.

The words sounded stilted, pretentious, out of place. Had I ever believed them?

"Merle, why don't you take over for a while?" asked Cooper.

I took over, posting a mental closing notice for the show. Then Cooper read the final paragraphs. When he finished, there was an indecisive silence.

Finally, Stromberg said, "Well, you fellows have certainly done your homework."

Dorso smiled. "I think it's wonderful," he said, "just wonderful. I had no idea you'd come up with so much."

"But Jim didn't come back," said Cooper.

"Jim didn't have to come back," said Stromberg, a man suddenly inspired.

We looked at him hopefully.

"He didn't come back because everything was in good shape," said Stromberg. "If there'd been *trouble* he would have stayed."

Of course, why of *course* that was it. How stupid can you be, Four Eyes? Aubrey didn't *hate* it; he *loved* it. If you weren't such a trouble trope, an injustice-collector, a . . .

"I *knew* he liked it," said Dorso, "because it's just fascinating material."

"It certainly is," said Stromberg, "and we're all very pleased to have a writer of Merle's stature interested."

"Jim smiled several times," said Cooper.

"There's a *lot* of room for humor in a series like this," said Dorso. "It's not a comedy, but we don't have to be serious all the time."

'Of course we don't," I commented wittily.

On Thursday of that week I was back in New York, and I went to see Harold Franklin at the William Morris Agency, 1740 Broadway. Harold was at a meeting when his secretary let me into his office, a pleasant corner room 21 floors up.

Harold's office is a restful room; he has a small, stylish table instead of a desk and the only comfortable leather chairs in the industry. He always has at least one good-sized modern painting on the wall.

I've known Harold and been his friend and client for almost 10 years.

There was a 15-month divorce during which time my agent was Hope Taylor, who used to be Harold's secretary; that was before she was Dorso's secretary.

When Harold returned from his meeting, I said, "Does William Morris represent everybody involved with this project?"

"So far," said Harold, "and that's nice for you because we won't be taking any commission from you."

"It's also nice for the agency," I observed.

The total budget of the pilot was then estimated at $250,000, out of which, if the series was sold, William Morris would get $25,000, plus astronomical futures.

"Harold," I said, "the way it works, it's like betting on every horse in the race with the horses putting up the money."

Harold laughed—though not, I felt, with his usual abandon.

We discussed the fact that Joe Jacobs, chancellor of the exchequer at United Artists Television, had offered $5,000 for the writing of the pilot script. Harold had suggested $10,000 and they had settled on a fee of $7,500, pending my approval.

Harold said, "Seventy-five hundred dollars is an awfully good fee for writing a pilot these days."

"Harold, I'm terrible at fractions. Make it an even $10,000 and call it fair play." I was feeling unusually affluent that day.

Harold called Joe Jacobs.

"Joe," he said, "Merle is very, very unhappy at the figure $7,500. I *told* you he would be unhappy. I. . . ."

Joe Jacobs is, I later discovered, a very soft-spoken man, but that day Harold held the phone a few inches from his ear.

Finally Harold said, "Joe, Merle is here now, and he is getting on his high horse, and it is a well-known fact that Merle has the highest horse in show business."

There was a long silence.

Harold said, "And, Joe, I think I ought to tell you; Merle might just walk away and *leave.* I've seen him do it. And that very successful meeting with Jim Aubrey in California last week? You've heard, haven't you, that Aubrey *loved* Merle's notes?

"He doesn't *need* the money, you know, and if it weren't that he's so fond of Bob Aurthur and now Jack Cooper, but I simply will not allow. . . . No, Joe, Merle doesn't *care.* . . . He's getting up. . . ."

I was getting up; I said, "Harold, for God's sake, if it's going to queer the deal or . . . the credit department at the Diner's Club has threatened to tear out my tongue. . . ."

"Joe," said Harold, "I tell you Merle says it's 10,000 or he's not interested, and frankly, I think he's a fool to settle for that. I think he ought to get. . . ."

There was another long silence.

"I don't know now, Joe," said Harold. "Merle's left. I *told* you he would. I'm not sure that 10 will be enough. Now he may want 12,500 or even 15,000. . . . I don't know where he's gone.

"Joe, I'll have to call him. I'll *try* to persuade him to take the 10 thousand. Yes, it is, Joe. Very generous indeed, but that's only *my* opinion. Yes, I will, Joe. I'll do it for you."

By the end of June I had a pretty good idea what I wanted the story line to be—and none too soon. There was to be a Summit Meeting at CBS on July 10, and at that time it would be decided whether or not to continue the project.

On the train to the city the following Monday I finished a long memorandum on the story line.

My family, the Lairds, were originally from—Bob Aurthur

is right; I am a provincial man—Iowa, where they have been done in by drought, one of the hundreds of God-given disasters that can destroy a farmer.

They had come to the fictional county in the Southwest in which the series was to take place, and the agent—Cooper—had helped them get a fresh start.

At the time the story begins they are paying off the mortgage on the land they hold as sharecroppers and are putting away money to send their children to college. At first, there were eight Lairds (remember Xav and the three c's?) and a dog named Jebediah.

Then Cooper discovers that a blight has attacked the Lairds' principal crop.

The blight, if allowed to spread, could cause great damage to the crops of the other farmers in the county, but to stop it the Laird crop has to be destroyed, and that is going to wipe them out.

Agent Cal feels that his job is to convince the antagonist—who still owns the land on which the Lairds are living—and the rest of the farmers in the county that the welfare of the Lairds is the concern, even more, the *responsibility* of the county. . . . Talk about your creeping socialism.

Leonard Appleton had said, "I've got ranchers that have an annual income of a quarter of a million dollars, and I've got others—well, sometimes they don't have any income at all. And the welfare of one is just as important in my job as the welfare of the other. Both are—you might say both are my constituents."

"It might work," said Bob when I showed him my outline. "What kind of blight?"

I said there were several.

"It might work," Bob said again. "The burning I like, but isn't there something more dramatic than soybeans, potatoes, or rice? What other kinds of things could there be?"

Here, gentle reader, is where our hero made his first mistake, one that eventually caused internal wounds that. . . . Well, even now on a damp day. . . .

"Well, there's something called a burrowing nematode. It attacks orange trees, kills them the way the trichinosis bug kills humans, same family, and if the nematode gets in a grove they have to bulldoze out every tree and burn the entire grove. They put all the trees in a huge pile, and . . ."

"Burning an orange grove could be a great pictorial effect," said Bob. "The bulldozers and the fire and the Lairds and their kids watching everything they've worked for go up in flames. And the county agent knowing there's *no* other way. That could be very moving. . . ."

"How does Stanwyck fit into all this?" Bob asked. Cooper had said that Barbara Stanwyck was interested in doing the series with him.

I said I hadn't figured that out yet.

"Their relationship—Cooper's and Stanwyck's, the way we've talked about it—it's the kind in which Cooper has turned to her for advice. All kinds of problems, personal ones and professional ones, and now all of a sudden when he's got the biggest problem of his life on his hands, what to do about the Lairds, she's off gallivanting with her husband. . . ."

Instead of having my tongue pickled and sent to the Diner's Club I said, "It could work."

I went to another office and in a couple of hours typed up what Bob and I had agreed on. It took a lot of pushing and pulling to meld the Cooper-Laird story with the Stanwyck story, and I was afraid that in writing the script, the problem was going to be even more difficult, maybe even insurmountable.

Since I foresee a large textbook sale for this account—and, kids, you're going to have to buy a new edition every few days if you want to stay in *this* class, because in the textbook racket it's revisions, revisions, revisions—I would like to add a note that will interest those of you who, like myself, want to make $50,000,000 without lifting a finger. What looks like an insurmountable problem in the beginning in the end always turns out to be insurmountable.

I took what I'd written back to Bob, and he made a few minor suggestions for changes. . . . There is no such thing as a major change in a television script. What happens is not surgery; it's whittling.

Cooper came to Bob's office a little before lunchtime, and Bob told him the story. In the telling the part of the county agent (Cooper) grew larger and larger and that of his aide (Stanwyck) got smaller.

"I like it," said Cooper. "I've got a few suggestions for minor changes, but . . ."

I spent part of Tuesday conferring with Cooper on his ideas, and while Bob and Cooper told the story to Dorso, I went to my hotel and started work on the outline that was going to be presented to CBS the following afternoon.

By 10 o'clock Wednesday morning—300 minutes before H-Hour—I was finished.

Bob, Dorso, Cooper and I walked the three blocks from the UA offices to the CBS building at 485 Madison Avenue.

The meeting was to be in the office of Michael Dann, East Coast vice-president.

Dann, a short, rounded man, rose from behind what must be one of the largest desks on the island of Manhattan: I kept thinking of the desk that Chaplin sat behind in *The Great Dictator*.

Dann greeted Cooper, Dorso, and Bob. Dann and I, who had never met, shook hands.

Other high-priced executives were scattered around the room. For a few minutes there was the usual, uneasy exchange of male jokes that always precedes getting down to business.

Dann said that Jim would not be present, and he made several frivolous comments about Bob's getup. Bob was wearing an orange sports shirt, a more-or-less tan summer suit, and soot-sprinkled white sneakers.

A good deal of Dann disappeared behind his desk, and everybody else except Cooper seated himself. Cooper stood directly in front of the desk.

Dann suggested that Cooper explain to the other executives what a county agent was and what he did.

Cooper began by explaining each of the characters in the story; then he described the setting.

Dann was answering telephone calls, receiving verbal messages and documents on crinkly paper from several secretaries, crinkling and studying the documents, noisily opening all the drawers of his desk and noisily closing them, passing a box of King's Ransom cigars, suppressing a yawn or two, not suppressing a yawn or two, packing and unpacking and repacking a dispatch case that was open near his desk.

The other executives took notes on what Dann was doing and, on occasion, glanced at Cooper.

Dann pried open the most reluctant drawer of his desk and took out a crinkly piece of paper.

With a flourish, he wrote something on it. Then he turned the paper over on his desk and put his hand on top of it.

Cooper's performance was magnificent, but I hated every character, every incident, every line.

I knew damn well what Dann had written:

"If CBS has a brain in its cooperative head, it will invest those millions in U.S. Savings Bonds."

Cooper read the last paragraph, then looked up. He was greeted with total silence.

He took a handkerchief out of his pocket and started to wipe the sweat from his face.

Vice-presidential throats were cleared, vice-presidential feet were shuffled, hitherto-ignored vice-presidential itches attended to, vice-presidential coughs coughed.

"That's it," said Cooper.

Dann snapped his dispatch case shut. The others didn't move.

The eyes of Michael Dann, vice-president in charge of making public pronouncements, traveled the room. Everybody's eyes were on the piece of crinkly note paper.

"Five minutes ago," said Dann, "I wrote something on this piece of paper."

He reached down, picked it up, and turned it over.

His handwriting is large and clear; he had written, "A great story."

Then, for the benefit of the nearsighted he said, "I think it's a great story, just great, and that's what I wrote on this piece of paper five minutes ago."

Dorso smiled and said, "Of course you did, Mike. It is a great

story." Then he smiled again.

Cooper, still wiping his face, said, "I told you it was a great story. Isn't that what I said at the beginning? It's a great story."

Bob looked at me and smiled.

Dann turned to Bob. "How soon can you and Merle finish the script?"

"Not me," said Bob. "I'm the creative consultant. Merle's the writer."

Dann swiveled his chair in my direction.

"In other words, you're the only one who can screw it up."

"If it's screwed up, it'll be Bob and me. If it's a triumph, it'll be me," I said.

We all enjoyed a hearty chuckle.

I got to the Hotel Pierre a little after 11 the morning of August 12th, the day we were to show the finished script to Cooper.

"Merle, you look wonderful," said Cooper. "You must have had a good night's sleep. I got the script a little while ago and I haven't quite finished reading it."

He made no comment on what he had read but I could tell he hated it.

I stood by the window. The view of Central Park was magnificent, but I hated it. I hated Central Park, and I hated the Pierre Hotel and everybody who was staying there.

I began making a list of all the people and things I hated and all the people and things that hated me. A very long list.

Finally Cooper said, "I've finished it, and it's beautiful."

I tore up the list, turned, and asked a question I have asked once or twice before in my life, "Did you really like it, Jack?"

"You've done a beautiful job," said Cooper. "It may need a little expansion here and there, things you and I know but people who haven't read the notes won't know. Nothing major."

"You look rested," said Bob, when I next saw him.

"Well, you don't. Not that I've been asked, but I wouldn't have your job for anything in the world. Why do you do it?"

"I'd like to make $2,000,000," said Bob. "Shall we talk about what happened at the summit meeting at CBS?"

"Go ahead."

"I'll let Dorso tell you," said Bob. "He's talked to Aubrey . . ."

Dorso looked tanner than before, and there wasn't a bag or a gray hair to be seen anywhere.

"Everybody is very pleased with the way things are going," he said, "very."

I began to take notes on the several hundred changes all the pleased everybodys would want.

"CBS feels that Cal's problem isn't big enough," said Dorso, "and I'm with them on that. The way the script is now, all Cal stands to lose is his job."

I thought but did not say, in my youth that used to be quite a problem.

"CBS feels there ought to be some physical menace, too," said Dorso, "and I'm with them on that."

I thought but did not say, I could be wrong, and correct me if I am, but at the conclave in Dann's office—less than a month ago—several of the individuals present said that one of the many things they liked about the story line was that there *wasn't* any violence. . . .

"CBS feels that Cal ought to be more of a hero," said Dorso.

"CBS feels that Cal ought to display more physical courage, that maybe everybody in town wants to run Zac Laird off his land, and Cal stops them. CBS described the town's feeling toward Zac and Cal—and I'm with them on this—as a lynch mob attitude.

"We need just one additional scene," said Dorso. "What CBS wants is a kind of *friendly* lynch mob scene."

Later in Bob's office, I said, "Roberto, I always got high marks in English, and I've been writing full time—or as my mother says I haven't had any regular work—for 13 years now, and I get paid for my arrangements of words on a page, not a princely sum, but still. . . . And you were graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with what I'm sure were adequate marks. In your mind, just what is a *friendly* lynch mob scene?"

"Very simple," said Bob. "It is a scene in which the potential lynchers are *friendly*. Any other questions?"

The next morning Evan and I set to work on yet another draft of the script, after several vodka-and-tonics.

It included—well, not exactly a friendly lynch scene; it was sort of a—it wasn't even really a lynch scene; it was what you might call—a crowd scene, but *tense*.

What happens is this:

The ranchers of Calhoun County discover that there's a blight in the orange grove of Zac Laird; he's the sharecropper. This news causes the ranchers to panic.

Do they go to their county agent, the man in a Stetson and a dusty pickup, to find out what the blight is, how it can be prevented, how fast it spreads, and how the spread can be stopped?

That is what most farmers and ranchers in this country have been doing since the beginning of the century; it is, as I've said, what a county agent is all about.

No, the Calhoun County ranchers, enticed to stupidity by our smart antagonist, Eric Sloane, gather in front of Laird's blighted grove, prepared to drive him off the land.

When Calhoun hears of this, he rushes to Zac's place and makes an eloquent speech telling the ranchers that just because Zac is a *foreigner*—in that version of the script the Lairds came from Texas—Zac nevertheless deserves a fair shake, just like the rest of us because when you come right down to it, that is what this nation is all about. . . .

The angry ranchers wait politely until the speech is done and then disperse. They are as ashamed of themselves as if they had cheated on their income taxes.

When the scene was written, my only wish was that John White and every county agent in the country and all the men in the USDA I'd talked to would be out bowling the night the thing went on the air.

That afternoon I called Harold Franklin. "Will I be able to take my name off the pilot if I don't like it?"

"I imagine so," said Harold, "but why worry about a thing like that now? Wait until you see what's on the screen; then decide. . . . You know what your trouble is, Merle?"

"I cross my bridges 99 times before I get to them."

"I couldn't have put it better myself," said Harold.

The real question is how I was able to sit down and write a scene that I didn't for a moment believe.

Several excellent reasons:

a) I am greedy.
b) I am greedy.
c) I am greedy.

Besides, I assured myself that the scene would be dropped. Once *anybody* saw it on paper he *must* realize how preposterous it was in the context of what a county agent really is.

The one scene that was *never* seriously questioned was the tense crowd scene.

Dorso loved it; Cooper said it was beautiful; Larry White said it would play; Bob Aurthur said it needed tightening.

Within a week I was beginning to think it was an okay scene, and by the time the October Madness set in, I was convinced that it was probably the best scene in the script.

Bob Aurthur was flying to California the following Wednesday and wanted to take as much of the final script as was available with him.

Evan and I drove back to Brewster, and for the next few days worked all day every day and most nights as well.

On Tuesday the first 50 pages of what we thought would be the final script were sent to Bob, and the next morning he took them with him to Hollywood.

Late that afternoon the next 30 pages were dispatched to New York with a young man named Dennis MacMenamin, who was painting my house at the cost of $1,000 a minute.

On Friday the final pages of the script—it turned out to be 119 pages long—left Brewster. It was a miserable early fall evening with a heavy rain and an impenetrable fog.

That night the glass house blazed with electricity, a huge fire in the fireplace, and self-satisfaction.

The final draft of the script had been finished, not my script, not anybody's script, a script that from the beginning had suffered from "the disease of the committee system."

But as soon as it was approved by the network, then Cooper, the director, and I would get together and decide what we wanted on the screen. At last the creative people would be in charge.

On Monday afternoon Cooper called from North Hollywood. The final pages of the script had arrived, and he said, "I'm ecstatic, I can't tell you how ecstatic I am. I just love it, and I've already mimeographed the first 50 pages. Every draft has been

beautiful and this is the best of all. You should be ready to bring your little duff out here any minute. . . . Of course the script's a little long, and I don't want to show it to anybody just yet, actors I mean. Until we've cut it . . ."

"Jack, you told me to put everything in; you said the length didn't matter."

"Of course I did, and it's beautiful, and when you come out, which will be any minute now, we'll do the cutting. I'm going to line up the best director in the business. God bless you, Merle."

I started packing, yet another unwise decision.

On Wednesday, September 25, Bob Aurthur called; he had just got back to New York, had read the 119-page script, and said he liked it.

"The length presents some problems, though," he said.

"I know that, but Larry White and Cooper told me to make it long, and I thought you agreed. This was going to be a *reading* script."

"The cutting won't be any problem," said Bob, "a couple hours' work, no more than that. I can do it this weekend in East Hampton."

"Would you like me to come to East Hampton."

"You don't need to and don't worry about it. The only purpose of this script is to sell it to Jim Aubrey. That's why it has to be cut."

"As you know, my acquaintance with Mr. Aubrey is peripheral—"

"It doesn't need much cutting," said Bob, "and don't worry about it. It has nothing to do with what goes on the screen."

"Okay, Bob. Fine. I don't care what you send to Aubrey. But as soon as you've finished the cutting, send me a copy, and we'll get down to business."

That, students of Advanced TV II, was a mistake. Not the first, and, as you'll see if you go on to complete Graduate TV III, by no means the last.

I've said that Bob is the best editor in the business, and he is, but a writer should always be present when his child undergoes surgery. If the writer isn't—it's like sending your head out for a haircut. The barber may do a splendid job, but, oh, the shock.

Nobody called until October 8; it was Bob.

"I've finished," he said, "and, Merle, when you read it, don't weep."

"How is it different?"

"Well, there's no opening tease; the material is still there, but the fade-out is gone. No tease."

"No tease. Any other emendations?"

"It was decided between CBS and Cooper that, as they say, format-wise, there wouldn't be any epilogue. It would mean hiring another actress and an extra day's shooting and this show is already over budget."

"No tease and no epilogue," I said, "but otherwise it's still the same script."

"We had to drop the fair scenes because it would take a week to shoot and cost $100,000, and CBS apparently never liked the fair much."

The county fair had been a focal point of the script, partly because it represented the traditional celebration of the harvest and also because it provided an opportunity for all the principals in the cast to be part of a single event. In a rural community everybody takes part in the fair.

"Excuse me just one second," I said. "I want to jot these things down."

I found a pen, and since there was no ink available, I dipped it into the rapidly deepening pool of my blood.

"Now let me just be sure I've got all this straight. No tease, no epilogue, no fair. Anything else?"

"Well," said Bob, "the search for how the blight got into the county. Everybody thought that was too long and too scientific. . . ."

"It does take a minute and a half," I said, "and since the county agent is basically a scientist, finding the sources of the blight is as much a part of his job as it would be for a doctor to try to find the source of a disease, but no matter. So far as I can see none of the changes have been fundamental. Anything else worth mentioning?"

"There's no 4-H Club stuff any more," said Bob. "*Everybody* knows county agents and home agents work with 4-H Club kids, and besides . . ."

I thought, Robert Alan Aurthur is your friend, and whenever you have felt hostility toward him it has been laden with love, as it is now.

I managed to say, "Are there any other . . . ?"

"Since we took out the search for the source of the blight I had to change the ending. At first it may look a little Frank Capra-ish, but everybody seems to think it will work. After the burning of Zac Laird's grove, after what you call the tense crowd scene, well, the people who have wanted to run Zac off his land are ashamed and . . .

"Merle," said Bob, "after the script has been sold to CBS you and Cooper and the director can make any changes you want. . . . I'll send you a copy."

I swam out of the pool of blood and tears in my study.

Evan was in the gracious living area of the glass house, sorting and packing all the county agent files, which had now grown to about four hundred pounds.

"The script," I said, "though shorter remains unsullied. Although the epilogue and tease have been deleted, the fair, and all references to the 4-H Clubs and . . ."

"Merle, you're dripping blood all over the carpet."

"Did you read the script?" asked Bob Aurthur, a few days later.

"Yes."

"And you hated it and didn't call me. Now I know how you feel when you give me something and I don't call you."

"Well, it isn't so much that . . ."

"I've got news for you," said Bob. "Jim Aubrey loved it."

"I don't believe it."

"It's been an hysterical couple of days around UA. Everybody's been walking around saying that Aubrey probably hated what I'd done to your script, and we didn't hear, and we didn't hear, and finally, Dorso got Aubrey on the phone, and Aubrey said, 'I love it. I thought it was understood.' "

"Are you sure it was Aubrey?"

"He loved it," said Bob. "Of course there are . . ."

"A few minor changes."

"Let's have lunch on Thursday," said Bob. "There's nothing major."

I said I'd be in the city on Thursday.

"Congratulations," said Bob. "Start building that swimming pool."

Shepheard's, the oasis in the Drake Hotel where Bob and I had lunch on Thursday, has a bas-relief of the Sphinx's head above the checkroom. The walls are covered with dark green billiard cloth, and the constantly whirring ceiling fans are painted gold.

It is apparently got up to represent a room in the old hotel of the same name in Cairo, but it would never fool an Arab.

Most of the waiters are German. I tell you those people are getting in everywhere. They're like red ants.

One of them halted me at the door. He at once spotted me as a premature anti-fascist, measured me for a bake oven, then said, "We can't serve you like that."

"Naturally," I said, "first I have to be stuffed, then roasted, and you'd have to stick an apple in my mouth, pour brandy over me, and . . ."

"You are without a necktie."

The necktie I was given was the size and shape of a noose.

Bob had watched all this with pleasure. "Little whirlwinds seem to follow you wherever you go," he said. "What are you drinking?"

"Nothing, thanks." That was one of the days when in addition to the aforementioned around my neck a replica of John Calvin sat on my shoulder.

"I'm sorry you didn't like what I did with the script," said Bob.

"You know what Bankhead said when she saw the movie they made out of Tennessee Williams' *Orpheus Descending*, 'Tenny, darling, how awful for you. They've absolutely ruined a per-

fectly dreadful play.' "

"The purpose was to sell the script to Jim Aubrey," said Bob, "and it worked."

"And now they want a few additional changes," I said, "again."

"How would you like to come down to Florida?" asked Bob. "We're filming *Pioneer, Go Home* in Boca Grande, and we've got a whole hotel to ourselves. You could lie on the beach all day, and in a couple of hours . . ."

"We could make the few minimal changes."

I thought, Four months have passed, and the more things change . . . In July everybody said as soon as CBS approves the story line, then you can go off and write anything you want, but later everybody said, "Now that CBS has approved the story line, you can't change it." And now that Aubrey has okayed the script, all I have to do is make the changes he wants. When will I be able to make the changes I want? . . . You know the answer to that one. So go to Florida; it isn't the season, but . . .

"I should never have got you into this," said Bob.

I smiled, remembering, and said, "Go to hell."

"Can you come down with the rest of us tomorrow?"

I said I'd come down on Sunday night.

"The changes have to be back to Aubrey on Tuesday," said Bob. "We'll do them on Monday. No problems, and when we've finished, you go out to Las Cruces. Stay until the pilot is done and then get out. Take your royalty check every week but have nothing more to do with the project."

"Why?"

"Last week Cooper *hated* the script, and he was sure Aubrey wouldn't buy it."

That gives Cooper and me something in common, I thought.

"I believe I will have a drink," I said.

"Frankly," said Bob, "he's lost all faith in you, and . . ."

I said, "The last time I talked to Jack on the telephone he was ecstatic. . . . Of course that was two weeks ago."

"So two weeks ago you were blood brothers. Cain and Abel were, too, and Romulus and Remus. Old ties diminish very quickly in Southern California. . . ."

Bob and I went back to his office, and his secretary handed me a round-trip ticket to Florida.

Then there was a telephone call from Cooper in California.

"Jack," Bob screamed into the telephone, "I have nothing whatever to say to you."

Cooper: "————————."

"Jack, I think you're a ————. I don't want to talk to you."

Cooper: "————————."

"Jack, last week you were screaming and shouting and carrying on. You wanted to get rid of Merle, of UA, of me, and now that CBS has come through, you want to be my friend. I don't want to be *your* friend. I'll work with you, sure, but be your friend, no. You're a ————."

Larry White tiptoed into Bob's office.

"Who's he talking to?" he whispered.

"Cooper," I said.

What blood there was drained from White's face.

"Cool it," he whispered to Bob.

Bob said, "I'm not finished with him yet. . . . Jack, you're a ————."

The remainder of the telephone call was repetitious.

When it was over, Bob turned to me and said, "I said most of that for your benefit. I just want you to know that the only way the project can be saved is for you to come to Florida, make the changes that Aubrey wants, and then you and Cooper and the director can go off and shoot whatever . . ."

Four messages were waiting for me at my hotel, all from Cooper.

"Is that Jackie Cooper the actor?" asked the night switchboard operator.

I nodded.

"His secretary says it's urgent."

"I don't want any further telephone calls from *anybody.*"

"Not even Jackie Cooper?"

I shook my head.

"If he calls again, do you have any message?"

I looked at her for a moment, but even though I knew she has a son who's a buck sergeant in the Army I decided against giving her the message.

The next morning after arriving in Brewster I said to Evan, "I shall never speak to Cooper again as long as I live."

"Uh-huh."

"It's not that I feel the slightest hostility toward him personally. None. From his point of view he acted in a perfectly rational manner, and, besides, hostility is almost as bad for your liver as alcohol."

"Uh-huh."

"On the other hand, when he begs for forgiveness, I shall, well—since my successful analysis which I am beginning tomorrow—I do not need to be loved by one and all. I can afford to be choosy."

"Uh-huh."

"To be sure, I am a little angry, but that is a perfectly healthy emotion, and Freud himself stresses that it is better to get these things out in the open instead of letting them fester. That is why I will never have an ulcer."

"Uh-huh. Although, if you never speak to Cooper again, how will he know you're angry?" Then the phone rang.

"I'll take it," I said grabbing the phone. "Jack, you're a hysterical . . ."

"Mr. Cooper has been trying to get you since yesterday," said Dorothy Fisher, Jackie's secretary. "Here he is."

"Merle, old buddy, how are you?"

"Jack, you are a . . ."

"Isn't it wonderful about Aubrey loving the script?"

"*I* do not love the script," I said. "I had nothing whatever to do with the cutting. . . ."

"Merle, old buddy, I was hoping you'd say that. My wife kept saying to me, 'If you're unhappy, call Merle, call Merle.' Now all that is over; they've got their selling instrument, and it's been sold. Now's the time for you and me and the director and the other creative people in this project . . ."

"Not me. I understand you've got several other writers in mind, and that is just fine by me, because . . ."

"*That* was last week. I didn't like the cutting, and I was sure Jim Aubrey wouldn't either, but now that you say that *you* don't like the script, you and Stuart and I . . ."

"Who's Stuart?"

"The wonderful director, Stuart Rosenberg, the best there is. You will love each other.

"Stuart's got a lot of wonderful ideas," said Cooper, "creative ideas. He doesn't like the cut script either. As far as I can make out nobody but Aubrey liked it, but that's all over. Now the creative people are in charge, and we've got just 14 days before we start shooting, and that means a lot of work, and, Merle, Stuart and I were thinking . . . If you want me to buy you a writer, two writers, the best writers . . ."

I wondered if they were having a *sale*. . . . In which case maybe I could pick up a bargain and unchain the monkeys. . . .

"Jack," I said, "if it's my script, it's going to be written by me and nobody else."

"God bless you, Merle," said Cooper. "I knew you'd say that. And that's the way I want it, and that's the way Stuart wants it.

"He's coming to New York this weekend; he's directing a *Defenders* and I'm coming with him. We'll be there on Sunday and we'll all get together. . . ."

"Jack, I'm going to be in Florida on Sunday. Bob's down there, and he asked me to come, and we're going to make the few changes Aubrey wants . . ."

"I want you to be in New York with Stuart and me. Bob's doing another show, and he'll have about 15 minutes to give you. *I* think Bob is going to have a nervous breakdown because when he was in California for *several* days he only gave *me* 15 minutes. I want you to come to New York on Sunday."

"Jack, who's the boss of this project? You? Bob? Dorso? Aubrey? Who?"

"Now that the sale has been made, I'm the boss," said Cooper.

Okay, I thought; at last we're making sense, no more trying to butter up the Aubreys, the Whites, the Dorsos. At last the people directly involved with what goes on the screen are in charge, which is the way it should have been in the beginning, but better late . . . And I've worked with a lot of directors and with one exception got along with them. Which is the way it should be.

I said to Cooper, "Okay, Jack. Be the boss. If you don't want me to go to Florida call Dorso and tell him."

"I'll do it. Right now."

The next call was from Dorso, who appeared for the first time to be out of breath.

"Jack just called me," he said, "and he said you're not going to Florida. That's not true, is it?"

I said that I didn't know and didn't care too much.

"But Jim Aubrey *loved* the script," said Dorso, "and there are only those few changes, and I wish *I* could go to Florida, but *I've* got to . . ."

"Dick," I said, "everybody told me that once the script was sold, we could go ahead and do what we wanted. Now all of a sudden, two weeks before we shoot, everybody is saying we make a few changes and that's what we film. I think the script needs a lot of changes, and so does Jack, and so, apparently, does Stuart Rosenberg.

"Dick," I said, "Cooper and Rosenberg are going to be in New York on Sunday, and Cooper says he's the boss and that he wants me to meet with them. . . . Now which?"

"We can all four meet on Sunday," said Dorso, "you and Cooper and Rosenberg and I, and I'll explain to Stuart about the nature of a pilot. Then you can go to Florida."

After I hung up, Evan said, "Well, which is it to be, Florida or New York?"

"Both. But Rosenberg is the lucky one. He gets to hear the lecture on the nature of a pilot. . . . But, if I play my cards right . . ."

"You know what's going to happen, don't you? You're not going to Florida, and you're not going to stay in New York. You're going to wind up in California."

"Why?"

"Because there's already a half million involved, and a six-million budget for the year. So I'm going to load up the car with all the county agent files and notes and stuff you might need when they start filming. Just in case."

Because of the fog, Cooper's and Rosenberg's plane hadn't landed until dawn, and neither of them had had any sleep.

We had breakfast at Rosenberg's apartment, which was bright, large, and expensively furnished. There was a balcony overlooking the East River and Gracie Square. The two Mrs. Rosenbergs, mother and wife, had prepared a magnificent breakfast, scrambled eggs, bagels, lox, cream cheese.

Rosenberg kept saying, "I haven't had any sleep for 48 hours," and Cooper kept saying how wonderful it was that the creative people were in charge at last.

"Dorso's coming over," Cooper said, "but this time all we have to do is listen."

After breakfast Rosenberg, Cooper, and I went to the study and had some vodka.

"I don't understand a guy like Calhoun," Rosenberg said. "He sounds to me like a compromiser."

I said, "The job of the county agent is to persuade people; he's an educator. Leonard Appleton, one of the agents Jack and I met in New Mexico, said, 'I'm not inclined to rub people the wrong way.' "

"Calhoun sounds to me like an arbiter," said Rosenberg, "and I don't like arbiters. I like people with convictions. I'm directing a wonderful script about blacklisting for *The Defenders*. . . . Suzy Parker read this [the Calhoun] script . . ."

"Suzy Parker?"

"Everybody in town has read this script, and I asked my wife to read it and nobody likes it. Suzy said, 'Stuart, what are you doing directing this piece of crap?' "

"Why are you?"

"Old Jack persuaded me," said Rosenberg.

"Stuart, you're talking about a cut script that neither Jack nor I like. That's why we're all here. The point is the kind of guy a county agent is and the kind of job he does."

"I haven't had any sleep for 48 hours," said Rosenberg. "Now in television you've got to grab them right away. In the *Bob Hope Show* I've just done with Milton Berle—and, by the way, he's marvelous—we fade in and the screen is filled with a great big bloodshot eye. That's all. Just a great big bloodshot eye. An opening like that, and you've got the audience."

Dorso arrived. He said, "Now Jack and Merle have heard this, but, Stuart, let me explain to you my theory about the nature of a pilot."

At 3 that afternoon I went over to Cooper's suite, and we talked until late in the evening. We seemed to agree on everything that needed to be done to the script, some tightening here, more humor there, an additional scene toward the end and so on.

"But suppose Stuart doesn't go along," I said.

"He will," said Cooper. "We all want the same thing. We want a good pilot, and I've told him if he doesn't go along, he can step aside and we'll get another director. But I know he'll go along."

I said, "Of all the people involved in *Calhoun,* the two who have most to lose if it's a fiasco are you and I."

"That's right, Merle. They're only gambling with money. We have our integrity. Come to California, Merle."

"When?"

"Tomorrow night. With me."

"I didn't bring any clothes," I said.

"You won't need any clothes. You'll be writing. Working together we can do the revisions quicker and better than anybody else. . . ."

"I'll have to check with Bob Aurthur."

"Bob has been working too hard," said Cooper. "In my opinion he's headed for a nervous breakdown. I told you he was in California for several days. . . ."

"What about Dorso? He'll never . . ."

"I'll handle Dorso; you get your little duff out to California."

"I couldn't possibly leave before Tuesday," I said, "and then Evan will drive out to California in the car, so I'll have all the files and notes and some transportation when we're doing the filming."

"After we've finished the pilot, I want you and your buddy to take a tour of the Southwest, all over; visit some Indian reservations, some other county agents, and so on. You'll pick up a lot of story ideas; think of all the ideas you got in those few hours we were in Las Cruces in June. I know you'll want to be helpful to other writers, but when this thing gets under way I want you to be very, very generous with yourself. I want you to write *most* of the scripts. You need to get a little continuity in your life."

We cried a little, shook hands, and pledged eternal fealty.

I called Bob Aurthur in Boca Grande and told him what had happened.

Bob said, "Merle, the CBS changes come first. Come to *Florida.*"

"There isn't time," I said, which was true or not true, depending on how you look at it. "I'll make the changes you and Dorso and White and I talked about on Thursday, and then I'll make the changes Jack and I agree . . ."

"Merle," said Bob, "if you do this thing, the pilot will never be filmed. Take my word for it. It's dead, buried, done with."

"I've got to take that chance."

"Okay," said Bob, "go ahead, but I think you're out of your mind."

In the next three weeks a great many people said that, but Bob was the only one who said it directly to me.

I flew to California on Tuesday, and Evan and my new Volkswagen, loaded with the 400 pounds of material on the project and the electric typewriter, left on Wednesday morning for the five-day drive across the country.

I arrived at the Los Angeles airport with two shirts, both dirty, one brown suit, and an extra pair of brown shoes that achieve some importance in the narrative that follows.

I went to the studio early the next morning.

In Cooper's outer office I met a new secretary, Judy. She introduced me to Norman Kahn, who was to be associate producer of the *Calhoun* series. From the beginning Cooper thought that he would be the producer; he still thought so. CBS had never agreed.

Kahn shook my hand and said, "It's been hectic up to now, Merle, but I want you to know that your being here has certainly given us all a feeling of security."

"Mr. Cooper's arranged for an office for you," said Dorothy Fisher. "I think you'll like it."

Thus began the saga of the offices, and if you know where to find it, class, it does have a moral.

The office assigned to me was a few doors down the hall. It was sunny, modestly furnished—a desk with one or two cigarette burns, a swivel chair, a gray rug and filing cabinet.

On top of the filing cabinet were several picture books about Turkey, and on the desk was a ceramic ash tray of irresolute shape. A camel was painted on it, or else it was a cow or a horse with two humps.

I had brought along some books, several thousand ball-point pens (at least three a day are stolen from me), copies of the numerous versions of the *Calhoun* script, and my portable. Also the extra pair of brown shoes; they badly needed some new heels.

I was still unpacking when I heard a key being tried in the lock. Before I could get to it, the door opened, and a handsome, very tanned man with white hair stepped inside.

He looked startled.

"Is this your office?" he asked.

"It has been for five minutes. Was it *your* office?"

He nodded. "Of course, I've been on vacation for 10 days."

I started gathering up my belongings.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'll get out."

"Oh no. It's perfectly all right. I'm sure, well, they must have assigned me another office."

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather . . .?"

"No, no," said the man, "I'll just collect my things. By the way, my name's . . ."

I told him my name and we shook hands.

"Are you here for long?" he asked.

"I don't think so, but I'm not sure."

The man looked at the books on top of the filing cabinet. "I was writing a script on Turkey, but I guess. . . . Is there a Parker 51 in the top drawer of the desk?"

I opened the drawer and there it was. I handed the pen to him and said, "I'll leave while you get your things, and I'm sorry."

When I was at the door, the writer picked up the ceramic ash tray and said, "It's of no value, really. My daughter did it She's nine."

"I'm glad I met you," I said.

"There've been a lot of writers in this office," he said. "They seem to come and go. Well, I'm glad to have met you, and I wish you the best of luck."

Some days later I arrived at the studio on a morning of stress and strain we're coming to.

I had left the key of my office with Judy, and when I asked for it she said, "But that isn't your office any more. You've been moved to Building B, room 29."

"You mean somebody went into my office, unlocked my desk, packed my things, and took them to another office in another building, and didn't bother to tell me? And read my journal?"

"We didn't think you'd mind," said Judy. "Most people don't."

"Well, I do, and I'm not most people. By the way, and it's a matter of no importance, really, who has been moved into what was my office?"

"Mr. Cooper put Mr. Chambers in there because Mr. Chambers and Mr. Cooper are going to have to see a lot of each other in the next few days."

"Who is Mr. Chambers?"

"He's the producer," said Judy. "He's new."

"After you'd all read my journal, which was in the upper left-hand drawer, did you move that to Building B, room 29?"

"Everything was moved," she said.

"And the brown shoes in the bottom drawer?"

"I don't know about the brown shoes," said Judy. "Did you see Mr. Miller's brown shoes, Dorothy?"

Dorothy Fisher entered stage left from where I was standing.

"They forgot to move your brown shoes," said Dorothy, "and then Mr. Chambers—I think it was Mr. Chambers, or else it was Mr. Kahn—found your brown shoes and brought them in here, and they were here just a few minutes ago. In this office."

"Oh, *those* brown shoes," said Judy. "I didn't know those were your brown shoes, Mr. Miller. I'm sure they've been moved to your new office in Building B."

"Room 29?"

"Are you sure?" said Dorothy Fisher. "Because those brown shoes were here not five minutes ago."

Building B is about 150 feet from Building A but it might be 150 miles. Room 29 is on the second floor. The climb up isn't too bad if you watch out for the splintered floor boards; the hall light was burned out.

I felt my way along the second-floor corridor and found room 29. The skeleton key was a little tricky but I'm the never-say-die kind and in less than 20 minutes I'd conquered it.

As I opened the door there was the smell you get when you open a beach cottage after a rainy spring.

Compared with the hallway, the inside of the office was very cozy, painted two-tone, an indeterminate green and a quite pleasant beige where the green was peeling off.

There was what looked like linoleum on the floor except where it had been worn through, which was in the narrow path between the desk and the window. You could have played ticktacktoe on the pane.

A wonderful place, I thought, clearly not for show, and no distractions. A neat pile on top of the desk; my journal, portable, scripts, and brown shoes. I lighted a cigarette, was about to unpack, and then stopped.

On the desk were several picture books on Turkey, a Parker 51 pen, and a ceramic ash tray.

Cooper and I flew to New York to meet with Stuart Rosenberg on Saturday morning at the Pierre Hotel. Stuart glanced at the first page of the newest outline, which was still incomplete.

"It's about time we stopped writing crap like this," he said, pointing to the opening scene.

"But Suzy Parker hasn't read it yet," I wanted to say, but I did say, "What would you suggest?"

Stuart riffled through the pages.

"I've got it. The play should open with what you've got at the end of the first act. Opening shot, a giant slide fills the screen, like a big—and on it are thousands and thousands of those little . . ."

"Nematodes."

"Nematodes. Thousands and thousands. Just one big giant slide. *That's* the way you'll grab your audience."

"That's a beautiful idea, Stuart," said Cooper. "Merle, there's a typewriter and paper, and order yourself a sandwich, anything you want. Stuart and I are going out to have lunch and discuss budget. And God bless you."

After they left I wrote, "FADE IN on a screen filled with thousands and thousands of nematodes, all with bloodshot eyes."

By the next afternoon—Sunday—I had finished the 26-page outline.

This time Stuart read it to the end and said, "Now I think we're getting some place. The ideas that Jack and I have suggested have made what was originally a . . ."

Cooper said—well, *you* know what he said.

I said, "Are we all agreed that this is the way we go?"

"Dorso hates the whole idea," said Cooper, "but I told him this morning, 'You can ask me to play something but I have to play it on my own violin. This is the way, or no way.' "

Rosenberg said, "This is the script I'm going to direct. Everybody will recognize that this is better than the earlier one and, as a matter of fact, Jim sees so many scripts he won't remember the one he approved."

Blabbermouth said, "If they won't do it our way, I'll give them back their money and take my script, the characters, and the county agent notes and go back to Brewster. They can start from scratch."

On Monday I wrote the first five pages of the actual script. Cooper shut the door between our rooms, and every time I stopped typing to light a cigarette or drink some coffee, he would stick his head in the door and say, "I just wanted to be sure you're still here and writing."

"Jack, how could I get out with this ball and chain around my neck?"

"I've made an official submission of your outline to William Morris," said Cooper. "And by the way, I've got your phone shut off. I don't want anybody or anything to interrupt your creative flow."

From time to time that Monday morning there was a knock on the door leading to the hallway, and when I opened it a startled man—there must have been a baker's half dozen—would say, "I'm from the William Morris office, and I'm here for the conference."

"I guess it's in the next room," I'd say.

At a little before 1 in the afternoon Cooper opened the door; his room was deserted, and he looked pale.

"It's going very well, Jack," I said. "I've finished the first two scenes."

Cooper had not heard me.

"There's a 3 o'clock American flight to Los Angeles from Idlewild," he said. "I've got you a reservation on it."

"You're kidding."

"I've cut off all your calls, but Norman Glenn [then a Vice-President in Charge of Production and Sales at United Artists] has been trying to get in touch with you; he's called a dozen times.

"If you talk to Norman Glenn, he'll want you to talk to Bob Aurthur," said Cooper.

"I know Bob's in bad health and heading for a nervous breakdown," I said, "but . . ."

"Norman and Bob will try to talk you out of writing the beautiful script that Stuart and you and I *want* you to write," said Cooper. "I want you to take the 3 o'clock flight, and I've already ordered the limousine. It'll be here in 15 minutes. I'll help you pack."

"But I thought you and I were going to take the 7:30 flight tonight."

"There isn't time for that now," said Cooper, going into the closet in his room.

He picked up my brown bag, threw it on his bed, opened it, and put in the pair of brown shoes.

"Don't worry about a thing," he said. "Just go to California. I'll handle the whole thing."

"Jack, what was the William Morris meeting about?"

"I've called for a boy to take your luggage," said Cooper.

"Well," I said, "my creative flow was flowing, but . . ."

"You'll write even better in California. And in California you won't be bothered with calls from Norman Glenn and Bob, who is headed for a nervous breakdown."

There was a knock on the door. It was a grandfatherly bellman.

"I've come for your bags, Mr. Cooper," he said.

"It's Mr. Miller who's leaving," said Cooper.

"I've only got one bag," I said, "and one brown suit, a pair of brown shoes and this typewriter and the eighteen millionth draft of . . ."

I went into the other room and put the incomplete script in the top of the typewriter case. The bellman helped me.

The telephone rang.

"I told her not to ring unless it was an emergency," said Cooper, picking up the phone.

"Who is it, dear?" Cooper said to the telephone.

"It's Norman Glenn again," Cooper said to me, putting his hand over the receiver.

I slammed shut the typewriter case, bending the carriage and an index finger.

"Merle," said Cooper, "the limousine will be here any minute," then into the telephone, "No, dear, Mr. Miller has already left for California. No, I don't know where he'll be in California."

The bellman looked at the brown shoes and the brown suit in which there were several brown cigarette burns. Then he looked at me; that's the last time I'll ever be a guest at the Pierre.

"I know it doesn't seem like much," I said, running into the bathroom, grabbing my toilet kit and jamming an inauspicious toothbrush into it.

"No, I cannot talk to Mr. Dorso at this time, dear," Cooper was saying to the operator. "I'm out to lunch. And now will you please hold all calls, dear. . . . Merle, the limousine is here. . . ."

The bellgrandfather closed the brown bag, and I looked wildly around the wildly disordered suite. Cooper had held off the maid as well as the telephone calls.

"Well," I said, "if I've left anything . . ."

"I'll bring it, old buddy," said Cooper.

"The elevator's waiting, Mr. Miller," said the bellman.

"Don't worry about a thing," said Cooper, "I'll protect your beautiful script."

He shook my hand; the telephone rang.

"That's probably Norman Glenn," he said, "or else Bob Aurthur; Bob is going to wind up in a hospital. . . . Merle, if you're going to make the 3 o'clock flight . . . I made the reservation in my name; they'll give you the A treatment."

"I was going to cash a check, but since I've . . ."

"Here's 30 dollars," said Cooper, thrusting some bills into my hand. "That ought to take care of the tips on the trip."

"I'll pay you back."

"Ah, it's not money. It goes on the expense account."

"The elevator, Mr. Miller," said the bellman.

I said, "Jack they're going to try to talk you out of doing the script that you and Stuart and I want to do, and you're mixed up with a lot of very good poker players. . . ."

"I can play poker, too," said Cooper.

"Can I do the room now, Mr. Cooper?" asked the maid, who was the bellman's grandmother.

"Yes, dear, you can do the room now," said Cooper. "And, Merle, God bless you and have a good flight."

"You show people certainly lead exciting lives," said the bellman.

As I got into the elevator I heard Cooper say, "Yes, dear. . . . No, dear, Mr. Miller has left town. He didn't say where. . . . Yes, dear, I'll speak to Mr. Rosenberg. . . . Hi, Stuart, old buddy. . . ."

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in California Evan and I spent at least 18 hours a day on two typewriters, and when we had finished read aloud and revised what had been written.

The script had to be finished by Saturday when Rosenberg was arriving.

On Sunday, he and Cooper and the production crew were flying to Las Cruces to check the locations.

I thought I was going, too, but Cooper said, "Merle, you'll be too tired. We're going to need you fresh and rested for the week we begin shooting."

Shooting was to start the Monday after the following weekend, November 11.

"So take care of yourself," Cooper said. "I don't know what we'd do if . . ."

I felt a slight niggle in the instinct area, which turned out to be about as underdeveloped an area as you'll find anywhere, but Evan, who has the optimism of early Candide, said, "Cooper just doesn't want you to wear yourself out."

I said not as far as I knew.

"A month from now Bob is going to be in the hospital," said Cooper. "He's a very sick man."

Friday morning at around 11 Norman Glenn did get in touch with me.

"My only purpose in calling you is to ask you to call Bob Aurthur," said Norman. "He's back from Florida. Will you call him?"

I said that I would.

"Are you all right?" asked Bob when I reached him.

"Well, I've lost a little weight. I'm what you might call your average, run-of-the-mill-98-pound weakling, but otherwise . . ."

"Merle, it's 10 days before shooting, and the CBS changes still haven't been made, and I won't do them. My obligation to this project ended the day Jim Aubrey gave his okay to the script I cut. That's it. Period. Come back to New York."

"I can't."

"Look, I'm your friend, and I want you to know that incredible things are going on that you don't know anything about. I think you ought to come back and protect your interests. Your contract is signed, isn't it?"

"I haven't got a contract yet; it's been only five months, and . . ."

"It's not believable," said Bob. "No one would believe it. You shouldn't be allowed out. . . . You are the most born loser I have ever known; you've got the self-protective instinct of a . . . lemming. Come back to New York. Otherwise you're going to end up in the worst trouble of your life."

"I can't do that. I've flown across the country 3 times in the last 10 days and I'm exhausted, and I've promised Jack that . . ."

Bob sighed. "I guess maybe they're right."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I'll tell you when you get back, but right now I'll tell you that even if what you're writing is the best script in the history of television, it still hasn't got a chance. *Not a chance.*"

I called Cooper at the studio and told him what Bob had said, and that he wouldn't make the changes CBS wanted.

"Let them hire one of their hack writers back East to do that," said Cooper. "You keep right on working here . . ."

"Bob says the new script doesn't have a chance."

"You shouldn't have talked to Bob. He's called here a half a dozen times, and I refused to talk to him. . . . Bring in the last act to Dorothy in the morning and call me tomorrow afternoon at 4:30. Stuart and I are going to see Stanwyck, and then after dinner tomorrow night we'll get together on the new script. . . ."

I gave Dorothy the final pages Saturday morning. The script was 66 pages long, very nearly the right shooting length.

At 4:30 I called Cooper's house. The line was busy.

I called again at 5; the line was busy.

When I called at 5:30 Cooper answered, "Merle, old buddy. I just walked into the house and picked up the phone and it's you. . . . Stuart and I are going to Las Cruces in the morning, and Stuart was just saying, 'The way Merle has been working Merle needs a conference with us like a hole in the head.' Now why don't you go out and get drunk? And you're going to Malibu tomorrow—so tell Evan to drive carefully on the freeways because these Sunday drivers are crazy and armed with machine guns."

"Have you read the script?"

"All but the last act, and it's beautiful."

"Has Stuart read it?"

There was the briefest pause, and then Cooper said, "He hasn't had a chance yet, but . . ."

Monday at 9 I was having a haircut at my hotel when I heard myself being paged. It was Norman Kahn.

We commented on the weather, which was threatening, and he inquired after my health; I asked about his cold.

Then Norman said, "Jack and Stuart just got back from Las Cruces, and they're going to be tied up in conferences all morning, and I'm sorry, but there doesn't seem to be any need for you to come into the office at all today."

"Norman, if you're telling me that I can have the day off, you don't have to apologize for that."

"I know," said Norman, "but take care of yourself, and have a good day."

That was the day I asked for the key to what I supposed was still my office.

As you know, I found that I had been stripped of my epaulettes.

Cooper led me into his office, which is large and has a refrigerator. He asked if I'd like a Coke or a beer.

I declined both.

"We've lost," said Cooper. "The fight to do the script we all wanted to do. Over the weekend there were calls and telegrams and conferences with lawyers, and we've *got* to go the CBS way. I'm an actor. I have responsibilities and a family, and a reputation to think of, and if I blow this one . . ."

Then he punched his palm several times the way they do in the movies to simulate love, anger, grief, joy, frustration.

He went on, "At this point it isn't true that CBS won't remember the script that Dorso submitted. In fact, as I understand it, now Jim Aubrey thinks *he* wrote it."

"In that case," I said, "it's a good thing he's got the job he has because he'd never make it as a writer."

"And so we've lost," said Cooper.

"Jack, are you sure it was this weekend we lost? And not *last* Monday?"

Cooper punched his palms several times the way they do in the movies to simulate love, anger, joy, frustration, grief.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I've been thinking a lot about what happened," I said, "and I was wondering if maybe it wasn't all over when you got me out of the Pierre. Maybe we'd lost already and you didn't want me to know. I don't know why. Maybe you didn't want to hurt my feelings. . . ."

"Merle," said Cooper, "that is absolutely not true. Why, even yesterday in Las Cruces Stuart was saying, 'How can we choose locations? We don't even know . . .' "

"Okay," I said.

"You do believe me, don't you?"

"I believe you."

"And the worst part is now I guess you're going to have to go back to New York. Bob Aurthur's conscience won't allow him to make the changes. . . . Where was Bob Aurthur's conscience when . . .?"

"I'll go back to New York," I said. "Tomorrow."

"But that would be a waste of a whole working day. Now there's a 3 o'clock American flight."

"I can't do that, Jack," I said, and I thought, It's the same scene. A week has passed; we're on a different coast, but it's the Pierre scene all over again. They want me to get out of town.

"Let's see what other flights there are," said Cooper, rising and walking to the outer office.

There was another flight at 5.

"The 5 o'clock then," said Cooper. "The limousine will pick you up at the Sportsman's Lodge at 3:15. And there'll be a limousine to meet you at Idlewild."

"What time does the plane get in?"

"Early," said Cooper.

"Twelve forty-five a.m., New York time," said Dorothy.

"Early," said Cooper. "You'll get to the hotel by 2, have plenty of time for a good night's sleep, and be at UA bright and early tomorrow morning."

I looked at him and saw that he believed it all, every word.

"Where do you want to stay?" asked Dorothy.

"Who's paying for it?"

"UA," said Cooper. "Have them send the bill direct to UA."

"I'll stay at the St. Regis," I said.

"Have a good flight, Mr. Miller," said Dorothy, meaning it.

"And take care of yourself," said Judy, meaning it.

I shook Norman Kahn's hand, and he said, "I wish I was going to New York with you because the way I feel now I could use a little of New York."

At the door Cooper shook my hand and said, "Merle, I don't know what we'd have done without you. Have a good trip. Call me every day. I'll be busy, but *wherever* I am, when *you* call I'll always be available, and God bless you, and what I think you ought to do after you finish the work in New York is go to Brewster, get yourself some rest, and I'll see you in Las Cruces a week from today."

"I'll see you," I said.

The student who has gone this far will not be surprised to learn that there was no limousine waiting for me at Idlewild.

Not only that, after I demeaned and debased myself by riding to the St. Regis in a taxi, they put me in a broom closet next to the mop closet.

I got a good night's sleep, though, from 4 until about 4:30, and then the garbage people started doing the things they do at that hour.

At 9 Norman Glenn called, and before he could ask I volunteered that I was in excellent health, that I had had a wonderful trip, and that my hotel accommodations were unparalleled.

"Bob Aurthur isn't coming to the office today," said Norman. "He's sick, some kind of virus."

"What should I . . .?"

"Take it easy. Just tell me what I can do to help entertain you today. Magazines, movie tickets, a show, anything you want."

"I'll probably sleep," I said, "but thank you."

I did sleep, for 20 minutes; then Dorso called. Could I come right over to the office?

I said that I could, and just before I left the broom closet I called Harold Franklin.

"How's everything going?" asked Harold.

"To tell you would take a book."

"Well, why don't you . . .?"

"I'm going to," I said.

I took the new script with me to the UA offices.

Dorso, wearing his patriotic belt and with his jacket slung over his shoulders, blessed me for coming.

I took the new script out of my typewriter case and said, "Dick, I wonder if you'd do me a big favor . . ."

"Merle," he said, "there's no need for me to read a new script. There was never any question of using a new script. I told Jack that a week ago when you and he were in New York, and if you'd talked to Norman Glenn, Norman would have told you. And I told Stuart that. Stuart's problem is that he never understood your script. The kind of script he understands is where there's a man with his back against the wall."

"Stuart and I have never been what you'd call close," I said.

"Stuart is a man," said Dorso, "who could talk with enthusiasm and at great length about inventing the umbrella. . . . Now I think you ought to start making the minimal changes . . ."

I was put to work in the projection room, UA's answer to North Hollywood's Building B, room 29.

Before starting I said to Norman Glenn, "Do me a big favor? Read the California script."

Norman smiled—it is a good smile—and said he'd try.

"And if you could persuade Dorso . . ." I said.

Half an hour later Dorso came into the projection room. "I've looked at the first few pages of the California script," he said, "and it will never work, and it will mean going back to CBS to get new approval. . . . Now why don't you . . ."

Bob came into the airless projection room at 9:30 the next morning.

I looked closely at him for signs of a nervous breakdown, but he seemed as calm as ever.

"What in Christ's name are you doing in here?" he screamed. "There's not a goddamn breath of air."

"I think that's the idea."

"Goddamn it to hell. Can't anybody around here ever do anything right?"

Bob picked up my typewriter. "Let's get Merle the hell out of this embalming room," he shouted.

We found another office after a long search. Bob closed the door, sat down, and gave me a cigarette.

"You don't look bad," he said, lighting one for himself.

"Should I?"

"Would it surprise you to learn that Stuart Rosenberg sat in my office last Friday and said that you were about to have a nervous breakdown?"

"At this point, nothing would surprise me."

"Would it further surprise you to learn that shortly after you left Cooper's office in California yesterday, Cooper called Dorso and said that you *were* having a nervous breakdown and said further that the script you wrote is totally unusable?

"And, Merle, Stuart kept saying that most of what you said that weekend at the Pierre came out gibberish, that you were on the edge. I said, 'Come off it, Merle's a writer.' And Stuart said, 'I've known a lot of writers and I've never seen one as close to the edge as Miller.'

"I said to Stuart, 'Look, in two days Merle turned in a 26-page outline. I've read it, and while I don't agree with it, it's certainly not gibberish. Now who's crazy?' "

I said, "That was the outline the script was written from. The one that Stuart and Jack . . ."

Bob said, "I said to Stuart, 'Are you prepared to direct the script Aubrey bought?' Stuart said he was, and I said, 'Then do you mean to say that you and Jack have had Merle in a hotel room in California for a week writing a script that neither of you had any intention of filming?' Stuart said that he guessed that was about the size of it, and I said, 'In all the years in this business that's the cruelest thing I've ever heard.' And Stuart said, 'I can't deny it.' "

I managed to say, "But why?"

"Who knows?" said Bob. "Maybe they thought you could pull off a miracle in California, write a script everybody would love, but as I told you on the phone, even if you had . . . Merle, this has got nothing to do with a good script or a bad script; it never did have. It has to do with pleasing one man, Jim Aubrey."

Bob looked at me, and then he rose, touched my shoulder, and left.

The changes were ready by noon the next day, and a little later I stopped by Bob's office. Jane Wetherell, Norman Glenn, and Joe Jacobs were there. Jacobs was chewing on his pipe.

Bob said, "See how near a state of collapse Merle is? Merle, tell them about the weekend you were a captive at the Pierre."

I did, giving my best performance since grammar school. I played all the parts, Cooper, Rosenberg, the nameless men from William Morris, and the grandfatherly bellman.

"After that," said Bob, "they smuggled him to California to write a script that they're now calling a therapeutic script. Cooper says, I guess it was just something that Merle had to get out of his system.' "

I looked at Jacobs, who the day before had approved an extra $2,500 that I had Harold ask for.

"Pretty expensive therapy, isn't it, Joe?" I said.

"You could get years of analysis for that," he said.

I spent the weekend in solitude.

The script Bob and I had pasted together?

There is nothing whatever to say about it; it was, or so I had been told, what one man wanted. Well, now he had it. It said in the contract I had signed but *they* hadn't that I was to be in Las Cruces, New Mexico, during the filming, and there I would be.

I called Dorothy Fisher on Saturday afternoon to tell her I was arriving in Las Cruces Sunday night and that I would not be staying at the Mission Inn with the others but at a motel John White had recommended.

Dorothy, whose voice sounded farther away than Southern California, said, "It's a little hectic around here."

That evening, Evan, en route to Las Cruces, called from Yuma, Arizona.

"There is no such place as Yuma," I said.

"You're so right," said Evan, "but I've got your brown shoes, the files, your best-selling journal. . . . By the way, how's the novel doing?"

"Not as well as the journal. I'll see you at the airport in El Paso Sunday night at 9."

By 10:55 Wednesday morning in Las Cruces I had drunk more coffee than Balzac—he put away 60 cups a day—and had written almost an entire chapter of the novel I had postponed in June.

At 10:56 a four-engine plane that looked as if it had been shot down in *Hell's Angels* circled Las Cruces, then landed.

Fifteen minutes later motorcycles with sirens screaming led a motorcade past the motel.

"I wonder who that could be?" I said, slipping another paper napkin into the machine.

"He'll be calling you any minute now," said Evan.

Five hours passed. Over the loudspeaker a Mr. Thornberry was called to the phone three times, a Mr. Maxwell twice.

At 4 the loudspeaker announced that there was a call for Mr. Miller.

I picked up the phone with moist and trembling hands.

"Hello, Jack," I said.

A half-remembered voice said, "This is Everett Chambers. How are you, Mr. Miller? How are the accommodations? How is the food?"

"The room is fine, the food is fine, and I'm fine, but I'm not so sure of the outside world."

Mr. Chambers made a laughing sound, and then for quite some time cleared his throat.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Cooper has asked me to call you and tell you that your script has been rewritten."

When I could speak I asked the inevitable question, "By whom?"

"I honestly don't know," said Mr. Chambers.

I said, "Mr. Cooper asked *you* to call *me* to tell *me* that *my* script has been rewritten?"

"I know he ought to do it himself, but in my position unpleasant tasks like this fall to me. In television things like this happen all the time."

"Nothing like this has ever happened to me."

"I know about sensitive creative people," said Mr. Chambers, "and I know what a shock this must be for you. What I'm trying to do is prevent any anger you may feel from getting in the way of Mr. Cooper's and Mr. Rosenberg's rapport with the actors."

"In other words, I'm barred from the set."

"Of course not, but you know how hectic . . ."

I said, "In the first place, I have nothing to say to Mr. Cooper, and from here on in anything I have to say to anybody associated with this project will be said through my emissaries to whom I pay a great deal of money to perform various unsavory tasks. And through my union."

"If it's any comfort to you, this is coming as an equal surprise to United Artists and to CBS, who are being notified at

the same time."

"That's a great comfort, Mr. Chambers. Thank you."

For a very long time I just stood by the telephone.

Then I called Bob Aurthur, who was in New York.

"I don't believe it," said Bob, and after a moment, he said, "I believe it. Dorso got a telegram from Cooper on Saturday saying that the script that was phoned to Dorothy Fisher was no good and, like the script you wrote in California, absolutely unusable. Dorso called and asked him what in Christ's name was wrong, and Cooper said he and Rosenberg wanted to make Zac Laird angry with Cal in the first scene, and they wanted to have Abby (Stanwyck) already divorced when the play opened. Dorso was very relieved, and he said, 'To write that in will take about eight minutes and since Merle is going to be in Las Cruces, what's the problem?' Cooper said, 'I guess there isn't any.'

"But this . . . it's the *first* I've heard of it, and I'm sure Dorso's never heard of it. Do you have any idea what Cooper's and Rosenberg's script is about?" Bob asked.

"I'm only guessing, but I bet it opens with a big, bloodshot something or other filling the screen."

"I'll get in touch with Dorso and call you right back," said Bob.

My next call was to Harold Franklin, and he said, "I'll make sure that you're fully protected. In the meantime, don't leave town because if you do that will give them a perfect excuse to do you out of your royalty. . . . I'll get in touch with Lou Weiss, who handles the UA account for us, and I'll call you back. But in the meantime don't leave town."

Bob Aurthur called back, "Dick Dorso says he knew nothing about the new script, and so far as I know he didn't, but I think you should get out of town. I think this is demeaning and debasing for you."

"Harold Franklin says I should stay until I'm officially released."

"Call Dick Dorso and he'll officially release you."

Dorso said, "I have a representative in Las Cruces named Howard Gottfried [Vice-President and Production Supervisor]. He'll call you either later tonight or first thing in the morning and tell you you can come home. . . . And, Merle, I think this is very humiliating for a writer of your stature."

"When do you suppose they got the new writer?" Evan asked. "Or writers. It could be several."

"Maybe when we were in California, maybe after. Maybe when Cooper called about that rummage sale they were having he'd already shopped around and got himself and Rosenberg some marked-down scribes."

Gottfried, who was staying at the Mission Inn, perhaps a 15-minute drive from the Palms, telephoned a few minutes later.

"I've just talked to Dick Dorso in New York," he said, "and now I'm officially releasing you and telling you you can go home."

"Thank you, Mr. Gottfried."

"I think it is just terrible that a person of national renown and a man of letters is treated this way. . . . I'm sure you'll have something to say about all this."

"I have a feeling I will."

"I suppose you'll call a press conference."

"Maybe several."

"I think you should," said Mr. Gottfried. "It needs to be said. And I heard you're going back to New York by car, and that's good because it will give you time to think over what you want to say and how you'll want to say it."

"Don't worry, Mr. Gottfried, I'll have no trouble saying it."

I didn't go to bed at all, and when the phone rang at 7:15 the next morning, I was taking a shower.

Gottfried was calling from the Mission Inn, still a 15-minute drive from the Palms.

"Mr. Miller, what are your plans for leaving town?"

"Goddamn it, I'll leave town when I'm goddamn good and ready."

"But you don't understand," said Gottfried. "I don't want you to leave town. Something has happened."

"What?"

"Confidentially, I've read the first act of what they're planning to shoot. I'm going to call New York right away. I'll call you back in an hour."

The hour and the day went, no call from Gottfried.

"If we drove out to Mesilla," said Evan, "we could park the car a little ways away, and nobody would notice us, and we could at least find out what the new script is about."

At 1:20 Harold Franklin called. "There's a big policy meeting at UA. Rockets are being fired back and forth from New York to Las Cruces. They've asked if you'd mind sitting tight until you heard from Gottfried."

"Harold, I'm sitting right in the middle of no man's land, and, believe me, I'm sitting tight."

"I understand that CBS has heard about this, and it looks like the biggest war in the history of television. . . . But in the end *your* script . . ."

"It's not my script; it's James Thomas Aubrey's script."

"Merle, don't muddy the waters. I understand that UA is telling Cooper that if he tries to shoot his script, he will have to pay the entire cost of the filming and of the project up to now."

That evening Evan and I drove to Mesilla. A statue of Benjamin Calhoun, Cal's grandfather, stood in the plaza. It was made of plaster of paris and had apparently been flown in from Hollywood. I read the inscription I had written for the base. That had not been changed:

"For what is the purpose of a man's life if not to make the world a better place?"

Bob called early the next morning.

"They're not using the new script," he said, "and, Merle, I think there's one thing you ought to understand. Cooper was brought up in the old tradition of Hollywood where they used to have as many as six or seven, sometimes more writers on a script, and so he didn't think anything about it when . . ."

"That's a reason, not an excuse," I said.

Bob said, "Just be sure old Jack doesn't call and old Stuart and you find yourself wanting to get back in that warm circle again. Good luck, and call me."

A few minutes before leaving for Mesilla I received yesterday's call from Mr. Gottfried.

"I'm terribly sorry I didn't get back to you yesterday, but it was a somewhat hectic day. There were many disagreements. No, I don't mean disagreements. I mean fights. Not that there was any physical violence. It was mostly a matter of who said what to whom and what promises had been broken. . . . Your name wasn't even mentioned, though, Mr. Miller."

I said that that was a great comfort to me.

"And you can leave town any time now."

"Mr. Gottfried," I said, "I may never leave town, and I'll be out in Mesilla in 10 minutes."

"Congratulations on their shooting your script," said Gottfried.

Evan and I were driving the white Volkswagen convertible, and the top was down. Our arrival in Mesilla did not go unnoticed.

Cooper, wearing tan dungarees, a blue denim shirt, and a Stetson, was standing near a new Studebaker pickup that John White later told us had been muddied and dented for the occasion. It wasn't at all dusty, though.

While I went into the local bookstore, Cooper crossed the square and spent a long time examining a Model T parked in front of the store. I pretended to be elaborately unaware of him.

Evan later said that Cooper stayed by the Model T a little longer, then walked slowly across the square, looking back once or twice.

After that, he mounted a chestnut horse that was tethered on the other side and with a final glance in the direction of the bookstore rode off into the sunset.

It was then a little after 10 in the morning.

I am very nearsighted and, in addition, on my second pair of bifocals, and when I saw a small dark man come toward me with his hand outstretched, I placed a smile on my face and put out my hand.

"Hello, Merle, how are you?"

Then I recognized Stuart Rosenberg and lowered my hand.

"No, I don't think I want to shake your hand, Stuart," I said.

Rosenberg's hand remained suspended for a while, and then he said, "All right, Merle, I guess that's up to you."

Evan and I spent the rest of November and December, assembling what turned out to be more than 350 pages of notes on the saga of Dick Daring.

On December 28, I had lunch with Bob Aurthur and he said, "Jim Aubrey has seen a rough cut of *Calhoun*, and he loves it; it looks as if it's locked. So multiply your royalty by at least 25, which means you'll be richer by $25,000 this year alone, and you won't have to . . ."

"It isn't quite $25,000," I whispered, "and don't let this get around, but when Harold Franklin got back from Greece and the contract was finally drawn, well, the fact is, everybody at CBS and UA and William Morris, which are all big corporations, felt that since I didn't invent the idea of the county agent series and didn't come to *them* with it, but they, that is, *you*, came to *me* with the idea, and since the other expenses were already so high, and since in a project like this we all have to put our shoulders to the wheel and our noses to the grindstone, well, my royalty is only going to be $500 a week, but that's all right with me."

"I do not believe it," said Bob. "It's absolutely incredible. . . . Look, *my* royalty as creative consultant is $750, and you're the writer. . . . You are the most born . . ."

I said, "When you're finished talking about money, let's talk about art. Once Aubrey saw the script on film, he fell in love with it, right?"

"That's what I'm told," said Bob. "They've penciled it in Monday nights, 10 to 11, which is prime time. . . ."

"When will I be allowed to see it?"

"Never. You and I will never be allowed to see it. When it goes on the air, they will come and lock us up and put us in a room with no television set. And they will continue to do this even during the reruns. Mark my words, we will never be allowed to see *Calhoun*."

A few days later Dorso called me in Brewster: "I understand you're thinking of writing a book about all this," he said.

I said that I was.

"There's just one thing," said Dorso. "Don't paint me lily-white because there was a time when I wasn't acting in your best interests, a time when I wasn't your friend."

"When was that?"

"That afternoon when you and Bob were talking about the review of your book, and I said I already knew you were a great writer, well, at that point I had already agreed with Cooper that he could hire another writer to put some *Hennesey*-type jokes in your script, and I wanted you to know that so that when you write your book . . ."

"You needn't worry about that, Dick. By the way, am I ever going to be allowed to see the film?"

"Of course. Any time it's convenient. We expect an answer print in New York sometime next week, and when it gets here, of course you can see it. I *want* you to see it."

"Is it any good?"

"It's very good. The script you went to Las Cruces with was 75 to 80 percent right. It should have been polished, all the things you do on the set when you see that a scene is awkward or a line of dialogue doesn't work. But I think the pilot is very good. I think it could have been the best pilot to date if it had been done with any enthusiasm. . . . You *must* see it."

"Half a million homes," Bob said at lunch on February 3, "half a million homes."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"They're making a lot of tests with *Calhoun* at CBS, chimney sweeps, Indian scouts, blacksmiths. They want to find out what John Q. Public thinks of it, and the other day one of the testers said to Dorso, 'You could have picked up half a million homes.' "

"That's a lot of homes. How?"

"The tester—I assume he's at least a Ph.D.—said, 'You could have picked up half a million homes if the county agent had just had a dog.' "

After a moment of enraged silence I said, "It was *you* who said there were too many Lairds, and as a result of *your* suggestion I was forced to kill off the Laird dog, Jebediah, and now it turns out . . ."

That afternoon before entering the airless projection room at United Artists Television to see *Calhoun*, I had a talk with Dick Dorso.

Toward the end of it I said to him, laughing, "I understand they think that Calhoun should have had a dog."

"That's right," said Dorso, "and when I heard it I could have killed myself. Why hadn't *I* thought of that?"

I looked at him and saw that he was serious.

"God bless you, Dick," I said.

Most of the actors in the pilot of *Calhoun* were excellent. Cooper was likable and convincing; so, although she looked a little glamorous for her role, was Barbara Stanwyck.

There was not, however, any indication of who a county agent was or what he did, and Miss Stanwyck's sole function was to hand Calhoun a few tools in the opening scene.

Nothing in the film could possibly have made anyone feel guilty—unless, by chance, he had had something to do with what was on the screen.

There was also nothing to move, enlighten, arouse, enlarge, or entertain anyone.

I later learned that the *Calhoun* project had already been dead and buried well before February 3; it had drawn its last breath on Monday, January 27.

All three of the pilots that UA had made for CBS had died that day. (The other two were *Mark Dolphin* and *Kibbee Hates Fitch*.)

The combined cost of the three films had been close to $1,250,000, but that's not real money. Under an agreeable arrangement with the Director of Internal Revenue most of it is written off under the general heading of *corporate development*.

Of the three projects *Calhoun* came closest to being scheduled, but the hysteria and hostility aroused by the creation and filming of the single 52-minute pilot made it a dubious long-term undertaking.

Later, James T. Aubrey, Jr.—"I see a man in a dusty pickup in the Southwest"—said that he had never liked the county agent idea much anyway.

This volume was completed on April 15, 1964.

I took a long rest and the next day went back to work on the novel that had been interrupted the previous June.

That afternoon the telephone rang.

Evan was in the gracious living area of the glass house, making some last-minute changes in *Only You, Dick Daring!*

I had asked not to be disturbed under any circumstances.

"Hello, Harold," I heard Evan say. "No, he's not. He's out walking in the woods . . ."

I picked up the phone in the study. "Hi, Harold."

"Merle, I know how you feel about a television series, but when I heard about this one, I said, 'There's only one writer in America . . . and this is going to be a multimillion-dollar . . . Are you still there?' "

"Still here."

"At *least* $1 million. World War II is very big right now. . . . There are four GI's, maybe in the Pacific, maybe the E.T.O., maybe—well, *where* they are, that would be strictly up to you as the writer, but you write so well about the war, and . . ."

"No, Harold." **—Merle Miller and Evan Rhodes**

A POSTSCRIPT

By Merle Miller

Since *Only You, Dick Daring!* was conceived and written primarily as therapy, nobody was more surprised than I was at the reception it got after publication late last year. Reviews were fine, sales even better, and I hear that I'm one of the contenders for a "TV Man of the Year" award. So go figure.

Though none of the principals made their $50 million from *Calhoun*, I've prospered enough from book royalties (not TV residuals) to take a pleasure trip to Brazil and even build that swimming pool if I decide I want it. To put the cherry on the sundae, Broadway producer Arthur Cantor now wants to turn *Dick Daring!* into a musical comedy.

None of the stars of the book, except Robert Alan Aurthur, was heard from directly; Suzy Parker wasn't even heard from indirectly. Jackie Cooper was quoted as saying, "Frankly, I haven't read it." He added that so many people, including his wife, had told him about the book that it had been spoiled for him.

Officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System denied that there was such a book. Merle who? Evan what?

There has been, however, quite a shakeup at CBS in recent months. Programs are being dropped and shuffled at a fantastic rate, even for James T. Aubrey, Jr. A television interviewer asked me if I thought that *Dick Daring!* had anything to do with this flurry of activity. I said then, as I say now, "I sincerely hope so."

THIS FUNNY LIFE

Our class had just entered the Naval Academy in June of 1963, and we were quite naturally excited by the news that the commander-in-chief of the Armed Forces, President Kennedy, would visit us in August. As the excitement increased before his visit, so did the admonitions of the upper-class concerning our military bearing during the formation for an address by the President. "Whatever you do, don't move a muscle," we were ordered time and time again.

Finally the big day came. The class was formed in neat, stiff rows of white for the address. President Kennedy, desiring to keep things on a more informal basis, stepped to the microphone and said, "Stand at ease, gentlemen."

No one moved a muscle.

Mr. Kennedy waited a moment longer and still receiving no response, turned to the Academy's superintendent, Rear Admiral Kirkpatrick, and commented, "Well, I guess they haven't come to that part of the program yet."

T. M. Apple
Annapolis, Md.

My brother Glenn and his wife recently welcomed their first child. I couldn't wait to catch a glimpse of my tiny nephew. Glenn picked him up to show him to me. As soon as the baby was snuggled in his arms, it became quite evident that the little fellow was in need of a diaper change.

"Ironic, isn't it?" Glenn laughed. "The only thing in the whole house we actually own, and it leaks!"

J. D. Dublin
Hollywood, Calif.

While a young vice-president exhorted the sales force to greater heights in an appeal marked by drama, emotion and cliches, one of the veteran members of the staff sat back and listened skeptically. After the performance was over, a new salesman asked the veteran what he thought of the inspiring speech.

"Well," was the reply, "if you keep your nose to the grindstone, your shoulder to the wheel, your ear to the ground and also take the bull by the horns, the chances are you're going to be in a very uncomfortable position!"

J. H. Harrington
Tujunga, Calif.

Shortly after we entered World War II, an Army Air Force C-47 (known in civilian circles as the DC-3) circled the perilously short airfield at San José, Costa Rica, in preparation for a fuel stop on its final leg to the Canal Zone.

The pilot, perhaps still fresh from Stateside flying conditions, overshot the runway and came to a rolling stop midway through a small house beyond the field.

Dust and debris had barely settled when the red-faced crew, shaken but unhurt, deplaned, followed by several Army nurses and a chaplain.

A native spectator, looking on with awe, summed up the affair with this remark: "One thing about those North Americans, when they make a mistake, they come *prepared*!"

R. L. Higgins
Berrien Springs, Mich.

A woman who was running for public office delivered a rousing speech one evening but the crowd seemed to favor her opponent. Her talk was not at all well received. When the program was over and she and her husband were on their way home, the woman commented, "I don't think you'd better come to any more of my speeches. After all, it must have been embarrassing for you when everyone around you stood up and started booing me."

"It wasn't embarrassing at all," replied her husband. "I stood up and booed, too!"

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

This happened on one of our crowded buses when it stopped to take on a woman passenger. The woman was very large, weighing around 185 pounds. There was a tired workman already on the bus and the woman passenger stepped on his foot.

He grumbled, "Madam, will you please get off my foot?"

Haughtily, the woman replied, "Why don't you put it where it belongs?"

"Don't tempt me, lady," he said. "Don't tempt me!"

Albert C. Poneleit
Largo, Fla.

Before being marrried, battles with my husband were chiefly distinguished by my "big mouth" and "fish wife tactics." (His description.) He intimated that he had a cure for this in mind. After our honeymoon we moved into an apartment house that had thin walls, air vents and elevator shafts that could make modern methods of communication obsolete.

On the occasion of our first disagreement, after I had vented my spleen at the top of my lungs for about 10 minutes, my husband calmly walked over and opened the door which was adjacent to the elevator shaft, and shouted back, "IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, I'LL NEVER MARRY YOU!"

I don't shout nearly as much as I used to.

Mrs. R. L. G.
Syracuse, N. Y.

The lieutenant was fuming. As Duty Officer he had specific tasks he should be performing, but his enlisted runner, after arising, had disappeared. Since someone had to be available to answer the phone, the officer had no recourse but to wait for the man's return.

The private finally put in an appearance.

"Where have you been?" exploded the lieutenant. "You've been gone for forty minutes."

The soldier calmly proceeded to collect and sort the bedding on the cots.

"Well?" the officer insisted.

"Sir, I've been dressing and preparing for duty."

"Humph!" snorted the lieutenant, derisively. "*I* can dress and prepare for duty in fifteen minutes."

"Yes, sir," said the private, continuing with his work. "But I wash."

Fred H. Bost
Fayetteville, N. C.

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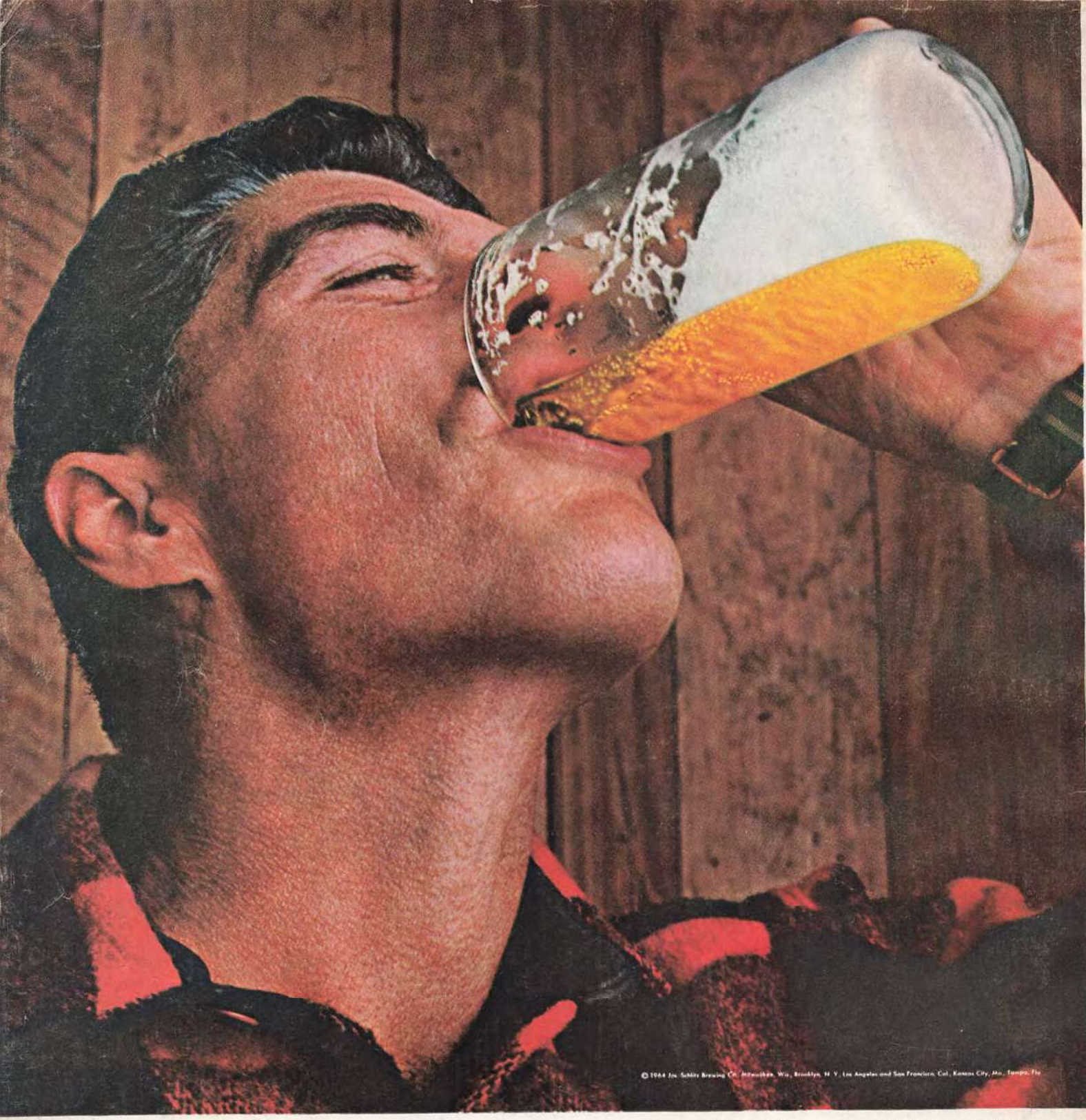

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